AUGUST. SUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CAPTAIN

A MAGAZINE
FOR BOYS & "OLD BOYS."

EDITOR, "THE OLD FAG." — ATHLETIC EDITOR C. B. FRY.

6d

Vol. VII. No. 41. AUGUST, 1902.

PROCLAIMED

PERFECT.

Write for booklet—
THE DUNLOP PNEUMATIC TYRE COMPANY, LTD.,
Para Mills, Aston Cross, Birmingham.

THE BENGAL TIGER.
Photo, W. P. Dando, Woodburytype Company.

GEORGE NEWNES, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

GAMAGE'S SPECIAL LINES

Write for post free Cycling Catalogue if unable to call.

A FEW EYE-OPENERS.

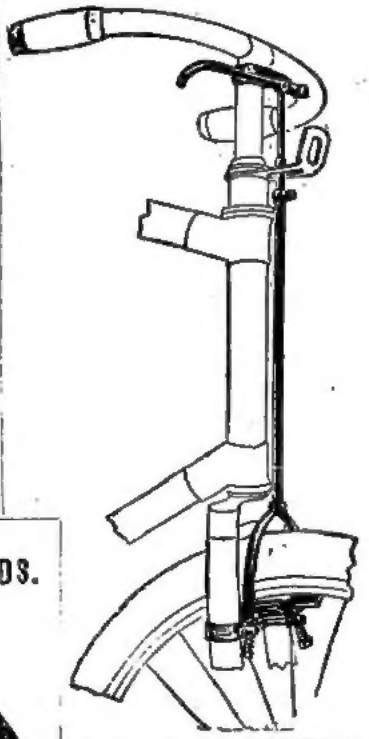
	Usually	
"Orabbe" Brake	7/11	10/6
Silent Tool Bag (Martin's)	-/10½	1/6
Brooks' B 10 Saddle	8/6	10/6
"Gem" Mudguards	1/-	2/6

The above are some samples of the prices that rule at GAMAGE'S.

THE "Q" CARRIER.

For Capes or small Parcels.

1/2 Post Free.

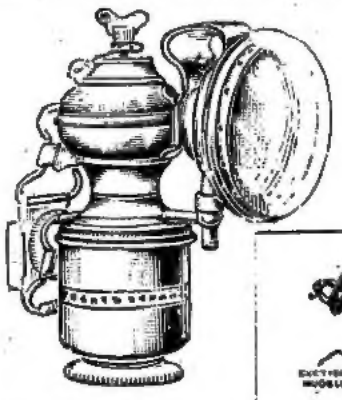


The World-famed "BULLDOG" RIM BRAKE

8/9 Post Free 9/-

WHY PAY MORE?

Cheapest Acetylene Lamp in the Market.



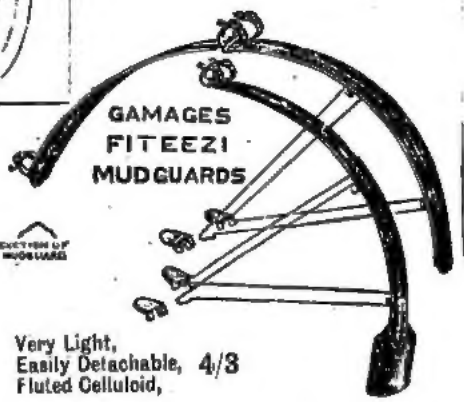
EVERY LAMP GUARANTEED.

3/10

Post Free 4/2.

Fulfils all the requirements of the most expensive lamp.

"FITEEZI" MUDGUARDS.



Very Light, Easily Detachable, Fluted Celluloid, 4/3

The "Eccles" Tea Companion, 13/6. Carriage Free.

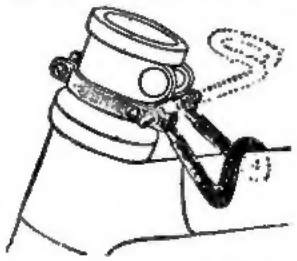
The "NEW ERA" CYCLOMETER, 1/10½. Postage 2d.

The Trenton Cyclometer 11½d.

The Cyclometer Shield, 6d.

Protects from Rain and Dust. A substitute for broken glass.

THE "HOLBORN" HEAD LOCK.



The neatest and most efficient Lock in the Market, 1s., postage 1½d.

A. W. GAMAGE, Limited,

126, 127, 128, 129, & at 118, 121, HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.

HODLEIAN 12·8 1902 LIBRARY

Digitized by Google

NATURAL HISTORY.

WATKINS & DONCASTER

NATURALISTS,

36, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. (*Five Doors from Charing Cross,*)

keep in stock every description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of

BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c.

Price List sent post free on application.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

£7 5s. or **13/4** mo.

Free Wheels.

CARRIAGE PAID TO ALL PARTS.

CASH OR 12 MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

£7	5s.	or	13s. 4d. monthly.
£7	15s.	,,	14s. 2d. ,,
£8	8s.	,,	15s. 0d. ,,
£8	5s.	,,	16s. 8d. ,,
£11	0s.	,,	20s. 0d. ,,

Corsair Plated Lamp, 2s. 9d.; PONCHO, 2s. 9d.; A1 RIM BRAKE, 0s. 6d.; Motor Horn, 6s. 6d.; Acetylene Lamp, 5s. 9d.; Plated Pump, 0d. and 1s. 2d.; Scorcher Brake, 1s.; Luggage Carrier, 2s.; Celluloid Mud Guards, 3s. 9d.; Hatherley Stand, 2s. 6d.; Bell, 6d.; Toe Clips, 6d. per pair; Ball Pedals, 3s. per pair.

Write at once for New Season's List (over 100 pages and 500 illustrations) of JUNO Cycles and latest Cycling Accessories at lower prices than any other house, sent post free.—**Metropolitan Machinists' Co.,** Ltd., C.p. Dept., 75, Bishopsgate St. Without, London, E.C., and Piccadilly Circus, London, W.

A MARVEL OF ENGLISH SKILL AND WORKMANSHIP.

1/6 *THE ECLIPSE FOUNTAIN PEN* 1/6

Made with Screw Section, handsomely Chased, Polished and Mounted with Two Gilt Bands.

The Feed so regulates the supply of Ink as to make writing a pleasure. In Box complete with Filler, 1s. 6d. Post free.

Dept. 17a. Sole Makers: J. WALLER & CO., 89, Aldersgate St., E.C.

With WATSON'S ENLARGER

YOU CAN MAKE

BEAUTIFUL ENLARGED PICTURES

In less time than the ordinary small prints.

THEY ARE

More Satisfactory, Less Costly, Less Trouble.

For all Kodak or other Negatives up to half plate.

Price 4/6 to 70/-.

Detailed Price List free on application.

313, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

FEE 60 GUINEAS

SCHOOL SHIP "CONWAY"

LIVERPOOL.

FOR TRAINING YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO BECOME OFFICERS IN MERCHANT STEAMERS.

FOR PROSPECTUS APPLY TO THE CAPT., A.T. MILLER, R.N.

The Improved Dazzler Buttonhole Lamp.

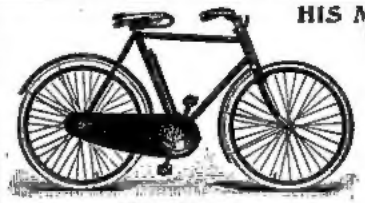
Small Burner and Reflector only visible. The smallest Acetylene Lamp in existence. Nothing like it on earth. Burns with one charge for hours, producing a stream of light equal to electricity, which can be seen for miles distant. Fits easily in buttonhole of coat. Only **1s. 6d.** each, post free.

FRANK CLARKE, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, Birmingham.

THE "BULLDOG" VEST POCKET AIR PISTOL

A perfect Air Pistol produced at last, guaranteed to be the lightest, smallest, most handsome and strongest shooting Air Pistol on earth. Made of solid Aluminium, beautifully polished and engraved; weighs only a few ounces, and can be put into vest pocket easily. Packed in neat box, together with a supply of Darts and Slugs. Postage 3d. extra. Rush in your orders; first come, first served. Remember this is no spring pistol, and measures only 4in. in all. Entirely new system. Send for list. Largest variety of Guns and Pistols in the world. **FRANK CLARKE, Gun Manufacturer, Gothic Arcade, Snow Hill, BIRMINGHAM.**

8/9



HIS MAJESTY THE KING learned to ride on a

'PREMIER'

Royal Cycle,

which is admitted to be the **best value** on the **market** to-day.

Write for full particulars.

Manufacturers:

The NEW PREMIER CYCLE CO., Ltd.

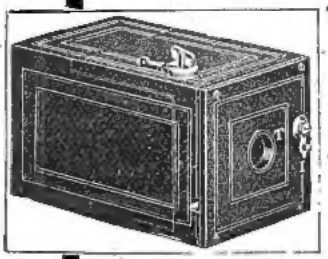
Head Offices: COVENTRY.

"**PREMIERS**" have a reputation of over a quarter of a century. Are unique in design and beautifully finished.

Catalogue free.

THE

"SCOUT" CAMERAS



TAKE EXCELLENT PICTURES and are the EASIEST TO MANIPULATE

LOADED OR UNLOADED in

DAYLIGHT

The No. 1 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 2½ by 2½. Fitted with a **Rapid Lens** and an **Everset Shutter**, giving either time or instantaneous exposures

Price Complete, **5/-**

The No. 2 "SCOUT"

Takes pictures 3¼ by 2½. Fitted with excellent **Rapid Lens, Everset Shutter,** and **2 View-Finders.**

Price Complete, **10/-**

The Most Efficient Cameras ever offered at such Prices.

Complete Developing and Printing Outfit, **4/6**

OF ALL PHOTOGRAPHIC DEALERS

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of PHOTOGRAPHIC CAMERAS and MATERIALS *post free from*

GEORGE HOUGHTON & SON,

88 and 89, High Holborn, London, W.C.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

Digitized by Google

MADE LIKE A GUN.

FROM £10 10s. WITH FREE WHEEL.

ROYAL ENFIELD BICYCLES

Catalogue post free from the ENFIELD CYCLE CO., Ltd., REDDITCH, ENGLAND.

To Natural History Collectors, Students, and others.

JAMES GARDNER, Naturalist,
52 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

Keeps in Stock every Description of Apparatus, Cabinets, Books, and Specimens for Collectors of BIRDS' EGGS, BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS, &c., &c. A detailed Price List (fully illustrated) sent post free on application.

HUMBER CYCLES

Strong, Light, Graceful *Smart, Speedy, Durable.*

Artistic Catalogue post free.

HUMBER, Ltd., 32, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Agents Everywhere.

SOLUTION OF "CAPTAIN" HIDDEN BOOKS COMPETITION

For JUNE, 1902.

The Spy. The Fatal Gift. Twenty Years After.

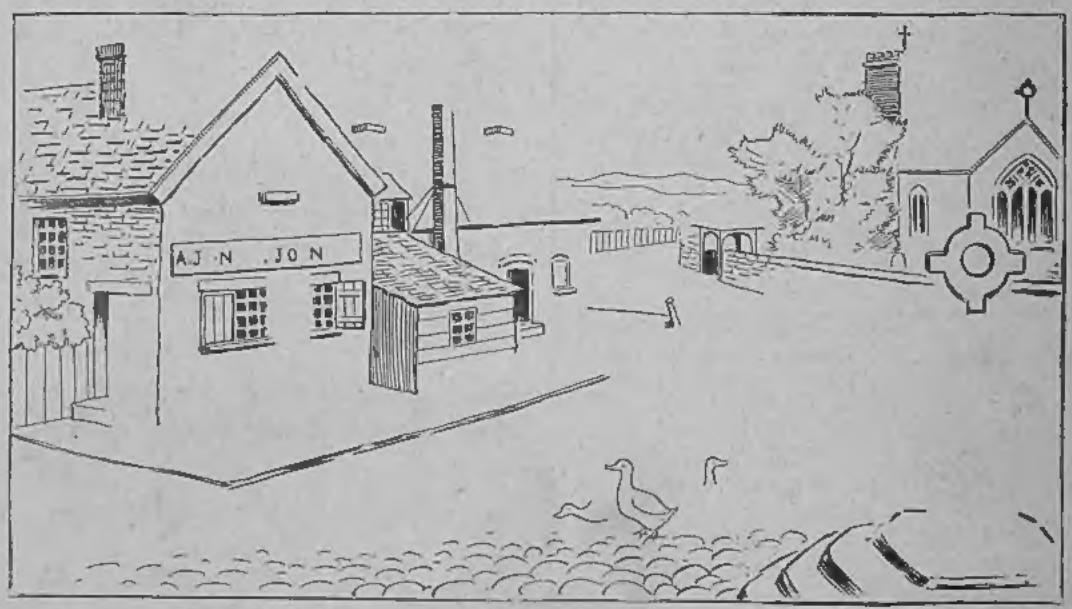
The Three Musketeers. The Descent of Man. Moths.

Rob Roy. A Study in Scarlet. The Witch's Head.

A Dash for Khartoum. Sentimental Tommy. No Name.

MISSING LANDSCAPE COMPETITION.

This to be Cut out and Filled in. ***See COMPETITIONS for AUGUST.***



Name..... Address.....

Age..... Class.....

Digitized by Google

"CAPTAIN" EYE OPENER (Aug.), 6d.! (Quote Aug. when ordering.) 100 different, 6d., including Argentine, Cyprus, Ceylon, New Cuba, Gibraltar, U.S. Pan-American 4c., Surcharged Straits, Tasmania 1d. and 2d. (Views), Orange State, Western Australia. GRATIS Large List Sets, SHEETS ½d. Stamps, upwards. 250 Mounts and 2 Rare old Spain gratis to all who apply for sheets. Agents wanted. 500 different Stamps, 5s.; 1,000 for 15s. post free (abroad postage extra). —A. C. McAUSLAN & CO., 95, Bath Street, Glasgow.

USED BRITISH COLONIALS

Are the VERY BEST Stamps to Collect.

I HAVE been for several years buying immense quantities of **Used British Colonials**, and can now offer them at a price which defies all competition.

My AUGUST packet contains 33 varieties of **Used British Colonials**, including:—**Perak, Tiger's Head, Barbadoes 2½d. Old Head Issue, New South Wales 4d. Portrait of Captain Cook**, Old Issue Natal, Jamaica 2½d., Ceylon, Victoria Scarce 1886 Issue, Jamaica Old Issue, **Gold Coast Scarce Issue, Grenada Queen's Head**, two Canada 1868, two Queensland 1897, Trinidad Old Head Issue, **St. Vincent Old Purple Issue**, New Zealand, New South Wales Jubilee (two varieties), Barbadoes, two New Issue South Australia, Leeward Islands 1901 Issue, Cape Colony (Old Black Issue), **Western Australia 2d. Yellow, British South Africa, Rhodesia, Queensland 1890 Sixpence Green**, and a very fine set of

FIVE RARE HONG-KONG. *Price* 6d., postage 1d. extra.

NOTE.—I do not sell **unused stamps** of any description. I only sell **Used British Colonials**, and I will willingly send a selection on approval to any one applying for one.

I guarantee every stamp will be found in packet exactly as described, and I answer all letters by **return post**.

FRANK MOORE, 4, Duke Street, Strand, W.C.

50 STAMPS 6½d. Post Free.—Comprising **B. Nigeria, F. Colonies, Newfoundland, Soudan** (camel), Java, Deccan, China, Ecuador, **Tasmania** (view), Venezuela, **Gt. Britain L.B. Official (King's head)**, etc. etc. **Purchasers** of above packet applying for an **Approval Sheet** will receive **gratis a set of three Shanghai. Approval Sheets and Books at 25 & 50 per cent. off marked prices.** Old Collections and loose lots bought. **PEARCE & STAMFORD, 7 Katharine Street, Croydon.**

The "KING." 3d.

50 DIFFERENT STAMPS 50

TRANSVAAL 1902 (King Edward VII.), MALAY STATES 1901 (Tiger), ECUADOR 1895 (Jubilee issue), ST. PIERRE and MIQUELON, Turkish Empire, new issue Argentine, Luxemburg, Mexico, India, Queensland, Portugal, Japan, Sweden, New Zealand (Universal 1d. Postage), Spain (Young King), Cape Colony, U.S.A. War Tax (Battleship), Natal, **New Issue Surinam (1902), Corea (1900), Martinique** etc., etc.

3d. Postage 1d. extra.

In addition, every purchaser of the above packet applying for a selection of our "**Ideal**" **approval sheets** will receive

GRATIS, A GRAND SET of 20 ROUMANIA, 1 to 50 Bani.

Only one Packet supplied to each person.

New Price List Post Free and Gratis. 84 Pages, full of illustrations, including a **Guide to Stamp Collecting**, etc., etc.

ERRINGTON & MARTIN, South Hackney, London.

The INVINCIBLE Packet. *No. 136.*
Worth 5s. Our Price 6d.

This wonderful packet contains 30 genuine, clean, and perfect specimens, including: **St. Helena** (d. surcharged on old 6d. green, **Grenada 6d. old issue** (1875 type), **Martinique**, West Australia (2d. yellow), Cape Colony (old 4d. black), Barbados, Jamaica, Straits Settlements, **Surinam (new issue 1902), Fed. Malay States** (Picture of Tiger), Portugal, Spain, Turkey, 3 Japan (new issue), United States (Locomotive), **Set of 5 Canada** (Map, 1868, Maple, &c.), Belgium Sunday Post, **Cyprus** (Queen's Head), **Diego Suarez, Ivory Coast, St. Lucia** (Queen's Head), **Montserrat** (Queen's Head), &c., &c. **Price 6d. Postage 1d. extra** (without which no orders can be sent). Free to every Purchaser of above Packet, a fine **Set of 5 used New South Wales** (centenary issue, 1d. (Sydney Harbour), 2d. (Emu), 4d. (Capt. Cook), 6d. (Queen's Head & Shield), and 1s. (Kangaroo).

J. STUART & CO., Spring Grove, Isleworth.

2D. The Wild Man of BORNEO. 2D.

"Wild Man Packet," 2d., postage ½d. extra. 30 Different Stamps, including set 7 **Philippine, 10 Roumania**, 4 New S. Wales, large Chilian, U. S. (Columbus), Egypt, obsolete Cape, Portugal, Japan, Canada, Brazil, India, &c.

And **free** with every "Wild Man" packet set of **2 Borneo and Labuan** 4 cents cloth with design of **Gorillas**—the wild men of Borneo. Only one packet to each person. Illustrated Lists Gratis. Thousands of bargains. Send **now.**

ERNEST WOOD & CO.,
CHORLTON-CUM-HARDY, MANCHESTER.

STAMPS. REALLY IN NEED OF RARE STAMPS & OLD COLLECTIONS.

Best Cash prices given; 200 stamps 4d., 1000 9d., 3000 1/6
Price List free; approval sheets sent.

J. W. PALMER, West Hoathly, Sussex.

BARGAINS.

Sets of 20 Portugal, (including High values, **6d.**; 20 Ecuador, **1s.**; 5 Gibraltar, **3d.**; 25 Australians, including new issues, **6d.**; 4 Malta, **3d.**; 8 Ceylon, **3d.**; 12 India, including 1 and 2 Rupees, **6d.**; 6 new Holland, **2d.**
Packets of 1,000, all different, 14s.
Sheets sent on Approval, 41 ad Discount.
SYDNEY VIEW & CO., 52 Chetwynd Road, London, N.W.

FREE!

20 DIFFERENT SPANISH.

No. 1,444 Excelsior Packet contains 50 different Stamps, including Costa Rica, Mexico, Venezuela, **Set of 4 Greece Olympic Games**, China, Bulgaria (head of Prince), Montenegro, Jubilee, New Zealand Pictorial issues, **Set of 8 Japan**, United States, Deccan, British Guiana, Queensland, New South Wales, set of 5 Argentine Republic, Sweden Service, Chili, &c., &c.

Post free, **6d.**

And to every Purchaser FREE A SET OF 20 DIFFERENT SPANISH STAMPS.

PRICE LIST, 64 pages, free.

BUTLER BROS., CLEVEDON.

THE PICTURE POSTCARD CLUB.

Subscription 3s.

New Members wanted in every city in the world.

Every member of this club will receive twelve splendid picture postcards posted direct to his or her address from **twelve British Colonies** (members may choose any Colonies they desire). Members in England will be placed in communication with other members in British Colonies for the purpose of exchanging postcards, stamps, photographs, &c.

An exchange list will be circulated at frequent intervals between the members of this club, and every member will be entitled to insert in it a small advertisement **FREE**.

All subscriptions to be sent direct to the Secretary,

FRANK MOORE, 4, Duke Street, Strand, London.

500 Stamp Mounts given free to all applicants for our Approval Sheets. Good, clean stamps, 4d. in the 1s. discount.

The NORTHERN STAMP Co., Great Horton, Bradford, Yorks.

"YOUNG NATAL."

The Colonial Monthly for Boys and Girls.

Contributions welcomed from any part of the world. The Editor solicits correspondence. Interesting articles, snap-shots, anecdotes, or short stories welcomed at all times.

Subscription, 2/6 per annum.

We wish to have readers in every part of the Empire. Agents and representatives wanted everywhere. First-class Contents Bill. Issued on the 1st of each month.

Address—

The Editor, "YOUNG NATAL,"
BOX 105, NEWCASTLE, NATAL.

50 AUSTRALIANS 1/-

Absolutely the cheapest packet ever offered in the world, **thousands sold.**

Send ½d. stamp for my price list and ask for cheap Approval Sheets.

CHEAP SETS.

6 Pan-American complete, 8d., 9 West Australia complete ½d. to 1/-, 1/-, 12 South Australia, 6d., 12 New South Wales, 6d., 12 Victoria, 6d., 12 New Zealand, 6d., 6 Bulgaria 1901 Head of Prince, 4d., 6 Greece 1901, 4d., 3 Greece 1902 Unpaid, 2d., 10 Peru 1896-1900, 6d.

All postage extra.

Business only by Correspondence.

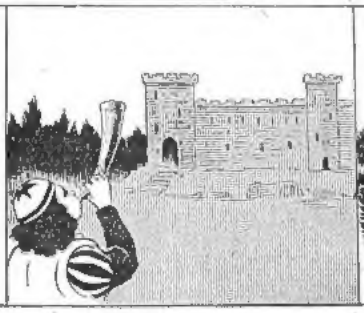
L. S. CHARLICK, 55-6 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

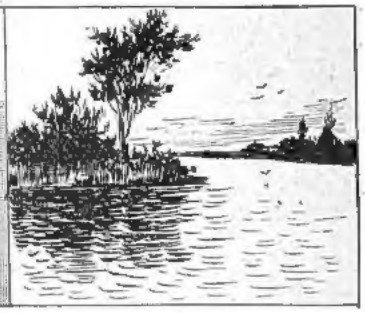
Digitized by Google

"HIDDEN TOWNS" COMPETITION.

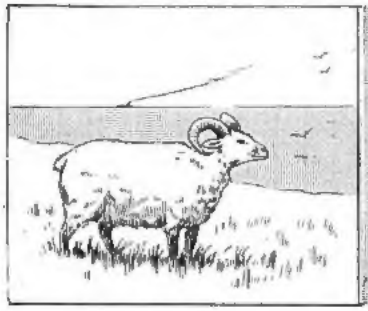
SEE "CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST, PAGE 475

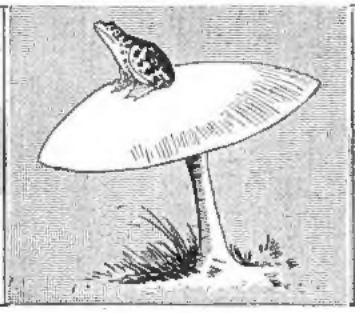
1.—Blackheath. 2.—..... 3.—.....

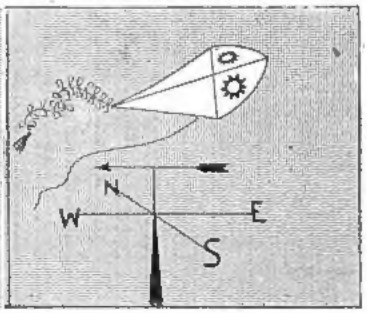




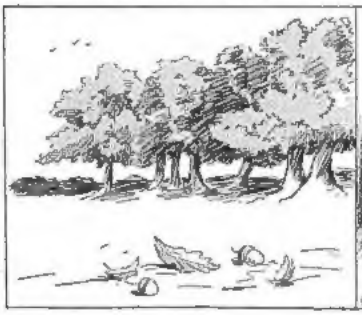
4.— ..... 5.— ..... 6.— .....

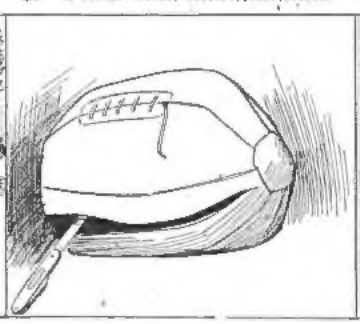


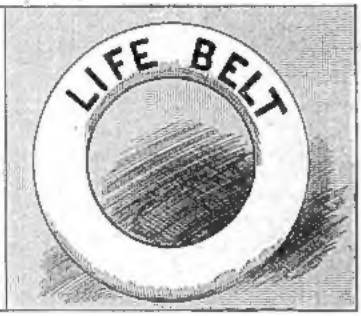




7.— ..... 8.— ..... 9.— .....







10.— ..... 11.— ..... 12.— .....

Name..... Address.....

Age.....

Class.....

Digitized by Google

H. GRADIDGE
- & SONS -

Manufacturers and Exporters of

The Famous - - -
International Footballs.

Used by all the leading Clubs, Public Schools and Colleges in the Kingdom.

SHIRTS, KNICKERS, BOOTS.

SHIN-GUARDS, GOAL POSTS, &c.

Price Lists Free. Only address:

ARTILLERY PLACE, WOOLWICH, S.E.

J. LANCASTER & SON, Opticians, Birmingham.

This is an excellent Hand Camera, taking six plates or films 2½ × 2½ in., with achromatic lens, and time and instantaneous shutter.

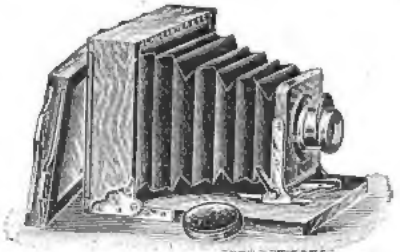
Complete Set of Chemicals, Plates, P.O.P., Printing Frame, 5/6 extra.

Price **5/-**

THE "BOY'S OWN" HAND CAMERA.

Price **5/-**

Catalogues Free.



Catalogues Free.

Price ¼ Plate, **10/6**

THE "BOY'S OWN" STAND CAMERA

Is a Mahogany Camera, with Kinnear Bellows, excellent Lens, and Double Slide.

Price ¼ Plate, **10/6**

To Athletes!

The best thing you can drink, when training, is

BARLEY WATER

MADE FROM

Robinson's

PATENT BARLEY.

It is cooling and satisfying. Has not the "lowering" effects of acid drinks, and does not injure the digestive organs.

KEEN, ROBINSON & CO., Ltd., LONDON, Makers of KEEN'S MUSTARD.

Digitized by Google

A. CONAN DOYLE'S

NEW 6/- NOVEL

THE HOUND · OF THE · BASKERVILLES

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

PRICE 6/-

GEORGE NEWNES LTD.

The Hound of the Baskervilles

Another Adventure of

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

With 16 Illustrations by SIDNEY PAGET.

Of a score of reasons why you should read A. CONAN DOYLE'S latest and best work, we will mention three:

1. Because it is a mystery story that holds the reader spellbound to the end.

2. Because it is a profound study of the foremost character in modern fiction, Sherlock Holmes.

3. Because it is a consummate piece of literary work.

The combination makes up a book which for thrilling interest stands by itself. From the first discovery of the hound's trail, when the young doctor brings to SHERLOCK HOLMES the ancient manuscript, to the final scene where the great detective is brought face to face with the monster of the moorland, there is not a sentence that does not carry the reader breathlessly forward. It is a great novel, with a great subject, by a master of the craft.

Other Novels by A. CONAN DOYLE are—

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
With 25 Illustrations. *3/6.*

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
With 27 Illustrations. *3/6.*

THE SIGN OF FOUR.
An Earlier Adventure of Sherlock Holmes. *3/6.*

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD.
With 24 Illustrations. *3/6.*

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., 7—12, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

COMFORT AT LAST!

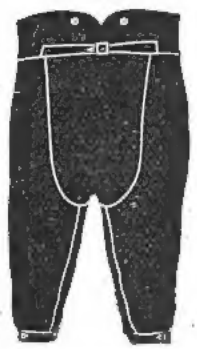
When using

Patent Seamless Seat Knickers

For

CYCLING, RIDING, and all Athletic purposes.

NEW STYLE.
Seamless.



OPINIONS OF PRESS EXPERTS.

"Scottish Cyclist,"
October 16th, says:
"This invention should prove a boon. We find the garment comfortable to wear."

"The Irish Wheelman,"
July 16th, says:
"The Patent Seamless Seat Knickers prevent chafing, and are the perfect acme of comfort. I can thoroughly recommend the new invention."

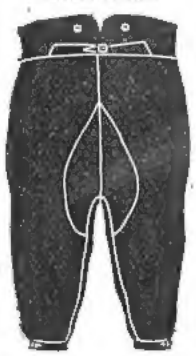
Each Garment bears this Label.

Regd. No. 30732.

"Cyclers' News," *July 30th, says:*
"A new cure for saddle soreness has been found in the Seamless Seat Knickers."

"Cycling," *May 18th, says:*
"Our experience with a pair of Patent Seamless Seat Knickers confirms our opinion that the cause of saddle soreness is not so much the saddle as the seams in knickers."

OLD STYLE.
With Seams.



SPECIMENS OF MANY TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED.

From a Bristol Cyclist, after 1,000 miles.

BROAD CLYST,
DEVON.
August 11th, 1900.

The Cycling Breeches are marvellously comfortable. I never would have believed the extraordinary difference in favour of these over the old-fashioned cut.

Have now done about 1,000 miles in them, and never felt so comfortable before.

From a North Devon Solicitor.

I am very pleased with the Seamless Seat Trousers. The idea is a splendid one, and the fit is perfect.

The Trousers are quite comfortable when sitting, and persons accustomed to Riding and Cycling will, I am sure, when once they experience the comfort of the Seamless Seat never wear the old kind again

My own opinion is that the improvement will supersede the old style altogether.

In the event of your finding any difficulty in obtaining the Seamless Seat Knickers, write direct to us for the name of your nearest Outfitter or Tailor, who will supply you to measure.

JOHN HARDING, SON & CO., Ltd.

- Wholesale and Export Clothiers -

18 & 20, NEW BROWN ST., MANCHESTER.

Digitized by Google

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

ACTON'S FEUD.

BY

FRED. SWAINSON.

3s. 6d.

TALES OF GREYHOUSE.

BY

R. S. WARREN BELL.

3s. 6d.

THE HEART OF THE PRAIRIE.

BY

JOHN MACKIE.

3s. 6d.

LEM.

A NEW ENGLAND STORY.

BY

NORAH BROOKS.

5s.

LONGFEATHER THE PEACEMAKER.

BY

KIRK MUNROE.

3s. 6d.

THE BOYS OF ST. ELMO'S.

BY

ALFRED T. STORY.

3s. 6d.

VALOUR FOR VICTORIA.

BY

JAMES A. MANSON.

1s. 6d.

GEO. NEWNES, LTD., SOUTHAMPTON ST., LONDON.

THE

Secret of Success

No permanent success can be made unless the goods you sell are so good that they advertise themselves.—*Printers' Ink.*

WE believe this assertion to be absolutely true. We take it from an American paper which is generally acknowledged to be the greatest authority in the world on advertising matters. It is the principle upon which we are endeavouring to build up our Photographic Department, and if really first-class Cameras at moderate prices can secure us a big business we expect to succeed.

HERE IS AN EXAMPLE.

The Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera is one of the best illustrations we can give of the method we have adopted. We produced this camera with the object of giving our customers an instrument which would do the best work they could wish for, and which would be sold at a price which everyone would admit to be conspicuously cheap. We were thinking of our reputation rather than our profit, but we knew that if we gave our customers a better Camera than they could get elsewhere at the price, we should sooner or later have an enormous sale for it, and this would more than compensate us for the small profit we gained on each. Our expectation has more than been fulfilled. The HOBBIES No. 4 Hand Camera is now known all over the world, and Photographers who have used it are unanimous in its praise. If you want a first-class Hand Camera at a moderate price you cannot do better than buy one.

Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera.

Description of Diagram.

A, Lens; B, Diaphragm Guide; C, Focussing Guide; D, Guide for Instantaneous and Time exposures; E, Shutter Release; G & H, View Finders; J, Automatic Plate Register; M, Speed Indicator.

Price £1 10s. Cd., Post free.

The Hobbies No. 4 Hand Camera contains 12 Sheaths for Quarter Plates (4¼ by 3¼ in.). It has a quick-acting Double Meniscus Lens with two apertures, *f* 11 and *f* 16. It is fitted with a Focussing Guide which enables Portraits and near Views to be taken. There is a Shutter for Time and Instantaneous Exposures, to which a Pneumatic Release can be attached. There are two Brilliant View Finders, a Speed Indicator, an accurate Automatic Register, &c., &c.

A fuller description of this Camera will be found in Hobbies Handbook on "Hand Cameras and How to Use Them." Price 6d., Post Free 7d.

Send Stamp for Photographic Catalogue.

NOTE.—Whatever may be your favourite hobby, you should ask your Newsagent for a copy of our Penny Weekly Paper, **HOBBIES.** The Paper deals in illustrated articles with all kinds of Hobbies—such as Fretwork, Carving, Bent-Iron Work, Photography, Electricity, Microscopy, Art Needlework, Horticulture, Live Stock Hobbies, etc. **£600** worth of full-sized and original **Designs for Fretwork**, etc., are **GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK.**

HOBBIES LIMITED, 12a, Paternoster Sq., LONDON, E.C.

Also at the Hobbies Supply Stores:

'66, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.
153, BISHOPSGATE ST. WITHOUT, E.C.
79, WALWORTH ROAD, S.E.
11, LIME STREET, LIVERPOOL.
75, HIGH ST., BIRMINGHAM.
326, ARGYLE ST., GLASGOW.
118, POWIS STREET, WOOLWICH.

Digitized by Google

THE CAPTAIN.

A Magazine for Boys and "Old Boys."

(With which is Incorporated the "Public School Magazine.")

Contents for August, 1902.

		PAGE
S. M. J. WOODS (Captain of Somerset)	*Frontispiece*	
SOME QUEER LOCOMOTIVES ... With Illustrations from Photographs.	J. A. Kay	387
THE HONOUR OF A TRANSGRESSOR Illustrated by Arthur Hemino.	William R. Lighton	394
TOLD ON THE JUNIOR SIDE. (VIII.—Sharks.) Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	H. Burrows	401
WEST HARTLEPOOL	T. R. Davis	405
AN ANXIOUS MOMENT	Hall Thorpe	406
"NO, SIR, I DO *NOT* LIKE MR. HALL THORPE'S CARICATURES OF ME"		407
A. O. JONES (Captain of Notts.)		408
THE ATHLETIC CORNER. (Exciting Matches.)	C. B. Fry	409
A BENGAL TIGER		413
BILL MASON'S BOYS Illustrated by Stewart Browne.	Bart Kennedy	414
THE MASKED LIGHT Illustrated by The Author.	George Hawley	421

(Further contents on next page.)

FREE GIFTS until SEPT. 1st.

WE are placing on the market, and wish to introduce to all readers of "The Captain," our

NEW CHEMICO REPAIR OUTFIT.

It is superior to any yet on the market, having more, and higher quality materials for repairing pneumatic tyres, so that Chemico Outfits may be recognised as the standard of excellence.

We will send a sample Outfit to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of six penny stamps, or the Giant Outfit (1/- size) for twelve penny stamps.

FREE TO ALL.

To the sender of every tenth order received, we will send either of the Chemico Specialities enumerated on this page as a free gift.

COUNTY CHEMICAL Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, Moor Street, Birmingham.
Agents in all parts of the Kingdom. Goods sent post free where unobtainable.

We manufacture Specialities for Cyclists in various qualities.

"CHEMICO" SPECIALITIES

represent our first quality.

"Chemico" Burning Oil, in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each.
"Chemico" Carbide, in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each.
"Chemico" Lamp Wick, in Boxes, 6d. each.
"Chemico" Lubricating Oil, in Tins, 6d. and 1s. each.
"Chemico" Clutch Oil, in Bottles, 6d. each.
"Chemico" Rubber Solution, in Tubes, 3d. and 6d. each.
"Chemico" Repair Outfits, in Boxes, 6d. and 1s. each.
"Chemico" Enamel, in Bottles, 6d. and 1s. each.
"Chemico" Enamel Reviver, in Tubes, 6d. each.
"Chemico" Leather Reviver, in Tubes, 6d. each.
"Chemico" Nickel Polish, in Boxes, 6d. each.

"CHEMICO" SPECIALITIES FOR CYCLISTS.
We have the Apparatus, we have the Knowledge, you may rely on our Products.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH

BRITAIN'S BEST BICYCLE.

Catalogue Post Free.
Rudge-Whitworth, Ltd.,
Coventry.

Specials—15 Guineas.
Standards—10 Guineas.

Contents—*continued.*

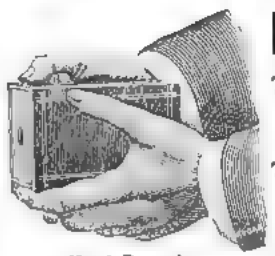
		PAGE
THE RISING OF THE SUN ... ... Illustrated by E. F. Skinner.	Sybil Reid	429
A LONDON SUNSET	Fred. Rayward Duck	433
J. O. JONES (Chaps. XXI.-XXV.) ... ... Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.	R. S. Warren Bell	434
TALES OF ELIZA'S. (V. The Paying of Swain.) ... Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	Fred Swainson	449
OUR LIBRARY CORNER		457
STORIES OF FLOWERS ... ... Illustrated by L. Le Grys.	"Captain" Readers	458
THE CYCLING CORNER. (Coasting: Its Pleasures and Pitfalls.)	Haydon Perry	461
THE ODD TRICK ... ... Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.	P. G. Wodehouse	465
THE "CAPTAIN" CAMERA CORNER ... ... With Illustrations.	The Photographic Editor	469
"CAPTAIN" CLUB CONTRIBUTIONS		471
"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST		475
"THE OLD FAG"—EDITORIAL		476
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS		477
RESULTS OF JUNE COMPETITIONS		480

The Editor does not hold himself responsible for any MSS., photographs, or drawings submitted to him, but when stamps are enclosed he will endeavour to return those contributions of which he cannot make use. Typewritten MSS. are preferred.

The Captain will be forwarded direct from the Offices of George Newnes, Limited, to any part of the world, post free for one year for 8s. 6d. Cases for Binding Vols. I., II., III., IV., V. & VI. may be obtained from any Bookseller for 1s. 6d. each: or post free for 1s. 9d. each direct from the Office. **Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., & VI.** *are now ready, price 6s. each, or post free 6s. 6d.*

BROWNIE KODAKS

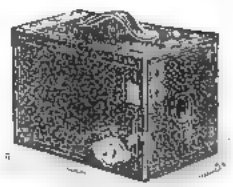
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.



No. 1 Brownie.

THE No. 1 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 2½ins. by 2½ins.
Price **5/-** only.

THE No. 2 BROWNIE,
giving Photographs 3½ins. by 2½ins.,
Price **10/-** only.



No. 2 Brownie.

For Ladies, Cyclists, etc.

THE FOLDING POCKET KODAKS, from **£2 2s.** to **£3 12s. 6d.**

MASTERED IN A FEW MINUTES.

NO DARK ROOM NEEDED FOR CHANGING THE FILMS.

Of All Photographic Dealers, or of

KODAK, Limited, 43, Clerkenwell Road, LONDON, E.C.

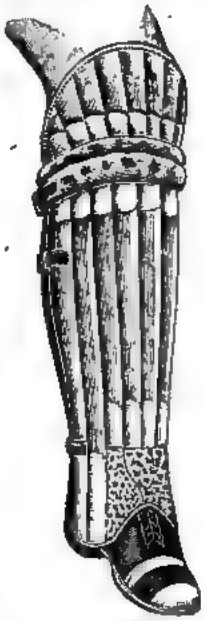
Wholesale and Retail Branches:

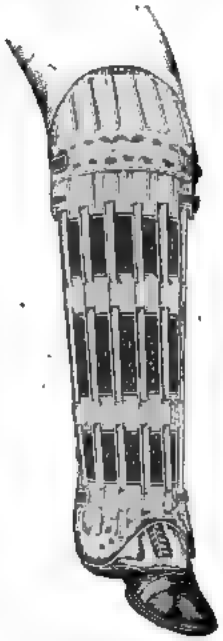
96, Bold Street, LIVERPOOL, and 72-74, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW.

Retail Branches:

59, Brompton Road, S.W.; 60, Cheapside, E.C.; 115, Oxford Street, W.; 171-173, Regent Street, W.; and 40, West Strand, London, W.C.

CITY SALE & EXCHANGE GREAT CENTRAL SPORTS DEPOT





LEG GUARDS.

	Men's	Youths'
White Twill, 3 straps	3/6	3/3
Buff Chamois do.	4/11	4/6
White Buck do.	5/11	5/6
Do. Superior do.	6/11	6/6

Do. Continuous Straps, 7/11
Postage 4d.

STUMPS COMPLETE WITH BAILS.

MEN'S—

Polished Ash	2/6
Do. Brass Ferrules .	3/-
Do. Do. Steel Shoes	4/11
Solid Brass Do.	6/9

YOUTHS'—

Polished Ash ..	1/5, 1/11
Do. Brass Ferrules	2/4, 2/6
Do Steel Shod . .	4/6

Postage—Men's 7d., Youths' 5d.

SKELETON LEG GUARDS.

Buff Chamois	6/3
White Buck	8/3
Gold Cape	8/9
Featherweight Superior White Buck .. .	9/11
Do. Gold Cape	10/6
[illegible]	
Superior [illegible]	10/6
Postage under [illegible]	[illegible]

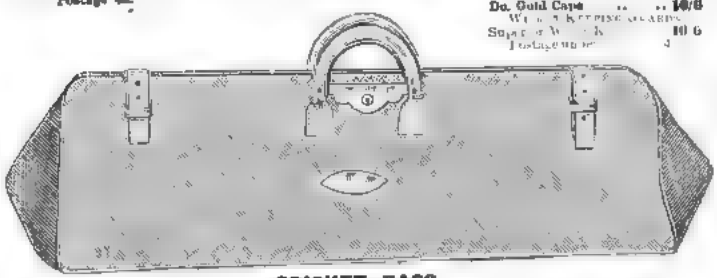
MEN'S ALL CANE CRICKET BATS

No. 1	4/11
No. 2	7/6
Exchange . ..	9/6
Ludgate Rubber Spliced Handle	11/6

Youths'—

Size	4	5	6
Single Cane	2/6	2/11	3/6
All Cane	3/6	4/3	4/11

Postage under 10/-, Men's 6d.; Youths', 5d.



CRICKET BAGS.

Carpet Bags, double handles, all colours, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11
do. single handles, 7 inch bottoms, 8/-, 10/-, 12/6
Cowhide do., 23/6

Carriage 6d. under 10/-

MEN'S CRICKET BATS.

Salex Driver, Cork and Rubber Spliced handle, 14/6

Fleet Selected Double Rubber Spliced Leather handle, 16/6

Youths' Salex driver, 12/6 post free.

WICKET-KEEPING GAUNTLETS.

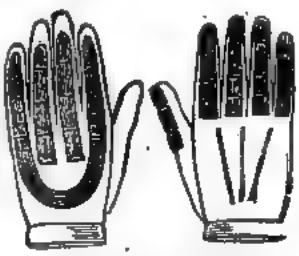
	Men's	Youths'
Buff Chamois	2/11	2/8
Do. Ventilated	3/6	3/3
White Buck do.	4/6	4/3
Do. Superior do.	5/6	5/3

Gold Cape and Rubber faced, 6/11.
Postage 3d.

CRICKET BALLS.

	Men's	Youths'
Exchange Match	3/6	3/1
Salex 3-seamed Warranted .	4/6	4/-
Fleet "Special"	5/-	
Eclipse Compo. Ball, Match Size .. .	1/9	
Crescent Compo. Ball	10d.	

Postage 2d.



BATTING GLOVES.

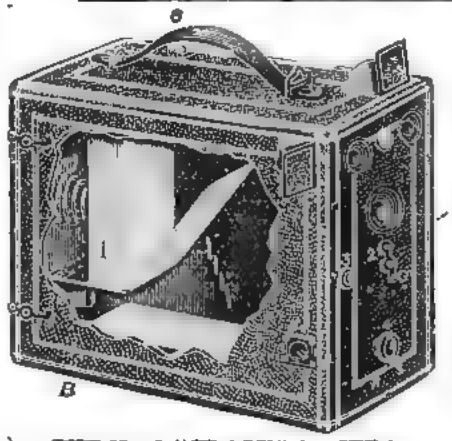
White Buck Tubular Rubber, 4/-
White Buck Superior Rubber, 4/6, 4/11, 5/6, 5/9
Surrey Shields, 6/-
Postage 2d

Write to Sports Department for Illustrated List and please mention "The Captain."

90, 91, 93, 94, FLEET STREET LONDON, E.C.

BENETFINK & Co

THE GREAT CITY DEPÔT FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.



THE No. 1 "FLASH" CAMERA.

No. 1 "FLASH" HAND CAMERA.

Marvellous Value.

Fitted with good quality fixed focus single achromatic lens, time and instantaneous shutter, with speed regulator, by means of which the speed can be varied from "very slow" to "extra rapid," set of 4 revolving stops, 2 view finders with collapsible hoods, as illustration, carries 12 ¼-plates, automatic changing and indicator, showing at a glance the number of exposures made, 2 screw plates or bushes are fitted to the camera body and a screw supplied for using on stand, the whole neatly covered in black leather with carrying handle, very compact, size 9×4×7 in.

Price, 18/6 post free.

THE No. 2 "FLASH" CAMERA.

Specification as above, and fitted with a set of 3 magnifiers for taking subjects at a distance of 4 ft., 10 ft., or 18 ft. respectively which are necessary for portrait work, &c. These are actuated by means of an arm fixed to the front of Camera, each distance being clearly marked.

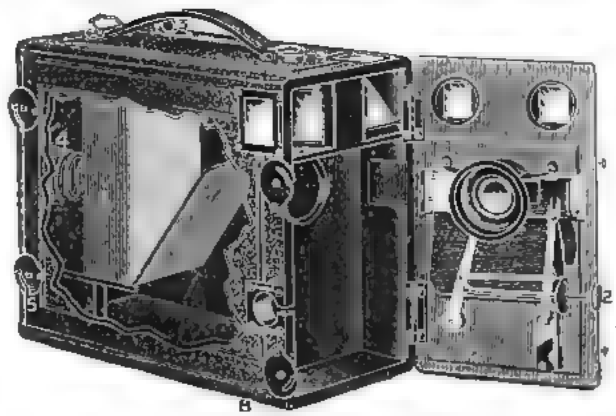
Price, 23/6 post free.

Carrying Cases for either the No. 1 or 2 "Flash" Cameras, 4/- each.

Full instructions sent out with each Camera.

Hand THE "FLASH" Cameras

MARVELLOUS VALUE!!!



THE No. 3 "FLASH" CAMERA.

Pneumatic Release for using with above, 2/3 extra.
Carrying Cases made of Limp Waterproof Canvas . 4/- each.
" " " Stiff Canvas with lock and key. 7/6 "

No. 3 MODEL "FLASH" HAND CAMERA.

Fitted with fixed focus, **Rapid Rectilinear Lens**, working at a large aperture and giving splendid definition, this class of lens is also suitable for architectural work. Time and instantaneous shutter, with speed regulator, by means of which the speed can be varied from "very slow" to "extra rapid" exposures. Set of 4 revolving stops, 2 brilliant view finders, set of 3 magnifiers for taking subjects at a distance of 4 ft., 10 ft., or 18 ft. respectively, which are necessary for portrait work, &c., everything beyond 18 ft. being in focus without the aid of the magnifiers. The revolving stops and magnifiers are actuated by the means of two arms fixed to the Camera front, the sizes of stops and distances being clearly marked. The Camera carries 12 ¼-plates and is fitted with automatic changing and indicator showing at a glance the number of exposures made, 2 screw plates or bushes are fixed to the body and a screw is supplied for using on stand. This is a most complete instrument, neatly covered in black leather, with carrying handle, size 9×4×7 in. Price, as specification, 42/- post free.

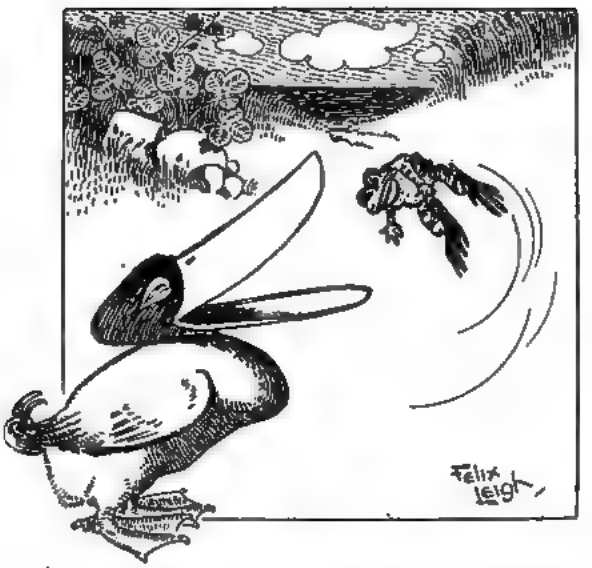
Full Instructions sent out with each Camera.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED **CATALOGUE** POST FREE.

Please Mention "THE CAPTAIN."

89, 90, 107 & 108, **CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.**

FICTION IN FROGVILLE.



"WITH A SCORNFUL LAUGH OUR HERO LEAPT INTO THE YAWNING ABYSS."

Extract from "Roxley the Reckless; or, The Perils of the Pond."

S. M. J. WOODS.
Photo by E. Hawkins and Company, Brighton.

Digitized by Google

SOME QUEER LOCOMOTIVES

BY J·A·KAY.

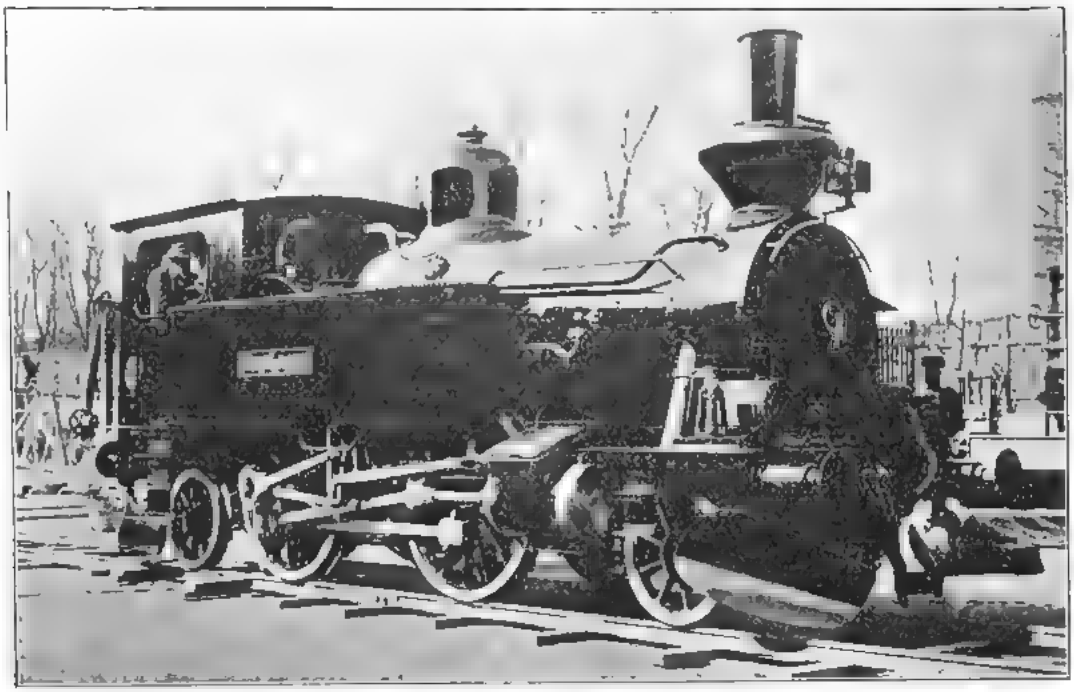
A "WIND-CUTTER" ON THE PARIS, LYONS, AND MEDITERRANEAN RAILWAY.

SHIPS are so shaped as to cut their way through water with as little resistance as possible. If they were square or oblong, the force required to propel them would be necessarily greater. With this in mind, some engineers have thought that a similar system might be advantageously adopted on railway engines, and that, if they were built as far as possible in the shape of a wedge, less resistance would be offered to the wind, the result being at once an increase of speed and a saving of fuel. Thus it was that the "wind-cutters" on the Paris, Lyons and Mediterranean came to be built, and the photograph embodied in the heading of this article gives one a good idea of their strange appearance. The great majority of locomotive engineers, however, are satisfied that these wind-cutting engines are of very little, if any, use, for, as any practical railwayman will tell you, a direct headwind does not retard the progress of a train nearly so much as a side wind, which has the effect of forcing all the flanges of the wheels close up against the side of one or other of the rails.

So much has been said lately about what mono-rail railways are going to do in the future that the accompanying photograph of an engine and train on the Listowel and Ballybunnion Railway in Ireland is particularly interesting, as it shows the mono-rail system in actual use. Just now these proposed lines are encountering much opposition. But in that respect they are in good company. The railway pioneers soon became used to opposition, and had to answer many absurd objections. This is a type of the sort of thing they had to contend with from

MONO-RAIL ENGINE ON THE LISTOWEL AND BALLYBUNNION RAILWAY.

Illustrations reproduced from photographs by Locomotive Publishing Co., Charing Cross Road.

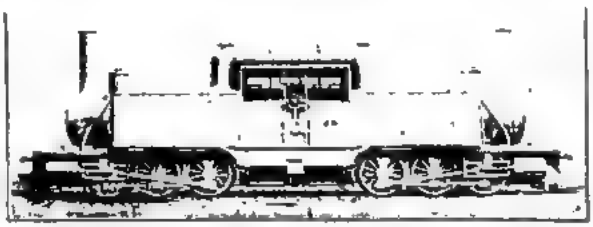


TANK ENGINE ON THE STOCKHOLM-SALTSJÖBACHU RAILWAY.

scientists and people who were regarded as the most learned in the land. The Bavarian Medical College argued that the sight of a train would induce brain disease. "Conveyance by means of carriages propelled by steam ought to be prohibited in the interests of the public health, for the rapid motion cannot fail to create a disease of the brain among the passengers, which may be classed as a species of *delirium furiosum*. The mere sight of a passing train suffices to create the same cerebral disorder."

But though schemes for new styles of railway still meet with much opposition and are often frustrated, the opposition is not so bitter as in the days when the first railways were made. We are becoming more liberal in our ideas. A Staffordshire ironmaster, William James, one of the promoters of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, had to engage a prize-fighter to carry his theodolite when surveying part of the proposed railway route, and it was quite a common thing for the surveying parties to be stoned, or threatened with pitch-forks, sticks and even guns. Speaking of his experiences whilst surveying part of the Duke of Bridgewater's property through which the proposed railway was to pass, George Stephenson said, "I was threatened with a ducking in the pond if I proceeded, and of course we had to take a great deal of the survey by stealth at the time when the people were at dinner. We could not get it done at night, for guns were discharged over the grounds to prevent us."

Some very strange engines are to be found on the Swedish railways, and those on the Stockholm-Saltsjöbachu line are remarkable in more ways than one. The curiously shaped funnel, and large discs to remove any obstacles from the line—as well as for cutting a way for the engine through a slight fall of snow—will be readily noticed. Also the outside link motion. But, in addition to these features, the boiler is perhaps the most remarkable part of the engine, for the



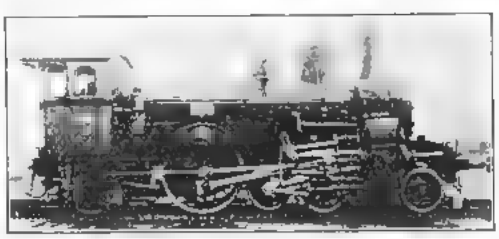
ONE OF THE NOTED FAIRLEE TWIN LOCOMOTIVES.

usual rectangular firebox is replaced by a cylindrical flue, whilst the boiler has a large steam space, and generates very dry steam.

The Siamese-twin-like locomotives built on the Fairlee double engine system are no less serviceable than strange in appearance. Every engine of this type has two boilers and fireboxes, each working separate sets of driving wheels. Several Fairlee engines are in use on the Welsh narrow gauge railways, whilst large numbers are at work abroad, being specially suited to hauling trains over hilly lines. In fact, in the case of engines of this type it is just as if two separate locomotives had been placed end to end and then joined together. A subsequent illustration shows where this has actually taken place, viz., on the Transcaucasian Railway, where two old engines have been coupled end to end so as to form practically one locomotive.

AN OLD AMERICAN WOODBURNER.

The outward characteristics of an American locomotive figure prominently in the front of the engine shown in our next photograph. In more modern types, the huge headlights and cow-catchers still remain, but the large chimneys, such as are fitted to wood-burning locomotives, are now not so generally to be met with. On some parts of the Canadian Pacific Railway it is looked upon as a great treat to be allowed to ride on the cow-catcher, so as to get a better view of the grand scenery through which the line runs than can be gained from the windows of the carriages. When in Canada last year, the Prince and Princess of Wales went for several rides on the cow-catcher.



EXPRESS ENGINE ON GERMAN STATE RAILWAYS.

Foreign locomotive engineers like to show what their British *confrères* usually prefer to keep out of sight. This is especially noticeable in compound engines on the Continent, as, for example, in our views of Austrian and German engines.

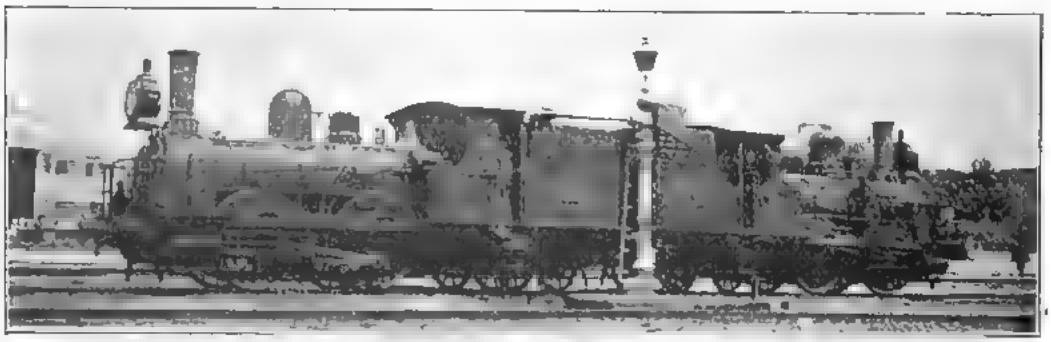
Some very weird engines are to be seen at work on French railways though we can only spare space to illustrate one or two of them—*i.e.*, the queer shunting engine on the Chemin du Fer de Nord, which looks like a travelling crane with the crane part of it cut off, and the old "single wheeler" with its two guide wheels working inside the rails almost at right angles to the others. The mention of guide wheels to help the engine round curves and over points and crossings calls to mind an incident which happened not long since on the G.W.R., which shows that the schoolboy in fiction is not the only individual who ever gets his foot entangled in the points when the express is just due, and also that in real life the captive does not always escape in the nick of time. A platelayer found himself imprisoned in this manner. Whilst endeavouring to liberate his foot he saw a train rushing towards him. Escape was impossible. A less cool-headed man would have lost his presence of mind and been cut to pieces. But the platelayer just laid himself

A REMARKABLE OLD FRENCH LOCOMOTIVE BUILT SPECIALLY FOR RUNNING ROUND SHARP CURVES. NOTE THE TWO GUIDE WHEELS IN FRONT.

down in the four-foot way. His foot was terribly crushed, and afterwards had to be amputated, but his presence of mind saved his life.

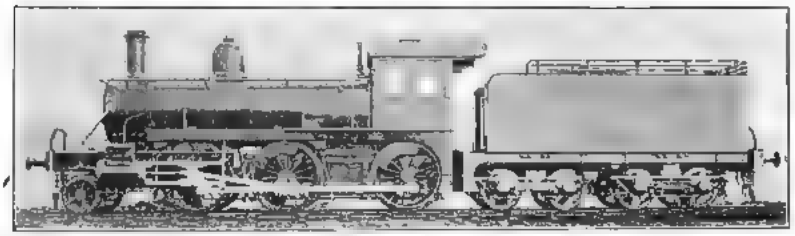
Freak locomotives are as old as the railway itself, and in the early days of railroading some very strange engines were designed, but few were more curious than Mr. Brunton's "steam horse." Instead of working the wheels the cylinders actuated a pair of "hind legs." Unfortunately this very literal "iron horse" would not go. In fact, in those days railways tried to imitate the stage coaches as much as possible. The stations were enlivened by the sound of the bugle, every carriage had a name, such as "Comet," "Experiment," "Rover," as the old stage coaches had, and the guards rode outside on the roofs of the first-class carriages along with the luggage. Sometimes their clothing caught fire, as did that of the third-class passengers—but third-class passengers in those days were hardy beings, and one of their methods of passing the time during a journey by train from London to Birmingham was to see whose eyes would hold the largest collection of cinders. At the stations, intending passengers were kept in a railed enclosure till the train arrived, and then they were let loose, and a fine scramble for seats followed. The guard's bugle was boisterously blown, and the driver would give a prolonged whistle. To quote Charles Dickens: "Here are two hundred and fifty people in the direst extremity of danger; and here are two hundred and fifty screams all in one."

In those days third-class passengers had worse carriages than live stock have now. But sometimes it is better to travel thus than not at all. A well-known American lecturer



FOUR-COUPLED BOGIE TANK ENGINES WHICH WORK IN PAIRS ON THE TRANSCAUCASIAN RAILWAY.

recently missed his train. His only chance of keeping his appointment was to travel by a freight train. But the stationmaster objected, showing him instructions which forbade him taking any freight but live stock. "If I am not live stock, will you tell me what I am?" retorted the lecturer. The stationmaster, realising the logic of this retort, entered him up as "one pig," and the lecturer kept his appointment.

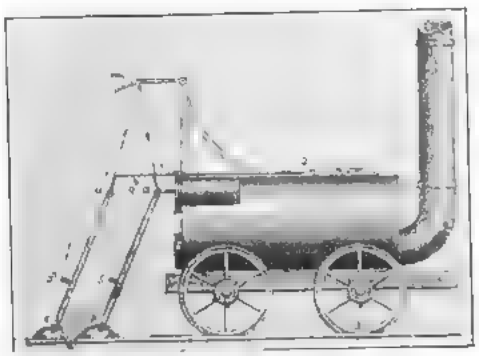


ONE OF THE AMERICAN GOODS ENGINES ON THE G.N.R.

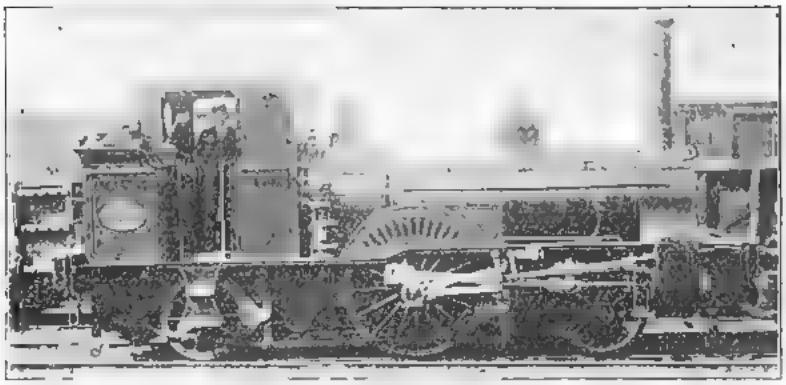
A QUEER SHUNTING ENGINE ON THE NORTHERN RAILWAY, FRANCE.

We have not illustrated any "rack" or other types of locomotives used on steep mountain railways, as, strange though they be, they form a class by themselves, and some day may be dealt with in a separate article, which will give pictures of the wonderful way they climb up precipitous mountain passes, over snow and glacier, and through the clouds as well. There are plenty of these engines in Switzerland and in some parts of America. In the British Isles, the best examples are to be found in Wales, on the Snowdon Mountain Railway.

When several British railway companies recently ordered goods engines from America to cope with the ever-increasing volume of merchandise transported every twenty-four hours from one part of these islands to another, there was much alarm that the engineers of this country had lost the skill in locomotive building which they have held ever since the days of the Stephensons'. But this was not the case, and the recent Government report on British and American locomotives in Egypt has been a decided score for the British-made engine. If you ever visit a big goods station at Liverpool or Manchester, or one of the London ones, such as St. Pancras, King's Cross, or Broad Street, you cannot fail to be impressed with the way in which thousands of packages, and consignments of merchandise, minerals and grain and meat, are loaded into trucks, and these being marshalled into trains, dispatched to their various destinations, all between the hours of five and eleven of an evening. It is a wonder, too, that so few of them are lost or damaged,



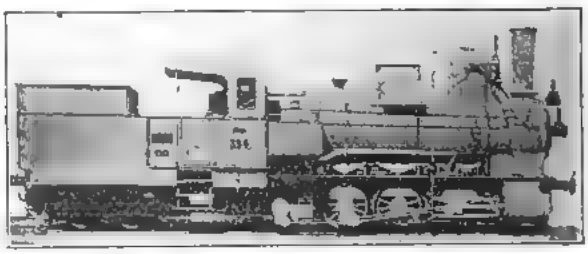
AN ENGINE THAT WAS TO HAVE WALKED.



A SINGLE DRIVING WHEEL "TANK," WITH EXTERNAL LINK MOTION.

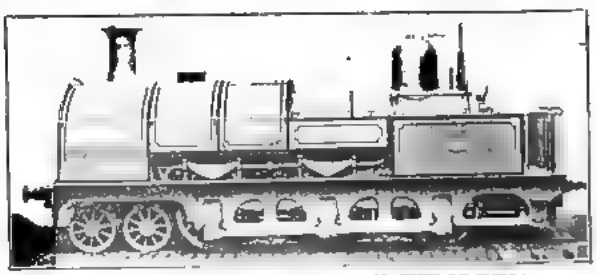
though even amongst railway employees there are some black sheep, and railway detectives often have a good deal to do with goods trains. Hiding in a truck and waiting for the thieves to get to work is a ruse frequently resorted to. Once, two detectives, in this manner, came across a very Bohemian wine party in the midst of a wild moorland in the north of England. Complaints had been received at headquarters that certain barrels of wine were partly empty on arriving at their destination, when consigned by a certain train. Half-way, the said goods train had to shunt on to a lonely siding to let an express pass. And it was there that the detectives discovered the secret of the disappearance of the wine. When the express had passed, the driver and signalman from a neighbouring cabin broached one of the casks in the wine-laden truck and drew a pailful from it. Then the guard strolled up and all three had long pulls at the stolen wine, leaving some in the pail for the driver to take back to the fireman, who kept guard on the footplate. Soon the train started off again, and no intimation was given that their pilfering had been discovered till the end of the journey was reached. Of course they protested—but the pail, which had not been washed out and still contained the dregs of wine, was evidence that could not be easily explained away.

Other of the accompanying illustrations show a single-driving wheel tank engine on the Caledonian Railway, with the link motion outside instead of inside the frames, as is generally the case; and two very queer locomotives built for work



A NATIVE OF AUSTRIA.

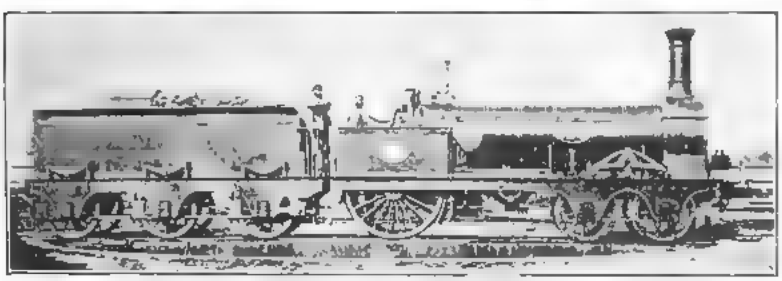
in Austria and India respectively. In former years there were a number of curious engines working on the South Eastern Railway. They were built on what was known as Crampton's Patent. The large space on these engines between the leading wheels and the driving wheels behind the fire-box will be readily noticed—this was occasioned by the fact that there was a space left for another driving wheel. The crank of



A NATIVE OF INDIA.

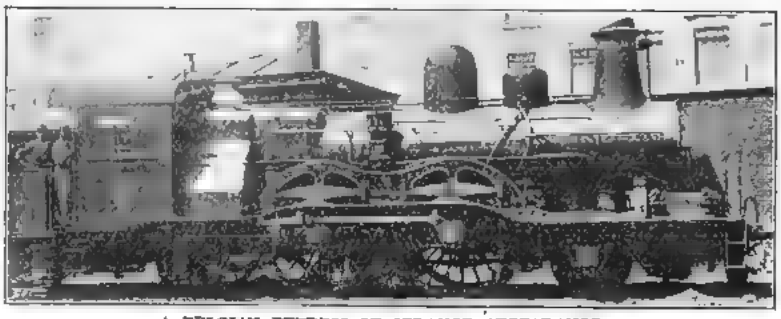
the wheel was there, but not any more of it, and the driving wheel was coupled up to this crank shaft. Afterwards these engines were altered and another pair of wheels added.

So much has been said lately about the electrification of railways, that

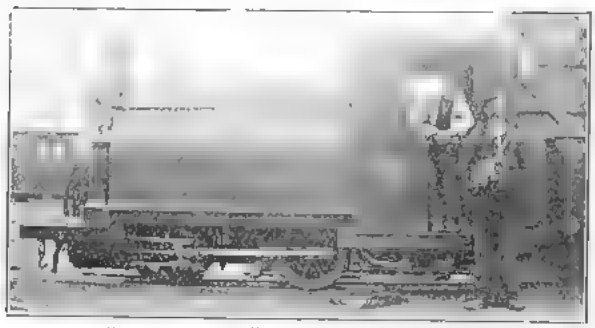


A STRANGE OLD ENGINE WHICH FORMERLY WORKED ON THE S.E.R.

some readers may have expected that an illustration of one of them would be published here; but this is not done, as one of the Central London's electric locomotives was illustrated in a former number of THE CAPTAIN. For some years past the "Royal Blue" expresses, which run between Washington and New York, have been taken in tow during part of the journey by electric locomotives. But it seems that in future most electric railways will be worked on the "multiple unit" system, in which each or every other carriage has its own motor underneath.



A BELGIAN EXPRESS OF STRANGE APPEARANCE.

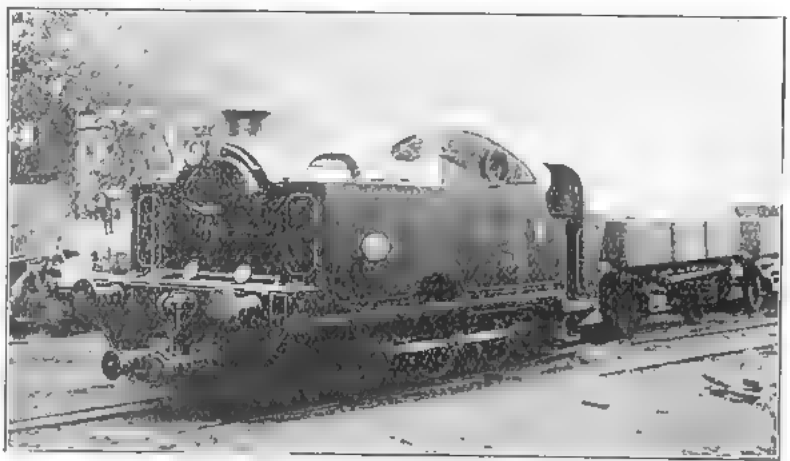


A "SADDLE-TANK" ON THE FESTINIOG RAILWAY

Thus suburban trains in future will look as if they had no locomotives at all, as they do now on the Liverpool Overhead Railway, and on the City and Waterloo tube.

For very different reasons do various railway engines merit the appellation "queer." This much-embracing term brings together pictures of two such totally different engines as the diminutive "saddle tank" of the Festiniog Railway, and the ungainly but speedy Belgian express locomotive. Even the "Twopenny Tube" does not rely altogether on electricity for its motive power, and possesses some steam engines. They are used for shunting in the yard at the company's works at Shepherd's Bush, but were also built rounded in shape so as to be able to go into the tunnels and draw out the trains in case of a serious breakdown.

The "Twopenny Tube" and the Liverpool Overhead Railway inaugurated the uniform fare of one price for whatever distance travelled. There are many anomalies in other railway fares, and it is sometimes cheaper to book beyond one's destination. For instance, more than one Manchester man, bent on a day's holiday in Derbyshire, has booked to Miller's Dale with a view to walking on to Buxton, and thereby thinking as well to make a saving in his railway fare; but in this he has been much mistaken, for the fare to Miller's Dale, though a shorter ride, is 2½d. more, though five miles nearer Manchester. Competition, too, makes curiosities in railway fares; for instance, on the Cheshire Lines Extension from Manchester to Southport, the fare to Sefton (37¾ miles) is 2s. 10d., but after that it costs no more to go the whole length of the line to Southport (49½ miles) than to any intermediate station.



EVEN THE "TWOPENNY TUBE" HAS SOME STEAM LOCOMOTIVES. HERE IS A PHOTO OF ONE OF THEM.

THE HONOUR OF A TRANSGRESSOR.

A Tale of the Nebraska Pioneers.

By William R. Lighton. Illustrated by Arthur Heming.

UNCLE MAC'S vineyard lies upon a gently sloping hillside, just out of sight of his house; and, as a matter of course, it suffers at the hands of every rapscallion and tatterdemalion in the town. Rivertown's boys are as the ten tribes of Israel, and every mother's son of them will steal grapes. As a rule, Uncle Mac makes no complaint, beyond a mouthful of mild profanity in the privacy of his own hearthstone. Only once have I known him to be much perturbed. He had planned to exhibit at the State Fair some baskets of Golden Pocklingtons that had lately come into bearing, and to that end he had tied certain selected bunches in bags of netting, as a protection against bees and birds; but the urchins from the "Bohemian settlement" in their daily thievings made choice of these protected clusters, knowing them to be of the best. Uncle Mac was first saddened, then irritated, then angry; and one day I saw him down-town, buying fence-posts and barbed wire. Never before had he fenced so much as a square yard of his land.

A week afterwards I found him toiling in the autumn sunlight, reeling up the wire which a couple of men were pulling from the newly-made fence. He straightened his portly figure, wiping the dripping moisture from his big forehead; then he led the way to the shade of a near-by apple tree, where we sat down together upon the grass.

"Doesn't it suit you?" I asked.

"What? The fence? Yep: 'twas a bully fence." Then came a pause, while he mopped his face with needless insistence. "I reckon boys is different from pretty much every kind of animal there is," he said at last. "Don't the Bible say somethin' somewheres about sufferin' little kids in the kingdom o' heaven? I just been findin' out why that is: the walls o' the New Jerusalem might be made hog-tight, an' four stories high, but 'twouldn't be no manner o' use to try to keep the kids out. Péter, nor Paul, nor Pontius Pilate couldn't do it: nobody couldn't."

I kept grave silence, knowing that in the fullness of time things would be revealed. The old man glanced at me now and again, furtively, shame-facedly; then he laughed, with a frank return to his dominant humour. "'Twas the same way with me, once. There wa'n't no fence ever made could 've kep' me out o' nowhere. I've spent solid weeks, I reckon, climbin' fences to get to places I wouldn't 've cared a lick about, if only I hadn't been shut out of 'em. Why, sure's I'm sittin' here, the day after I put this fence up there was more grapes stole than there ever was in a whole week before. I had to take it down, or they'd took 'em all. Trouble was," he added abruptly, "'twas easy enough for the youngsters gettin' through the wires comin' in, but 'twas 'founded hard gettin' out, some reason. There was a feller tol' me yeste'dy how the women-folks hereabout ain't done much else all week but lam their kids for comin' home with their clothes tore pretty near plum off of 'em. That made me hot! I never did see the good o' lickin' a boy, nohow. Pore little fellers!"

Every line of his averted face ran brimming full of gentle kindness. By and by his broad chest swelled with a ragged sigh.

"I was just thinkin': If a little fairy was to come along an' gimme three wishes, like they used to tell about, time I remember, I'd tell him I didn't want but one; an' you know what I'd wish? I'd want to be a little, mean, no-'count, speckle-faced kid—real downright sassy, an' thievin', an' ornery—just the kind of a youngster that folks don't like to have 'round, nohow, an' that nobody never says nothin' good about till they're dead or growed up. That's the kind of a little rooster I used to be, an' I'd give

half o' what I've got to be him ag'in, just long enough to take another good holt on rememberin' how it feels. I wouldn't even ask for the good part: I'd like to go back an' steal a big mess o' green apples, or a watermelon, an' have my mother doctorin' me for one o' them good ol'-fashioned pains in my insides. That'd be good enough for me! Deary me!" he brooded fondly; "it sounds plum foolish, don't it? But there ain't no tellin' how lonesome I been, years an' years, for the feel of a boytime stomick-ache, an' pep'mint tea, an' Jamaiky ginger. They say we get wise as we grow up, but I don't believe it: I say we just get scared an' cowardly. I been minded more'n once to make a try an' see what'd happen if I was to set down an' eat a big pocketful o' nasty little hard pea-green apples, that wa'n't more'n half done growin': but I don't dare, an' that's just the long an' short of it. I'm a coward." Then after a moment's silence:

"Most boys is that kind; don't you know it? I never had no use for the sneakin' little spindly chaps that's got no bad in 'em. Decent folks ain't made that way. Decent, healthy folks is some good an' some bad, mixed up together. I reckon the good Lord made 'em that way, an' He surely knowed what He was about when He was doin' it. Sometimes the good end'll be up, an' sometimes the other end. I like it that way: that's what makes the whole game worth playin'. It's ag'in nature to look for a man that won't warp the least mite when he's laid out in the sun, nor shrink up some when he gets a wettin'."

Then it was that I spoke the word which provoked the story. "Uncle Mac, tell me this: Did you ever come across a man who was altogether bad?"

The old fellow looked into my eyes, keenly, half doubtful of my sincerity. "No," he said bluntly; "no, I ain't; nor nobody else." He sat erect, holding up a knotty forefinger. "Billy, you let the old man tell you this, an' don't you never forget it. There ain't one man in ten thousan' but 'll do the square, honour'ble thing when it comes down to a pinch. Now that's God's truth! Why, look here!" he cried, his manner expanding with the warmth of his enthusiasm; "look here: there's men—lots of 'em, that's just as honest as sunlight, but that tries to hide it an' not let folks know it, because they're afraid o' bein' took for fools. That's the trouble: a good many folks seem to make it a part o' their religion to say that plain, honest men an' fools can't be told apart. They know it ain't so; everybody knows it ain't so. Everybody knows that honest men is the wisest men we got, an' that the only real fool is him that's a liar. Any man'd know that, without bein' told, that'd lived through early days in Nebrasky." His good face wrinkled into a smile as he asked, almost timidly: "Say, wa'n't there an' old feller, years ago—seems to me like I've heerd of him—that lived in some o' them foreign places—Hong Kong, or Sweden, or somewheres like that—that hid hisself in a pork-barrel an' pretended to be huntin' for an honest man? He'd 've been out of a job in a holy minute if he'd come to Nebrasky them days I been tellin' you about; that's what he would!" Then he struck directly into his tale.

"I ain't never told you about the time me an' Turk Wesley run up ag'in each other, have I? That was along somewheres about 'sixty-five or 'six, after we'd got out the army, an' before Nebrasky came in as a State. Things was pretty much tore up out here west o' the river, o' course; but we was mighty tired o' soldierin', an' was willin' to trust our luck for a spell, till we got used to feelin' how it seemed. 'Twas a mighty blessed feelin' to have the strain took off. But o' course 'twa'n't long till we begun to hear tell o' more-less fussin', an thievin', an' such-like, different places, out where the settlers was far apart an' lonesome. 'Twould 've come out all right, somehow, if it hadn't been for fellers like Turk Wesley, that didn't have a lick o' sense.

"Turk was one o' the kind that's always hankerin' to have folks think he's smart an' cunnin'. I never took much stock in that kind. Minute a feller begins to want to seem smarter'n the rest o' folks, he'll start off with tryin' to work some big lie that won't be found out; an' that's somethin' that can't be done. There never was no lie told yet that wa'n't found out, give it time. No matter how good a one 'tis when it's told, 'twon't stay told: it's bound to come loose an' get ravelled out. That was the trouble with Turk Wesley. I'm bound to say for him, though, he could think up more ways to lie an' steal than anybody I ever knowed. He was mighty 'cute an' foxy, an' quick; but 'twas just like I tell you: he didn't have a lick o' sense. He didn't know when he'd gone far enough with his devilment; an' that's the sure mark o' the man that's goin' to get met up with, some time.

"Turk, he had two or three that was pardners with him, an' they was just skinnin' 'round, one place an' another, workin' their slick games for a year or so, till from bein' at the first just half sneak an' half dead-beat, he come by an' by to be dead tough, not stoppin' at nothin', not even at holdin' up an emigrant-outfit on one o' the trails, an' plunderin' the poor critters of all they'd got. But the country was so big, an' settled so thin, an' not half governed, an' he done pretty much what he pleased, seemed like, without gettin' rounded up. He'd 've pulled through some way,

only the last thing he done was to take a couple of his pardners out to the Pawnee reservation an' run off a bunch o' the beef-steers that had been issued to 'em issue day. They killed one feller, while they was doin' it, too

"The story got down to the river pretty quick, 'count o' the Pawnees bein' in such a state over it, an' hard to hold; an' two-three days after, I run up against the United States marshal, that I knowed first-rate, up in Omaha, an' he says, 'Mac,' he says, 'you know Turk Wesley?' 'Yes,' I says; 'I seen him once, down to Falls City.' 'Well, see here,' he says; 'this here business is makin' a ter'ble to-do, an' there ain't nothin' for it but Turk's got to be took, an' I'm goin' to dep'tize you to take him,' he says. 'What's the matter with some o' your own folks?' I says; an' he says, 'Busy. We only got a couple weeks to summon the jury panel, an' got to ride all over Kingdom Come to find 'em,' he says, 'an' it's goin' to take every man in my office to get through. Can't you go?' 'Oh, I reckon,' I says; 'Yes, I'll go.' Matter o' fact, I was willin' enough to go. I was full o' hot blood, them days, an' I wa'n't married yet, an' didn't have nobody; an' anyhow, I'd got kind o' nervous, livin' quiet for a year or so, mindin' my own business. Seemed good to me to think about goin' for a ja'nt on the prairies, an' I never took the trouble to think about gettin' back—like them kids with my fence. So I was 'p'inted a dep'ty, an' fixed out with my papers, an' I struck out, horseback, feelin' like a feller will when the weather's good an' he ain't got nothin' to worry him. I didn't take nobody with me, because 'twas a good spell out to where I reckoned I'd begin huntin' for Turk, an' I'd got power to press help if I needed it.

"On my word, I hadn't got the first idee in this world where Turk was, nor where I was goin' to find him, nor what was likely to happen when I did find him. Nebrasky was an almighty big place them days. 'fore it'd been split up to make states out of. All I knowed was my papers was good anywheres in the ter'tory, an' I wa'n't botherin'. I don't know: seemed like 'twas a way we got out here, not worryin'. We didn't use to fool much time with settin' down an' frettin' ourselves bald-headed about how we was goin' to get things done: we was too busy with *doin'* 'em. We always got out somehow. S'posin' we'd listened to them that said we was bound to starve to death out here in this desert! We didn't listen; we ain't never listened to no croakin' about trouble.

"Well, by an' by I got out to the agency, an' had a little talk with the agent 'bout the business. He told me Turk had been heerd of three-four places, good ways apart. Seemed like all I had to do was to keep goin'.

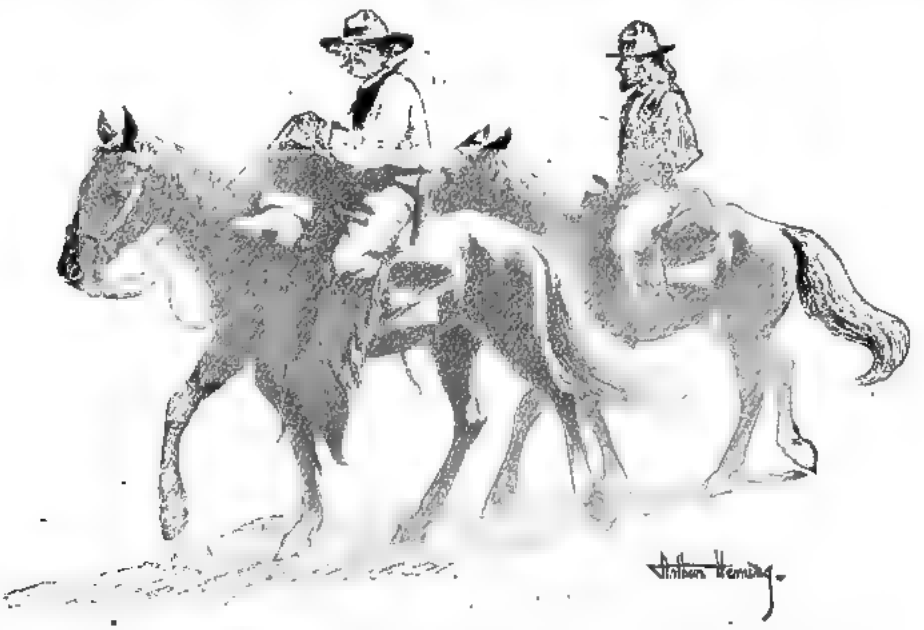
"Next day, a little after sundown, I come to a dugout, off to one side the trail, where a settler lived, an' I stopped to ask questions. Men-folks was gone somewheres, after flour an' stuff, but there was a mighty nice, clean little woman an' a couple o' half-growed girls gettin' their supper. Come to find out, the old man was Tom Winters, that'd been my first sergeant; an' when the little woman says to stop off an' get my supper, an' wait till the men come back, I was right willin'. I set my rifle up inside the door, an' unhitched my belt an' dropped it on the floor, with both my pistols in it, an' then took my pony out to the stable, hunderd yards or so from the house, other side the trail; an' the little woman she told me where I'd find things.

"I'd got done with feedin' an' waterin', an' was just forkin' in some straw for beddin', when I heerd somebody holler, 'Whoa!' to his horse outside, an' I went to the door. 'Twas just one feller, horseback. He'd turned in from the trail, comin' to the stable, an' when he'd got up closter I see 'twas Turk Wesley; an' my guns layin' over in the dugout! 'Twas just light enough so's I could see Turk had his belt on, like everybody wore 'em, them days, on the trails.

"Billy, a man's the funniest an' the foolishest critter that lives—'specially a young one. Why, 'twould 've been the easiest thing in the world to 've hid back in a corner an' bided my time till we'd both got down to the house, after while, an' then took him reg'lar, an' accordin' to Hoyle. He didn't know, o' course, there was any warrant out for him. 'Twould 've been dead easy. But do you know, it never come to me that way at all. There was Turk, an' there was me, an' the only thing I thought of was I'd got to nab him right then. It's just them kind o' things that's made me get gray, thinkin' about 'em afterwards. Scared? I didn't act'ly have sense enough to feel scared a mite. I just drawed back in the shadder o' the door-frame, an' up-ended my hay-fork, an' poked the butt-end o' the handle up t'wards Turk's head, an' I hollers, real sharp, 'Han's up, Turk! You're 'rested!' Makes me laugh! O' course it come on him mighty sudden an' unexpected, an' he was a good deal of a loon anyway, I reckon; an' when he seen that fork-handle within a yard of his face, his han's went up, with him swearin' shameful.

"'Twas mighty funny, wa'n't it? I didn't know just what I was goin' to do; so I done the only thing I could think of. I says, 'Get down out o' your saddle, Turky; lively, now!' an' he shook his feet loose from the stirrups an' hopped down to the ground, keepin' his two han's up stiff, like the angels had hold of 'em; an' then I says, 'Down to the house, an' don't you budge from a straight walk!' an' then I set the fork-

handle up against the small of his back, an' we went to the house like a funeral percession. When we got to the door I hollered to the woman, an' when she come out I never give her a chance to blat if she'd wanted to; but I says, harsh as I could, I says, 'Unhitch this feller's belt, an' take it off him, an' give it to me. Han's up, Turk!' She was mighty good about it. She never said a word, but just went up to him an' loosed the belt an' handed it over to me. I'd been mighty partic'lar to keep where he couldn't see me, an' you bet it didn't take me long to get one o' the guns out o' the holster. My han's begun to shake then, when 'twas over, an' I dropped the fork. Turk he seen it, an' he turned 'round an' looked at me, with his pistol in my han', an' then he



"WE JOLTED 'LONG, SLOW, 'COUNT O' TURK NOT BEIN' ABLE TO DO MUCH WITH HIS PONY."

looks down at the fork, an' he says, 'Did you 'rest me with that thing?' 'Yep; with the butt end of it,' I says. 'You 'ain't been thinkin' 'twould take artil'ry, have you?' I says; an' then he got his mouth part open to say somethin', but he shut it up ag'in, plum disgusted, an' he never tried to make a move whiles the little woman went an' got some clothes-line an' tied him up, legs an' arms, me walkin' 'round him with the gun; an' then I stuck my han' under his arm, an' helped him to hop into the house an' set down over by the fire, an' I went back to look after his pony.

"'Twas a mighty good supper they was gettin', an' pretty soon when 'twas fixed, an' me an' the woman an' the girls had et, I fixed a plateful o' bacon an' baked 'taters an' a pint cup o' coffee, an' I went over an' set down on the bench 'longside o' Turk, an' started to feed him. He was cranky, some, at first, an' wouldn't open his mouth right, till he'd got the taste o' things; an' then he et two big plates full, an' drunk his coffee, an' that chirked him up right smart, so's he begun to talk an' ask questions about what the trouble was, an' what I was goin' to do with him. Didn't seem to worry him any, when I'd told him. He said he'd always kind o' leaned on his luck; an' then, besides, he'd got some friends down at Omaha that stood in with the prosecutin' attorney, an' he'd work his pull an' get loose. Didn't plague him a speck. After a while, when Tom an' his boy got home an' had their supper an' we set by the fire, talkin', an tellin' stories, why, Turk he forgot all about havin' his han's an' feet tied, an' about the hay-fork, an' he tol' some o' the durnedst stories anybody ever heerd, about the tricks he'd worked, turnin' 'em with the funny side out, so nobody couldn't help laughin' at 'em; an' we set there, woman an' all, till 'twas past one o'clock. But by an' by we turned in, Turk an' me layin' down front o' the fire.

"We got started back t'wards the river early in the mornin', with Turk settin' on his pony, feet tied together underneath. 'Twas a fine day, an' Turk he'd got over bein' sore, an' we had a real nice time. He wa'n't such a bad chap, take him altogether. I don't know: first thing I knowed I was feelin' sorry for the poor

feller. Struck me he'd got the makin' of a man in him, if he'd just got started right. Takin' his word for it, the things he'd done wa'n't all bad, not by a good sight. But there was some bad ones, an' he didn't try to hide 'em a mite.

"Well, we jolted 'long, slow, 'count o' Turk not bein' able to do much with his pony, an' me havin' to lead him. We had a snack 'long about noon; an' then we'd got in twenty mile from the agency, when Turk he says, 'Who's them over yonder?' 'Where?' I says; an' Turk he jerked his head t'wards a hill, half mile to the left. 'Them,' he says. 'I'm a liar if them ain't Pawnees. What you reckon they're doin' off the rese'vation?' he says; an' I took a look at 'em, settin' on their ponies, an' I knowed he was right. 'You reckon they got wind you was out after me?' he says. 'Shouldn't wonder,' I says. 'Reckon we better set still here for a spell, till we see.' 'Twa'n't but a minute after we'd stopped our ponies in the trail till the two of 'em started down t'wards us, an' then there was two more of 'em showed theirselves on the hill, follerin' the others up. They come down in a hurry till they'd got in three hunderd yards of us, an' then I yelled to 'em to halt. They drew in out of a run, but they kep' on in a trot till I got my rifle up to my shoulder an' signed to 'em they wa'n't to come no closter, an' that brought 'em up. They signed to me they wanted to talk. 'Well, talk!' I hollered to 'em, in Pawnee; an' one of 'em he starts to edge out from the rest, till I motioned that he could speak his piece where he was. O' course they seen the way Turk was, tied up that-a-way; an' the first thing the feller said was they wanted the thief that'd stole their ponies. 'You can't have him,' I yells; 'I got him.' But the feller he 'lowed—real sassy he was—he 'lowed they was goin' to take him away from me. Made me hot, an' I put my han' up to my mouth an' done this"—a wonderfully graphic and impudent gesture with forked fingers and protruded tongue. "That's Sioux for 'You're a liar.' 'Twa'n't the thing I ought to done; only I was r'iled consider'ble. It r'iled them some, too; an' they was four to us two, an' one of us tied han' an' feet to his pony; so the one in front he gives a screech, an' then they struck for us, tight as they could jump.

"I was down off my pony in a holy minute, an' had my knife out. 'It's honour bright, Turky,' I says. 'Yep; you bet,' he says; an' I slashed the rope off him, an' give him his pistols, an' then we got behind our ponies an' begun shootin'. I reckon they'd misdoubted we'd fight. They wa'n't more'n two hunderd yards off us, an' all in a bunch, so's 'twas dead easy, though an Indian is mostly mighty handy with his rifle, shootin' from the saddle. I got one of 'em, second shot, an' he rolled head over heels, kickin' up a heap o' dust where he hit the ground; an' then they took their cue an' begun to spread out further apart, droppin' down over their ponies' ha'nches. Turk, his pistols was goin' spiteful, *this* one an' then *that* one, reg'lar as a clock tickin', an' I reckon 'twas him that got the next one. I ain't sure, because the smoke from my rifle was in my face, an' right then a bullet cut clean plum through my pony's backbone, back o' the saddle, an' went in my left shoulder, here, an' the pony went down, an' me with him. If there'd been more of 'em, 'twould 've been some awk'ard, likely, because I was jolted up consider'ble; but I had sense enough, layin' there, to whang away once more, an' I seen my feller tumble, an' then things got all blurred, an' I had a funny sweet feelin' like I used to have when I was a kid an' whirled 'round till I'd get dizzy, an' then the little sense I had quit me, all of a sudden.

"I come to, by an' by, an' seen Turk stoopin' over me. He'd cut my coat an' shirt off my shoulder, an' was pluggin' up the hole to stop the blood. When he seen I was lookin' at him, he grinned, an he says, 'Lay still! I'll get her fixed in a minute,' he says; an' so I lay still, because the blamed thing hurt like all-get-out; but pretty soon I remembered, an' I says, 'How many did we get, Turk?' an' he holds up his han' with four fingers stretched out, an' grinned like he was plum tickled to death. 'The last one was runnin' his pony like sin, jumpin' sideways,' he says, 'so I couldn't cover him good with a pistol; but I grabbed your rifle, an' I got him,' he says. That made me feel pretty good, an' I lay where I was till Turk'd got the bleedin' stopped a good bit; an' then he got his arms 'round me an' helped me to set up. My pony wa'n't dead yet, but his hind quarters was par'lyzed, back o' where the bullet had hit him. I was powerful sorry. I'd rode that pony last two years I was in the army, without so much as gettin' his hide scratched, an' seemed like me an' him *knowed* each other. 'Twas a cruel shame! But 'twa'n't no use; an' first thing I done when I set up was to put him out o' his mis'ry. Kind o' seemed like I ought to be the one to do it.

"Well, Turk he got me up on my feet pretty soon, an' helped me to get 'straddle o' his pony, pilin' my things on front o' the saddle, an' then he started to lead afoot. Didn't take more'n a couple rods to show me 'twa'n't no good. My shoulder hurt so it fair made me blind, an' I says, 'Hold on, Turky,' I says; 'I can't stand this jiggin'!' an' I keeled out o' the saddle, an' he ketched me an' put me down on the ground. 'What we goin' to do?' he says pretty soon, anxious-like. 'We can't stay here,' he says, 'because mebbe there's more of 'em snoopin' 'round in the

hills;' an' I says, 'There ain't nothin' for it but you got to go an' get help,' I says. 'You best go back to the farm-house we passed, five-six mile,' I says, 'an' see if they ain't got a wagon or somethin', an' come after me,' I says. 'Only I'm mighty bad off for a drink o' water,' I says. 'Don't you reckon you could get me some somewheres? If I ain't dead wrong, there's a little branch a mile or so ahead,' I says; an' Turk he

"I GOT ONE OF 'EM SECOND SHOT."

took my canteen an' started to get on his pony, an' then he stops an' lays my pistols down beside me, an' he stands an' looks at me a minute. 'Am I goin' to take a gun?' he says; an' I says, 'Why, sure! You may need 'em,' I says; an' Turk he grinned, an' he puts on his belt, an' I give him some ca'tridges, an' then he struck out. He was gone an hour; but he had the canteen full o' water when he got back. Muddy water, 'twas, with a lot o' things in it; but I'm jiggered if it didn't taste better'n any I've drunk sence I drunk out o' the big spring back home. I drunk it *all*, wigglers an' everything; an' then Turk he helped me hitch off to one side the trail, where I could get in the shadder o' some brush, out the sun, an' he fixed me easy, an' then he went for help.

"Sun went down, by an' by, an' begun to get dark. My shoulder was swellin' powerful bad, 'count o' some o' the bones bein' mashed up pretty much. It hurt me so it made me get a little flighty, times, in my head; an' then, besides, I wanted to smoke, an' I didn't have no matches. I was feelin' pretty mean, layin' there an' listenin' to the coyotes yelpin', off on the prairie, closter an' closter; only I was thankful they was goin' to eat Pawnee meat, 'stead o' mine. But whiles I was waitin', an' waitin', an' waitin', do you know it never come to me once to 'spicion Turk wouldn't be back? It never did! I'm glad it didn't.

"'Twas 'most ten o'clock when I heerd a wagon comin'. Axle grease must've been scarce out there then. I heerd the wheels goin' *squeak, squeak, squeak*, long before I heerd anythin' else, till I got to thinkin' 'twas some new kind of a Goliah of a cricket, or mebbe 'twas inside my

head; an' then I heerd the gear rattlin', an' by an' by their voices, one an' then the other, talkin'. I'd never knowed how far you could hear things acrost the prairies, night-time. Seemed like 'twas a whole hour till they come up, an' Turk hollered to me. He'd found his man, all right, an' they'd started right off; but the rickety old wagon had broke down, time or two, an' a tire had come off, an' they'd had to build a fire an' fix it. They'd got a pile o' straw in the bottom o' the body, with a couple o' blankets over it, an' they lifted me in, makin' the bed as springy as they could.

"They'd made up their minds how 'twouldn't do to go ahead, nor yet back to the feller's place. 'Twa'n't likely but there'd be more o' the Pawnees come out on a huntin' trip, soon as them ponies got back to the rese'vation, with nobody on 'em. They'd got their heads set on leavin' the trail an' goin' acrost the prairie, south, to a little town eighteen-twenty mile, where there was a doctor. Jenks was that settler's name, an' there wa'n't a mean thread in him. There he was, just as good as leavin' his place to be plundered an' burnt, if the Pawnees did come; but he wouldn't listen to no talk about that, long's there was somebody that needed him. He was livin' just by hisself, anyway, he said, an' if it come to worst, one place was good's another. That was the way folks was in Nebrasky, them days, pretty much; an' there's lots of 'em that way yet. There never was no better place'n this when a feller's in trouble. So we turned off on the prairie, with Turk ridin' his pony ahead, to pick our trail, an' Jenks drivin', with me back on that pile o' straw, gettin' the daylights jolted out o' me twice every minute, every time the wheels hit a bump. Crikey, boy! I wouldn't take that ride now, stout an' well as I be, not for no money; an' then 'twas a hunderd times worse, 'count o' my shoulder. I just gritted my teeth till they was wore down smooth.

"Jenks was a pretty good han' to talk. Must've been lonesome for him livin' out there like he'd done. He was talkin' to me, just for sake o' comp'ny, but he didn't 'pear to care whether I talked back, an' that was mighty lucky. I wa'n't in no way o' talkin'. But every time I come 'round, out o' them fits o' holdin' my breath an' 'most wishin' I was dead, I'd hear him goin' on, like the squeak of his wagon wheels. 'That Turk Wesley's a mighty nervy chap,' he says once. 'Thinks a heap o' you, don't he?' 'Oh, I don' know as he does,' I says. 'There ain't no reason why he should, considerin',' I says. 'If he didn't he wouldn't be doin' what he's doin' now,' he says, 'runnin' his head in a halter, much as his life's worth.' 'What's that?' I says. 'What you mean?' 'Why,' he says, 'goin' down where we're goin'. He's knowed down there, an' folks has been waitin' for him for quite a good bit,' he says. 'That so?' I says; an' that set me thinkin'. 'Twouldn't do; so I tells Jenks to call Turk back, an' when he rides up beside the wagon, I says, 'Turk,' I says, 'I ain't goin' to 'low this. You're my pris'ner, an' I'm bound to see you through an' turn you over, reg'lar,' I says, 'an' you know I'm no shape to pertect you now.' Turk he just laughed. 'You ain't got no business laughin',' I says. 'What you been stealin' down here?' 'Horses,' he says, real short, like he didn't want to talk about it. That was bad, an' I told him so; but he just kep' laughin', an' he said he reckoned he knowed what he was doin'. I 'lowed he didn't have no call to make a fool of hisself, just because he knowed how; an' I says, 'Turk, look here, you take my advice, an' keep away from this outfit of our'n. You go off by yourself somewheres,' I says, 'an' I'll come back some time an' 'rest you ag'in.' 'Not by a 'founded sight you won't!' he says, right up on his ear. 'There's no livin' man'll ever ketch me no more, with a hay-fork nor nothin' else,' he says. 'You shut up!' he says. 'I know what I'm doin'. You're in this fix on account o' me, an' I'm goin' to stay by you,' he says. 'You acted white with me, an' I ain't goin' to get you in no trouble, runnin' off now.' He wouldn't listen to no more, but just went ahead, an' we kep' on t'wards town.

"'Twas gettin' along in the gray o' the mornin' when we got to the edge o' town; an' then Turk he dropped back beside the wagon, an' he says, 'I ain't goin' in,' he says. 'I'm goin' to quit you here an' hide out somewheres, handy, till you get ready to move. I'll be watchin' out, an' I'll j'in you,' he says; an' with that he puts off in a corn-field beside the road.

"Jenks, he took me to the little ramshackle buildin' they called their hotel, an' they put me to bed an' got the doctor. My shoulder was in bad shape by then, an' 'twas for most a fortni't I was out o' my head, with blood p'ison; an' even when I come 'round, 'twas a good spell before they dare tell me anything to worry me. But I found out by an' by. Turk'd done some mighty onhealthy things 'round about there, before that, an' they was layin' for him. 'Twould've been better if he'd kep' away, like I told him. Some way or other they'd got wind of it, an' they got a committee together an' started to hunt for him. They'd run up on him where he was hidin', one evenin', an' nabbed him whiles he was sleepin', and then 'twas all up with him. I was powerful sorry, 'cause I'd like to seen him have a fair show. I kind o' liked his style, and 'twas a pity he wa'n't more ornery in his way o' earnin' a livin'."

By H. BURROWS

Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

VIII.

SHARKS!

IT pleased Carter and I, or rather our respective and respected parents, to spend a portion of the summer holidays at Rainington-on-Sea. Why any reasonable person should select such a place for a vacation was a problem which I fear we boys failed to solve. I think the Pater said he wanted quiet; and, if that was so, he certainly got it. Quiet, indeed! A desert island would have been lively in comparison with the place. Carter and I were always chums, but never perhaps did we feel such mutual affection as when we accidentally ran into each other's arms at Rainington-on-Sea. Yet, despite the consolation derived from that meeting, we were even then constrained to admit that the place was slow.

It was whilst returning homewards one day, feeling rather more miserable than usual, that we met one clad in the garb of a sailor.

"What ho! my hearty," quoth Carter, who always prided himself on the appropriate character of his language, "what price autumn manœuvres?"

The sailor turned on his interlocutor a suspicious and resentful eye, which seemed to sum us up at a glance. "I don't hold with no autumn manœuvres," he said.

"No?" enquired Carter. "Perhaps you are not a real sailor, then?"

"Not a real sailor?" was the indignant response. "Why, I've sailed and I've fought under the best captain as ever put to sea; and he never wanted no autumn manœuvres, he didn't. He made his own manœuvres, he did."

"Tell us," quoth Carter.

"It's dry work, talking," said the sailor, "but if either of you gents should happen to have the price of a pint——"

Carter produced and tendered a sixpence. The sailor spat thereon, then bit it with a ruminant air; whether with a view to testing its soundness or as an aid to memory, I cannot say. Next he slowly and thoughtfully filled a short clay pipe, lit it, and puffed for awhile in silence, and then at last began:—

"I don't hold with no autumn manœuvres, nohow," said he. "And why? 'Cos, as I told you, my old captain—he was a good 'un, he was—he made his own manœuvres, he did. Now, what's the object of them there manœuvres, do you think?"

"Why, to train, to be sure," said Carter.

"To train? Ah! to be sure. What a thing this here education is. And to train what, may I ask, young gentlemen?"

"Men," said I.

"Ships," quoth Carter.

"Men and ships," affirmed the sailor with a nod, as he ticked off each item. "And what else do you think, now?"

For a moment we were nonplussed.

"Of course, you train the guns sometimes," hazarded Carter, with a small attempt at a joke.

"And guns," assented the sailor, and ticked off a third finger. "Men and ships and guns; and all very useful, too. But what else did our captain train, do you think?"

We gave it up.

The sailor leaned forward, and pointed a finger at us impressively.

"Sharks," said he.

"Sharks!" ejaculated Carter and I together.

"Sharks," repeated the sailor. "That was what our captain trained, he did. He had a regular fleet of them, he had. It was quite a hobby of his, it was."

"And what on earth did he do with them all?" queried Carter.

"Anything," said the man. "They would follow him about like pigeons after a bloke with crumbs, they would. Lordy, you should just have seen us when we was a-bathing together. We were sort of regular chums, we were. There was the crew a-splashing and a-dashing and a-rolling about just as if *they* were the sharks, and there was the sharks themselves a-standing on their beams ends, and a-popping and a-hopping just as if *they* were the crew, and were trying to dance a hornpipe. It was a sight, it was."

"I should not care about bathing amongst sharks myself," mused Carter.

"Lordy," quoth the sailor, "it ain't nothing when you are used to it, it ain't. The only fellow as I ever knewed on as once got a bit of a fright like was old Joe the Marine. You see, old Joe was a bit of a venturesome chap, he was. No matter his orders, off he would go right away from the ship, swimming by himself a mile or more. 'Bo'sun,' says the captain. 'Ay, ay,' sir, says he. 'Who's that a-swimming off there?' says the captain. 'Only old Joe the Marine, sir,' says the bo'sun. 'I'll give him Joe the Marine,' says the captain. 'Just string him up when he comes back, and give him a jolly two dozen.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' says the bo'sun. But, Lordy, what was two dozen to old Joe?

"JUST AS THEY GOT ALONGSIDE THE SHIP, WHAT SHOULD HE DO BUT START A-BUCKING AND A-BUMPING LIKE A TWO-YEAR-OLD."

Digitized by Google

Three dozen, four dozen, five dozen, six dozen—it made no difference to him. Took it as a sort of pick-up-me just before breakfast like, and seemed to regular enjoy it, he did."

"Queer kind of enjoyment," commented Carter.

"Ah! there's some queer things happens at sea, there does," acquiesced the sailor. "But, as I was a-saying, old Joe always would go off a-swimming on his own; and one day, when he was a mile or more from the ship, why, all of a sudden he was took queer."

"Cramp?" said I.

"Well, I don't exactly knows as it was cramp," reflected the sailor. "Maybe it was the six dozen he had had just afore breakfast hadn't agreed with him quite as well as usual, or maybe it was the bit of measly pork he had eaten for supper hadn't quite gone down like. Anyhow, there he was. 'Elp, 'elp,' yells he, and, Lordy, one of them there sharks—it was the captain's favourite, he called him 'Pet,' he did—he bounded off afore you could say knife, and made straight for poor old Joe."

"To the rescue?" queried Carter.

"To the rescue," assented the sailor. "But, Lordy, poor old Joe he had forgotten all about them there tame sharks, he had; and he did squeal, he did. But Pet just went up to him, and gave a good sniff so as to make sure it was Joe like. Then he gave him a shove with his snout which sent him twenty yards towards the ship; and afore he had time to settle down and sink, why Pet was up to him again, and gives him another shove, d'ye see?"

"And did Joe squeal all the time?" I asked.

"For a part of the time," said the sailor. "But when he got a bit used to it, of course, he began to see what was Pet's little game, and I expect he felt a bit tired of being butted along the water like a log before a ram. So just as Pet comes rushing up for a shove, old Joe dodges aside and springs on his back; and so he came riding home, he did."

"And you mean to say Pet stood that?" asked Carter.

"Lordy!" said the sailor, "they was well-brought-up sharks, they was, and behaved as such. Still, Pet made old Joe pay for his ride, he did. Just as they got alongside the ship, what should he do but start a-bucking and a-bumping like a young two-year-old. Off goes old Joe, flying head over heels in the air, and we thought as how he would come down in the sea, and be drowned dead after all. But no! Just as he was a-reaching the waves, that there knowing old shark took a big plunge head downwards. 'Whish!' went his tail through the air, and, catching Joe a smack clean on the breech, sent him flying up again on to the poop, where he comes tumbling down at the captain's feet with all the stuffing knocked right out of him. Ah! Pet just calculated that there stroke right, he did."

"They must have been wonderful sharks," murmured Carter.

"They *was* wonderful sharks," affirmed the sailor.

"But you said something about fighting?" suggested I.

"Ah! so I did now," said the sailor. "You've heard of them things that go under water and sort of explode like?"

"Torpedoes?" said I.

"Torpedoes is the word. Lordy, what a thing this here 'education is! Well, you should just have seen those sharks go for the torpedoes. It was a fair treat, it was. Now, I recollect that in the battle of Inktheman ——"

"Inkerman?" enquired I.

"I said Inktheman," repeated the sailor, fiercely.

"That was fought on land," said Carter.

"Now, was I there or was you?" quoth the sailor.

"Well, *I* wasn't," said Carter, "but I read ——"

"Ah!" said the sailor, "you musn't believe all you read, you know. Them there papers print some wonderful lies sometimes, they does. And who did we fight at Inktheman, may I ask?"

"The Russians," said I.

"The Russians it was," assented the sailor approvingly. "Lordy! what a thing this here education is. Well, there stood the Russian general on shore—it was *them* as was on the shore, you see—a-blazing away at us with a lot of torpedoes enough to sink the Pacific Ocean. But did they sink the British fleet? Nary a sink. 'Cos why? As fast as them there torpedoes came a-sailing up, so fast did those sharks grab hold of them with their teeth, and take them down below to explode in pieces."

"The sharks or the torpedoes?" asked Carter.

"The torpedoes, of course," said the sailor, regarding him severely.

"It must have been rather galling for the Russian general," said I.

"It was," agreed the sailor. "And at

last he couldn't stand it no longer, he couldn't. 'Charge,' said he."

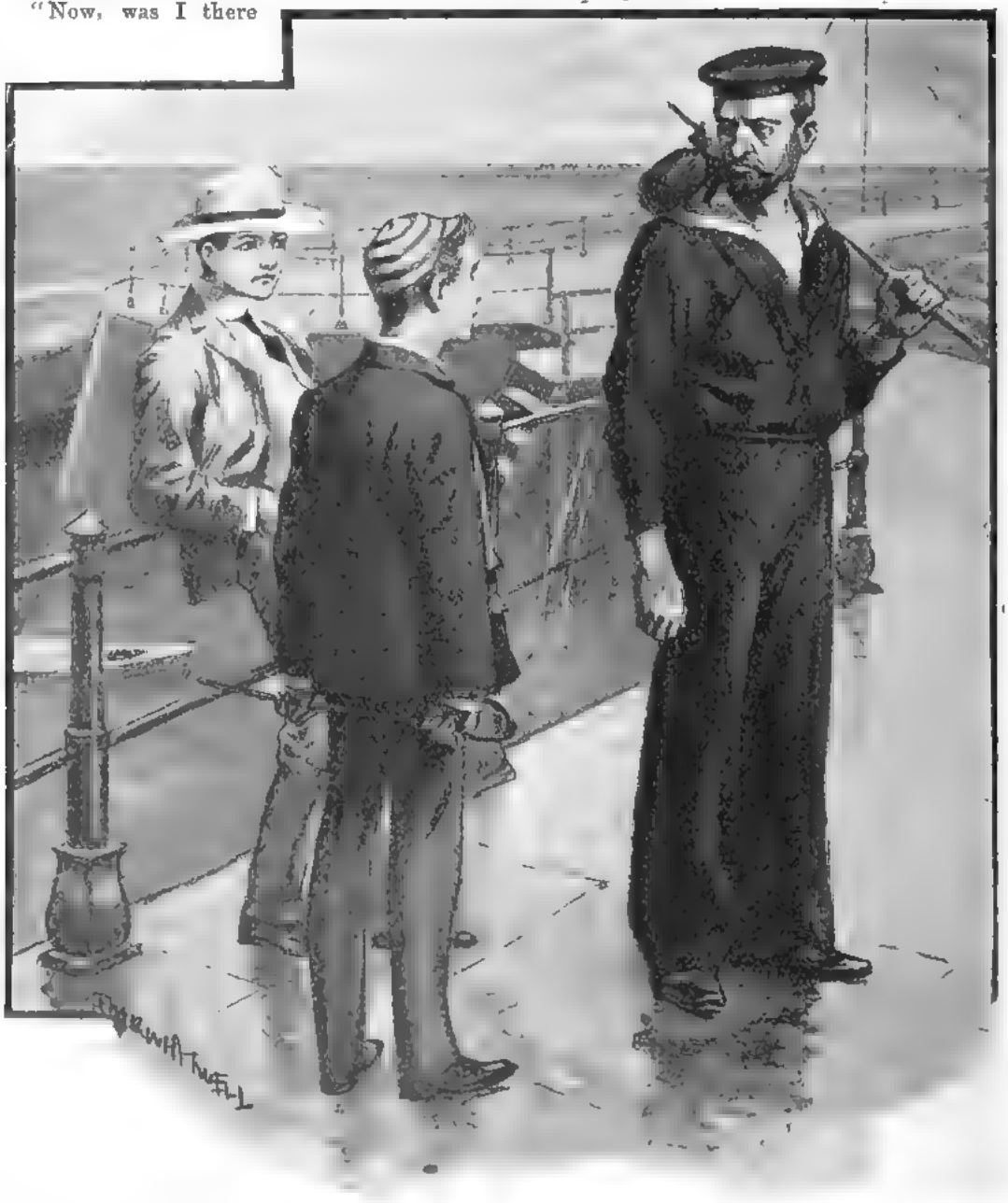
"Charge!" ejaculated Carter.

"I said charge," thundered the sailor.

"But how could they charge across the sea?" said Carter.

"Now, was I there or was you?" quoth the sailor. "Lordy! if you interrupt again I will chuck telling you all about it, I will. Don't you suppose horses can swim, now?"

"Of course they can," said I.



THE SAILOR SURVEYED HIM WITH A LOOK OF PITYING SCORN, AND SHOULDERED HIS BUNDLE IN DISGUST AS HE TURNED TO GO.

"Of course. What a thing this here education is, to be sure. So the whole of the Russian cavalry plunged madly into the foaming wave, and charged down upon the gallant British tar. But was our captain dismayed? Nary a bit. 'Up sharks and at 'em,' said he, and in the twinkling of an eye them there sharks was in the midst of the enemy a-devouring them all up afore you could say knife."

"They must have enjoyed themselves," said I.

"They *did* enjoy themselves," affirmed the sailor. "You should just have seen Pet, his countenance one vast cherubic smile like, a-making for the Russian general. 'Hold off,' yelled the Russian; but Pet held on, he did. There was a licking of chops, and all was gone! And there was that there shark a-swimming about with enough medals in his little inside to decorate a drawing-room or go round in a National Portrait Gallery."

"And did they agree with him?" I enquired.

"Agree with him," echoed the sailor scornfully. "Why, to show how little he thought of them all Pet next made for the French admiral, and he swallowed him up at one gulp, he did. Lordy, how the Frenchman squealed! A deal sight worse than the Russian, no error."

"But the French were on our side," objected Carter.

The sailor surveyed him with a look of pitying scorn, and shouldered his bundle in disgust as he turned to go. "I reckon," he said, "as our captain was never one of those young gents who have *too much* of this here education—so perhaps he never taught those sharks to extinguish between them there foreign languages."

WEST HARTLEPOOL.

ASK the average south-country schoolboy the position of West Hartlepool. In all probability he will say in Yorkshire, or, if he is unusually dense, in Scotland.

Now, as a Hartlepudlian born and bred, I naturally take a great deal of pride in my native place, and the object of this article is to place before boys and "old boys" a few facts concerning a town which really ought, considering its importance, to be more widely known.

Although its neighbour and long-vanquished rival, East Hartlepool, was granted a charter as long ago as A.D. 1210, West did not blossom into existence until the year 1847, when Ralph Ward Jackson, a private speculator, founded the town.

Like Middlesbro' and many other places, it has advanced by leaps and bounds, and at the present day boasts a splendid park, named after its founder, a municipal hall, opened by Prince Albert Victor in 1889, a town hall, public library, art school, and various other public buildings. The pioneer of electric trams in the north, it prides itself upon a splendid service which connects it with East Hartlepool and Seaton Carew. The latter is a pretty village with an excellent stretch of sands. Six years ago Lord Wolseley reviewed 3,000 volunteers on these sands. Those CAPTAIN readers who desire a quiet holiday far from the haunts of trippers would do well to give this place a trial The 4th Durham Royal Garrison Artillery have their headquarters at West Hartlepool, and some years ago had the honour of representing the Mother Country against the Canadians at Shoeburyness. Needless to say, England won.

West have a first-class Rugby football team. When they met their neighbours, the Hartlepool Rovers, this year, the attendance worked out to about one in seven of the combined populations of both towns—and yet people talk about the decline of Rugby football!

Hartlepool's great pride, however, is its shipping, and it is something to be proud of. As a matter of fact, so many ships are owned here that you cannot go into any port, however distant, without finding a Hartlepool vessel.

The dock area of both Hartlepools is over 300 acres, and all day long the docks and the shipbuilding and marine-engineering yards present an animated appearance.

One West Hartlepool firm has held the blue ribbon of the shipbuilding world, that is, it has turned out the greatest amount of tonnage in one year, beating even the redoubtable Messrs. Harland and Wolff.

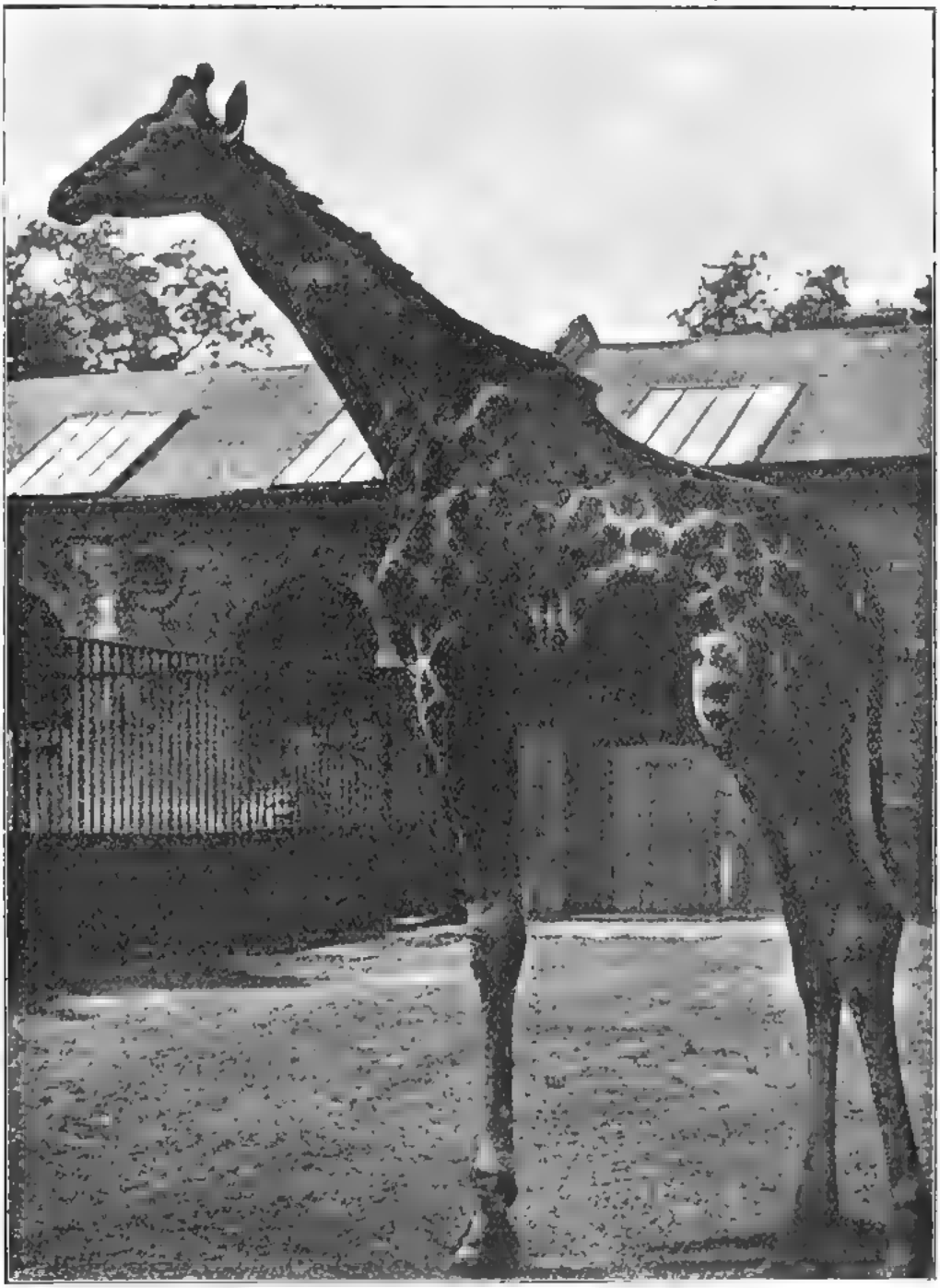
An excellent amateur club teaches swimming gratis to all boys of the neighbourhood who care to rise at 6 a.m. Hundreds of boys, and men too, have learned their swimming from this club. Other seaport towns might make a note of this.

T. R. DAVIS.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Hi! waiter, bring a boat hook—quick. He's swallowed a sardine bone, and I can't reach it with the tongs."

By Hall Thorpe.



"NO, SIR, I DO *NOT* LIKE MR. HALL THORPE'S CARICATURES OF ME."
Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.

A. O. JONES.

Photograph by E. Hawkins and Company, Brighton

EXCITING MATCHES.

WHEN the Old Fag, in his fatherly but not unkind manner, told me to write about "Exciting Matches," I rejoiced, because at the back of my head I remembered yards and yards of yarnings about such things, the yarnings that occur in the evening after dinner, when two or three cricketers are gathered together. But now I come to put pen to paper, the dramatic details and the main issues prove elusive. In point of fact, not very many matches are exciting in the sense that they work up into a dramatic crisis. The exciting point, the catastrophe or turning point, of a match often occurs half-way through and does not make much of a plot for story-telling. Still, there are one or two reminiscences that may amuse you.

The most exciting first-class match I remember to have played an exciting part in was the Gents v. Players match at Lord's in 1895. Strange to relate,

I WAS CHOSEN RATHER AS A BOWLER

than as a batsman. S. M. J. Woods, then the recognised fast bowler for the Gentlemen's side, was unable to play, and I was fortunate enough to be given his place. I always regard it as rather amusing that I was chosen for this match by the M.C.C. as a bowler, because, if ever there was anything wrong with my bowling action it was wronger, so to speak, then than in any subsequent season. The way the match became exciting was as follows. The Players, who won the toss, made 231 in their first innings, to which we replied with 259. Then they made 363 in their second innings, so we had to get 336 to win. This was by no means an impossible task; but as the wicket was worn and a little crumbled, and as the Players' bowling was very good with Tom Richardson, Mold and Peel all at their best, not to mention Attewell and Davidson, the probability of our making more than 250 was not great.

W. G. and A. E. Stoddart, who had made between them 189 out of the 259 we got first innings, this time only made 38, each scoring 19. F. S. Jackson got only 11, and G. J. Mordaunt 5. Although N. F. Druce, J. A. Dixon, and Sir T. C. O'Brien played well, we had nine wickets down at about half-past five for 231 runs. I had gone in eighth wicket down. As the match was as good as lost

I THOUGHT I WOULD HAVE A HIT.

As sometimes happens in cricket, everything I tried, no matter how dangerous, came off. No matter whether I hit crooked or straight I could not do wrong. E. Smith, who came in last, but was a really great hitter, also let fly for all he was worth; in thirty-five minutes we had added 72 runs. Three or four more overs would have settled the match, but I stupidly played forward at a good length ball of Peel's which broke a good bit from leg; I missed the ball, just scraped over the line, and was stumped. The excitement of seeing the game so quickly changed from what appeared a certain defeat into a possible win was delightful. I have never seen a team much sicker than the Players were. Bobbie Abel was captain, I fancy; he, or whoever it was, kept Mold and Richardson on too long, for we could get runs off them at a quick rate by mere snicks. I believe it was W. Gunn who advised that Peel should go on just when we were reaching 300, and the change won the game; for Peel was difficult to hit safely, and the wicket being crumbled he was able to make the ball break. When we got to 300 I thought I had better give up hitting, sit tight, and let Smith knock off the runs; and

it was through playing carefully that I lost my wicket. However, the whole affair was most exhilarating. I have often thought

WHAT MUCH BETTER FUN THE BATSMEN WHO GO IN LATE ENJOY THAN THOSE WHO GO IN EARLY.

If you go in late you can usually have a good hit without doing much evil; for if the early batsmen have scored well your risky cricket is justified, while, if they have failed, why, you cannot do worse and may do better by having a go. I do not remember any innings that amused me as much as that forlorn hope 60.

Exciting in another kind of way was a curious match Sussex played with Hampshire some years ago. The details I cannot recall, and I scorn to consult Wisden—being away at Brighton myself and having left my Wisden at home. But it came to this. On the third day our skipper, the redoubtable W. L. Murdoch, had helped himself to 175 runs, and was not out at lunch time. We had such a lead that Hampshire, if we declared at once, would need to make 80 runs an hour to beat us. We urged Murdoch to bat for ten minutes after lunch, and then declare, so that we could not lose and might win. But he, safe with his 175 (so we say now), did not want to get out, and declared at once. To shorten the story, our bowlers served up a remarkable mixture of half-volleys and long-hops; Captain Wynyard and A. J. L. Hill set about these in style, the former made a century, and

HAMPSHIRE WON THE MATCH WITH TWO MINUTES TO SPARE.

I have never seen such a good case of runs against time. The result achieved made Hants a first-class county, and won Wynyard a set of silver candlesticks. Both items well deserved.

Another amusing case of runs against time occurred in a Sussex v. Gloucestershire match years ago at Cheltenham. Sussex had 240 runs to get in exactly 240 minutes; or, anyhow, the number of runs and minutes exactly corresponded. Curiously, the runs were made regularly with the minutes as time elapsed, and Sussex won on the stroke of the clock. W. Newham made 150 odd, a great innings.

Once at Brighton Gloucestershire had three runs to make with the last man in. Walter Humphreys, the lob bowler, bowled three slow, very slow, long-hops to leg to Fred Roberts, the left-hand bowler. Roberts, suspecting guile, refused to hit them; he made one run off a snick and was immediately bowled next over by a fast half-volley from C. A. Smith, the Cantab. At least, that is what I remember. W. G. had a word to say in a high-pitched key to Fred Roberts about those three long-hops.

Another close finish was one against Surrey. The last man in for Surrey was Adams, a wicket-keeper, who never made runs; there were eight runs to get, and Adams hit two fourers off his first two balls. So the story goes.

Walter Humphreys was renowned for his participation in crises. His sublime cheek exactly suited such passes. Once, at Taunton, he was last man in, with Sussex heaps of runs behind, and dead beat to the world. As Walter came in he pointed out to George Brann, his partner, that black clouds were gathering over the Quantocks.

"DON'T YOU GET OUT," HE SAID, "THUNDER IS COMING."

Walter sat tight, watching the ball with one eye and the rising storm with the other. Rain fell in twenty minutes, and the match was saved. Humphreys declares S. M. J. Woods bowled full pitches at his head. I doubt that.

Another time, in a match v. Kent, Sussex were struggling to make a draw. Humphreys came in last, with an hour and ten minutes to go, and played out time with George Brann. Every over was painful to the Sussex supporters.

One match I remember against Kent. The point was for us to save the follow on. We had three wickets to fall, and one run to get to save it. Three men, one after another, promptly ran themselves out in trying to steal this run when any one of them could have hit a boundary. We followed on, and easily lost the match. It is strange that three sane men should, one after another, have fallen into so rash an error.

Contrary to the general idea, draws often provide the most exciting finishes. I recall one game of Sussex v. Worcestershire, when we had three wickets to fall and about ten minutes of time to play out. One of our men, who never made a big hit before all the years I saw him play,

CHOSE THAT LAST TEN MINUTES FOR AN ATTEMPT TO HIT OUT OF THE GROUND.

Naturally, he was caught in the long field. So it came to it that our fast bowler, Bland, our last man, had to stay in for five minutes to save us. He is a hitter, and usually dies in one over; but this time he played two undefeated, and we were saved. The very next year Worcestershire were in

exactly the same predicament. This time their fast bowler, George Wilson, came in with five minutes to go; he proved equal to the occasion, so we got tit for tat.

The most exciting local match I remember ended in a fat piece of cheating. Our side, in their fourth innings, had 70 runs to make when the last man came in. By dint of hard slogging and deep luck, 68 of these were knocked off just five minutes before time. It was any odds on the other two being made in the very next over. Not so. There was no next over. The umpire, who was also the groundsman of the opposite side, pulled out his watch and then pulled up the stumps. He said the pavilion clock was five minutes slow, and we had started by his watch. This was an outrageous untruth; but we had to accept his decision. It was the worst anti-climax I ever saw in cricket, that calling of time.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NOTE.—*Will those who write for information kindly take into consideration that if they wish for advice by any particular date, as is often the case, they ought to write to me as many weeks as possible beforehand. Letters addressed to* THE CAPTAIN *Office do not reach me immediately; and it is quite obvious that time must be allowed for the production of the number in which the answers occur.*

Old Citizen.—Thank you very much for the snapshots. As you mention nothing about returning them, I shall keep them unless you apply for them. Yes, I played in the match at Bexhill under the name you mention. I used to take a very long run when I bowled; I don't know why, it came natural. No, I do not think a long run is particularly useful for terrifying the batsman. No bowler can learn to make the ball shoot; the ball shoots owing to some inequality in the ground. Of course, if a ball pitches on a spot and shoots, the chances are that if it is pitched on the same spot again it will again shoot. But no manipulation of the ball with the hands can produce a shooter.

A Would-be Ranjit.—We are glad to welcome so enthusiastic a reader. Your chest measurement is very fair, but might, perhaps, be improved. It is difficult to say whether the standard of English cricket has gone up or down in the last ten years; the chances are it has gone up. I expect the best cricketers now are very much the same as the best cricketers ten years ago; but there are many more good cricketers now than there were then.

F. Pittaway.—I am not quite sure, but I think that Tunnicliffe, of Yorkshire, is the tallest county cricketer.

R. O. A.—A cricket problem. A batsman received a ball, but missed it. It passed him on the leg side, and was stopped by the wicket-keeper's pads, whence it rebounded on to the batsman's leg. The batsman was out of his ground, and the ball passed from his leg into the wicket, knocking the bails off. Is the batsman out? If so, is he stumped or run out? He is certainly out, and I should say stumped. Had he snicked the ball with his bat, he would have been run out. No, he certainly would be out were he within his ground.

Member of the C.C.—I am sorry to say I have no advice to give you. But it is certainly good for you to take plenty of exercise without over-doing it. Outdoor games, like cricket and football, are best.

G. H. F.—Another cricket problem. While the batsmen were running one of the bails blew off. The batsman who was running towards that wicket was run out. Was it sufficient for the other bail to be knocked off, or should the wicket-keeper have pulled up a stump? It is not necessary to pull up a stump unless both of the bails are knocked off. As long as there is one bail on, the wicket is considered as unbroken for the purposes of running out and stumping.

Cæsar and Brutus are strong, and by all accounts healthy, and they also lead very healthy lives. But they are short of colour in their faces. Expert advice: don't bother about it.

F. G. S.—I certainly agree with you that F. S. Jackson should be bracketed with J. R. Mason and Hirst for all-round cricket. The reason I mentioned the latter two only was that I was simply looking at last year's form.

An Old Brumm Athlete writes to tell me that when the Football Association Challenge Cup was stolen while in possession of Aston Villa some years ago, it was not stolen from a shop window of a jeweller, as I stated in an article in the *Strand Magazine*. The cup, he says, was lent by the Villa to Mr Shillcock, athletic outfitter, of Newtown Row, and it was from his shop that it was stolen. The shop at the time was flat-roofed, and the thieves got on this, and cut a hole through the concrete roofing, and dropped into the shop, so that they did not remove any glass in their exploit. I am much obliged for the correction. The general idea is that the shop was a jeweller's, and that the thieves cut out a piece of glass in the front.

An Admirer.—G. G. Bussey is a well-known, first-rate maker of cricket bats. Whether a bat dents or not when you first use it, depends upon whether the wood is soft or hard. Wood in prime condition dents a little. You ought not to use a new bat too severely. The proper way is to get a good face on it by playing gently at an old ball, bowled easily. Most good bats, after a certain amount of use, spoon a bit; that is, cave in about a foot from the bottom.

D. Betts left his bat in the garden during last winter. The willow seems still in good condition. Do I think it worth while putting a new handle in, the splice being split right down? Obviously, if the willow is all right, it is worth while putting in a new handle. But it is not a good thing to leave bats in the garden during the winter months. Wet weather is good for willow trees, but not for the sections of them that are converted into bats.

P.F. (BUDAPEST).—I am very glad to hear from you. Yes, you are our first Hungarian correspondent, I believe. It is very interesting to read what you write about boy life in Hungary. I hope you will be successful in your attempts to introduce outdoor games and regular exercise. I shall be very glad to be of any use I can to your friend who is coming to London. Advise him to write to me at the office of THE CAPTAIN. Your letter is certainly worth answering. I wish half of those I receive were half as good. I shall always be very delighted

to give you any advice in these columns you should care for on subjects with which I am acquainted.

O.C.—I believe in light dumb-bells. I advise you to use nothing over 2lbs. It is certainly good to be able to walk twelve miles in three hours and swim over a mile.

Ambitious.—I should not advise you to become a professional cricketer unless you have talent sufficient to enable you to rise to the top of the tree. But of course I cannot tell what your capabilities are without seeing you. With regard to fast bowling, you must remember that much bowling that is regarded as very fast in club cricket, is regarded in first class cricket as merely medium pace. If you are really fast, there is no doubt that you ought to stick to that; though there is no reason why you should not also use occasionally your slower leg-break, especially if you can pitch at a good length. There is a great deal to learn in the art of bowling. There is a long chapter on bowling in Ranjitsinhji's Jubilee Book of Cricket, which is published now, I think, in a sixpenny edition. I collaborated with him in the production of that chapter. In the Badminton volume on "Cricket," which is much more expensive, but which you could, I expect, get from a library, there is an excellent chapter on bowling by A. G. Steel. You might write again. I shall always be pleased to advise you.

K.M.H.—I am afraid I do not know of any book which describes the colours of the principal cricket and football clubs, colleges, public schools, regiments, etc. I am not sure it would not be a good idea to produce one; I shall think over it

H.J.M. (Hamilton).—I do not know how many test matches the Australian eleven will win. At any rate, they can't win more than three, for at the time of writing two of the five have been drawn, owing to the terrible rain we have had this season. I do not mind seeing about that bat for you; but it is no good my getting one without knowing the right size for you; so you had better write and tell me your height and age. The best way would be for me to pick one and have it sent by the maker. Whether it is better to play forward or back depends upon the length of the ball; good batsmen are masters of both strokes. I daresay you have seen that I have carried out only too faithfully your request about the test matches.

Half Gone.—It is certainly possible for the striker to be out lbw to a bowler who bowls round the wicket. The ball might hit him full pitch on the leg, or it might, on a sticky ground, pitch dead straight, and break back enough to hit the wicket. When it is said that a bowler bowling round the wicket cannot get a man out lbw, what is really meant is that when a bowler is bowling round the wicket on a hard, true pitch, where no break can be put on, it is not possible for a good length ball pitching some two or three yards from the batsman, both to pitch on the wicket and also to hit it. The address of the Secretary of the M.C.C. is Lord's Cricket Ground, London, N.W.

C. M. Ford.—I do not know whether it is possible to get back numbers of the Book of Cricket But you might write to the Publishers, George Newnes, Ltd., Southampton Street, Strand, W.C.

A. R. Courtenay.—"W G.'s Reminiscences," published by James Bowden, 10, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, W.C. Giffen's "With Bat and Ball," by Ward, Lock and Co. The price of the latter book, I think, is 2s. 9d. If a bowler pitches a ball less than half way it is certainly not a no-ball; nevertheless, it is likely, if the bowler is not very fast, to result in a boundary hit.

R. A. N. B.—Very pleased to hear you are so satisfied with The Captain, also that you are endeavouring to bring others to a similar and equally suitable frame of mind. Boys grow at such different paces that it is impossible to say what is the normally correct height and chest measurement at 15 years.

F. Hebberd.—Rule 14 in cricket stands as it always has, at any rate, for some time. The bowler may change the end he bowls at as often as he pleases provided he does not bowl two consecutive overs in an innings. If this rule were done away with the same bowler could bowl first one end and then the other right through an innings. This would be convenient to some sides who are short of bowlers, but I do not think it would be in the interests of the game. As for the bowlers, some would like it, some would not. There is a story about one celebrated Australian bowler who always considered the best change of bowling was for him to be taken off the end at which he had been bowling and immediately put on at the other.

Pip.—I fear I am unable to give expert advice about training for swimming; so I must refer you to handbooks on the subject, for instance, the book on Swimming in the All England Series. But I take it that the same principles for training hold for swimming as for all other athletics. Your idea for a Swimming League sounds useful; for the benefit of others I quote it. The idea for the League is that members shall be handicapped and then drawn into teams, two swimmers forming a team, every team having to meet every team competing, therefore making it almost the same as the Football League. I cannot suggest any improvements, but hope your idea will prove a great success. I fancy, perhaps, you would do well to vary the League arrangements by competitions of other kinds.

Polygon is 15 years old, 5 feet high, short-sighted, and in very good health, but without much muscle. He has been in his School Football Team for two years, but is no use at cricket. He can jump 4 feet 11 inches, and run 3 miles in 17¼ minutes. In spite of these things, he has found several white hairs in his head, which is naturally sandy coloured. He asks me to explain the presence of these. I fear this is beyond me. Is it possible that Polygon has grown so fast that his colouring pigment cannot keep pace with him? He asks me for advice as to his future profession. This I cannot offer on the data he supplies.

E. F. L. (Sydney).—It is difficult to tell you exactly what size bat is suitable for a boy of 12 about 5 feet tall. The best way to find out the right size of a bat is, I believe, this: Stand upright with your arm hanging down by your side, and then measure on a stick the length from your wrist joint to the ground. Then get a bat of a size that comes closest to that measurement. I do not think that all makers are uniform in their sizes: so it is best to know exactly the height of the bat you want for yourself.

C. B. Fry

BENGAL TIGER: "BY JAMES, SIR, IT'S A LUCKY THING THERE'S BARS BETWEEN ME AND THAT AMERA."

Photo W. P. Dando, F.Z.S.—Woodbury Company.

BY BART KENNEDY.

Bill Mason's Boys.

Illustrated by Stewart Browne.

ALL through the long day they were boring and cutting and shaping and polishing at their lathes. The lathes were set down low so that they would not be too high up for the children to work at them. The air was filled with the keen piercing sound of the cutting of metals. Here a lad was boring out brass sockets that were used in the making of machines for spinning cotton. He would wind up his drill and set the point of it fairly in the centre of the solid socket as it whirled in the chuck. It was whirling round at a great speed, for brass—being at once soft and brittle—must spin quickly when being cut. The lad would work and work his drill through the solidness of the quick-turning socket. His hand was on the wheel of the headstock propelling the drill, and he had to propel it at once quickly and delicately and subtly through the whirling brass. He had to feel with his hand and his nerves that it was cutting its way through evenly. From the vibrations and resistance it gave out he could tell whether or not if the point of the drill were countering in the spinning brass a hardened place, or a flaw, or a blob-hole that had come into it in the casting. When these difficulties occurred in the drilling he had to work through slowly and delicately. For if he were not very careful, the drill would get out of centre—snap—and crash—and fly out of the lathe and perhaps strike him in the face. Through and through he would propel the drill till at last it fell slack. A hole was bored clean through the socket. Then with his left hand he would suddenly push the quick-running strap from the drum, stop the lathe dead, work the bored socket out of the chuck, put in another one, and start the lathe again. The boy on the lathe next to him put the bored sockets through another process. He knocked a mandril into them, slipped them into his lathe, and with a steel, square-faced tool cut them evenly to a gauge. Then he put his lathe to a quicker speed, and polished them with wood and emery, and laid them carefully in rows on his bench in front of him, finished. A few lathes off a boy was cutting and shaping great pins of wrought iron. In the cutting of wrought iron the lathe had to be run at a much slower speed than in the cutting of brass, and the cutting tools had to be shaped to and sharpened at a more acute angle because of the tenacity and ductility of the metal. And water had to be let drip constantly on the edge of the tool to keep it from getting hot and losing its hardness. Off here a boy was cutting and shaping small wheels of cast iron. The lathe in this case was run at a still different speed, and the tool was sharpened on a different principle altogether. The proper sharpening of the tools took the boys longer to learn than anything else. It was fairly easy to work the lathe. But the thing was to have the tool so that it would cut cleanly and easily. The boys sharpened them on big, slow-turning, yellow grindstones that were fixed—running—in great iron troughs. From morning till night there were always boys grinding diamond-points, drills, chisels, and other tools on these stones. Two or three boys could grind on them at once. It was a favourite device for a boy to come up to sharpen a tool when the stone was occupied. In this way he would manage to get a rest from working at his lathe, for he would have to wait till the boys before him had finished. But the time the boys liked best was when they had to take a tool down into the smithy for the tool-smith to beat it up and temper it. Then they could sit down and watch the smith for perhaps a quarter of an hour. They

could take it easy on a heap of coal or cinders. When the tool was given them up, they would come to the machine shop and go over to the big stone to grind it. The going wrong of a tool was always a source of satisfaction. It meant a rest.

* * * * *

Bill Mason was moving here and there and everywhere. He was showing a boy exactly how to put the cutting tool into the rest, or he was tightening up a headstock, or mending a strap that had broken, or showing a boy the proper way to grind a tool. Long calling out through noise and din had made his voice harsh, but there was an under-note of kindness in its harshness. And when the necessity for severity came, he could be severe—as all the boys well knew. He would stand no nonsense. If he caught a big boy bullying a small boy, he would fall on that boy and clout him. If a boy were too much of a shirker, Bill would first reprimand him, and if that did no good he would chastise him. The boys could in no sense impose upon him. And they may have liked him all the better for it.

None of the boys ever called him Mr. Mason. They thought of him as Bill. And they called him Bill. But their sense of his authority and the respect due to him never sank in the least because of this. He made no assertion of dignity, and still he was dignified. There was power of command in the straight look of his clear eyes. And the boys had no nickname for him among themselves. Neither did they ever make fun of him nor talk disparagingly about him when his back was turned, as boys often do of those set over them in authority. They liked him and respected him, and slightly feared him.

He always impressed it on the boys to do their work well. He did not care how much time they took as long as they did their work neatly and exactly. "Ah don't care 'ow much time tha' takes as long as tha' does th' job reet," he would say to a new boy as he was explaining to him the simple principles of the running of the lathe and the work to be done. And the boy would do his work as well as ever he could, knowing that Bill would be sure to give him credit for doing his best. And in time the boy would get into the knack of doing the work quickly.

The work was of a nature most interesting to boys, for boys like above all things to handle tools. But they were kept too long at it. They had to work too many hours in the day. If they could have worked in a machine shop for a couple of hours each day it would have been good for them.

Outside the great door of the ironworks men and boys who wanted work used to stand in a group. If an overlooker were short of anyone he would come down and look them over and signal to those or to the one who looked the likeliest. In they would go and give their names to a clerk in the office. Then they would be given three brass checks, stamped with the same number. At six o'clock in the morning a man or boy had to give one in as he passed through the office into the works; the next had to be given in at nine; and the next at two in the afternoon. This check system enabled the clerks to tell quickly who was in the works and who was not.

One morning Bill wanted a boy, and he went down to the door to pick one out of the group which was always there. He beckoned to a strong-looking little boy of about ten, who was standing alongside a tall, slouching man. The boy wanted to get work as a full-timer in the ironworks.

"What's thy name?" asked Bill, as the boy came up.

"Jim," he answered.

"Jim what?"

"Jim Warden."

Bill paused a little.

"'Ast e'er worked in a machine shop before?" asked Bill again.

"No," said the boy.

"Weer 'ast been working?"

"Ah worked i' th' factory," answered the boy. "Ah were a scavenger."

"'Ow owd are tha'?"

"Ten year and four month."

"Does tha' want to work full time?"

"Aye."

"Aw reet. Come on, then. Ah'll gi' thee four and six a week."

And the boy got his three brass checks and went along with Bill through yards and long sheds, and up many broad wooden stairs till at last he was in the machine shop.

He liked it better than the factory. For one thing the air was better. The factory was too hot. The heat had to be kept up so that the cotton could be spun. Here in the machine shop it was ever so much cooler, and he liked the look of the lathes at which boys like himself were working.

Bill put him to work on a lathe next to a boy called Scotty.

Four and six a week! It was a great rise to get after two shillings. He had been raised from eighteen-pence to two shillings a week in the factory. But two shillings wasn't so very much. It was nothing compared with four and six! He thought how glad his mother would be when he went home and told her all about it. Four and six a week! He had to work full time for it, of course, but that didn't matter. He was tired of going to school. They only told you the same

thing every day! He would sooner work full time, for then he was just like a man. All that a man did was to work full time. He got more wages a week, but still he only worked full time—just as he was going to do. With four and six a week his mother could do a lot of things. And perhaps she would give him threepence a week to spend. Threepence a week! Well, maybe, threepence a week was too much. He would take twopence a week if his mother said it was enough.

He liked these nice lathes. He was glad he was working on one of them. He was a bit afraid, though, of pushing off the strap. He might get his hand crushed between the strap and the drum. But Bill had told Scotty to manage the strap for him till he got used to it.

Bill Mason! That was what he heard the other lads call him. He liked him. He did not shout at him or talk roughly to him when he was showing him how to work the lathe. He was not like the overlooker in the factory.

Bill had told him that if he worked well he would shift him in a couple of weeks on to another lathe where he could make "settlings." This meant that every month he would draw something over his wages. For many of the boys were paid piece-work. They were rated at a stated wage, but they were credited according to the work done. At the end of the month they were given a lump sum—the amount they had made over the wages paid them. This was what was called "settlings." Often boys doubled their wages in this way.

There were many things, however, that were priced so low that a boy could not make even the wages at which he was rated, however hard he worked at them. And sometimes he might have to work for three or four weeks and find himself in debt at the end. The debt was not stopped out of his wages, but it was stopped out of any "settlings" that might be coming to him afterwards. Again, there were things that were priced so high that a boy could make three times his wages while working at them. Bill used to take account of this when he was marking up a boy's book at the end of the month. If the boy had worked well and faithfully and was still in debt, he would put down more to his credit than he had actually done, so as to get him out of debt and give him the proportion of "settlings" he deserved. If, on the other hand, a boy had too high a sum coming to him over and above what he had drawn in wages, he would mark it down lower. Bill's object was to act fairly to the boys according to their merits, and the way the things were priced made it impossible for him to do so if he went by the figures laid down by the firm. So he had to arrange and manage according to the justice and merits of each individual case. If he had acted in any other way he could not have got the work done properly.

Saturday was a great day in the machine shop, for on that day work was stopped at one o'clock and every one was paid his wages. Half-an-hour or so before stopping time the boys put aside their regular work at their lathes and cleaned them thoroughly with oil and cotton waste. Then they put on their jackets, and when the time was up they rushed down the stairs and into the great yard of the works, shouting joyously. They were on the fourth floor, and when the engine began to slow down, they made a wild dash for the stairway. No one was allowed to make a move till the time was fully up to the second. And the signal was taken from the engine. The boys could not hear the whistle outside because of the noise, and they were not allowed to go by the clock in the machine-room. Everyone would listen intently to the great, steady beat of the engine. Thump! thump! thump!—thump! It was stopping, and suddenly there was a chaos of rushing and shouting. One could almost feel the sudden rushing of men and boys all over the immense works. The boys who were first to the stairway slid like lightning down the big, greasy bannisters. They had four floors to go. And they rushed along and slid down to the next floor—and down to the next and down into the yard. They were into the yard just before the thick pouring out of men and lads was going at its full. They were in front of the rush by perhaps a second. They heralded the flood. And as they stopped to take breath they were suddenly caught up and engulfed in this pouring, shouting human flood that was always upon them ere they were a step from the entrance.

On the crowd would move. And then it would stop suddenly. To-day was the day they were to be paid, and they must stop in the yard till the cashiers were ready. But they rushed as quickly from their work as on other days.

Over two thousand of them were now standing, waiting expectant. They had quietly arranged themselves in lines according to their numbers.

Suddenly the cashiers were paying. Money was given out at three places at once. Up and up a line moved towards an open window. At the window a cashier was standing with a big wooden tray before him. In this tray was cut round holes with numbers beneath them, and in each hole was a small, oblong tin, open at the top. In each tin was a man or boy's wages.

A man or boy would come up to the window and shout out his number, and the cashier would at once lift the tin from the hole and reach it to him. A wages was paid out in a second. The one who was paid would pass on to the gate. He tilted the money from the tin into his hand as

he moved. The money was wrapped up in a piece of paper, which had the amount of the sum enclosed marked upon it. At the bottom of the tin was a brass check with his number on it. He threw the empty tin into a big box that was put near the gate for the purpose.

Those who had "settlings" due to them had to wait until the regular wages were paid.

Just outside the gate, to the right, a fried-fish shop stood on a corner. On Saturdays Bill Mason's boys would go in there to get pennorths and haporths of fried fish. The people of the shop cooked up a supply especially for them. The fish looked so nice and tempting in the window, and had on it a delicious-looking crust.

"A haporth o' fish!"

"A pennorth o' fried fish!"

"Gi' us that piece there, Missis—that nice piece!"

The woman would hand over the pieces of fish, and the boys would throw down their halfpennies and pennies, and then shake pepper and salt or vinegar on the fish to suit their tastes. And they would stand round and in and outside the shop eating it.

Over on the other side of the road there was a shop that sold eccles cakes. These cakes were a penny for a whole one and a halfpenny for half a one. After eating their fish the boys would come over and get a cake or half a cake as a sort of dessert. Then they would go down to the croft behind the rag-mill and toss for pennies. Not all the boys would gamble, however. The majority of them went only as onlookers. It was exciting to see the two pennies whirling high up in the air. "Heads!" "Tails!" "Two ones!" One of these cries would go up the instant the pennies struck flat on the ground. "Heads!" meant that the boy that was tossing had won a penny—"Tails!" that he had lost a penny. "Two ones!" that the toss had to be made over again. Bets were also made on the side on the results of each toss. A daring boy would now and then stake a sixpence in this way.

"HEADS!" "TAILS!"

Two of the boys would act as scouts. For this they were rewarded with the "tossing" pennies when the gambling was over. Their duty was to keep a sharp watch out for the police, who now and then raided these "tossing schools." Sometimes the police were dressed in plain clothes,

but the sharp-eyed scouts invariably singled them out. They could tell them by their feet. If by any chance the policemen did surprise the "schools," the boys would rush and scatter in all directions, leaving the "tossing" pennies on the ground behind them. These the police captured as legitimate spoils of the chase. As there were often three or four schools going at the same time on the croft, and as some of the boys were apt to drop money out of their hands in the rush and excitement, the guardians of the peace did not fare too badly in these raids. Indeed, it was said in Pollard Street that the police cared more for the capture of the pence than the capture of the boys.

"Hey!" a boy would shout excitedly. "Gi' them pennies a proper twirl w'en th'art tossin' 'em or I'll gi' thee a slap i' th' jaw!"

"Nay, tha' waint."

"Tha'll see if ah waint. Toss 'em proper!"

"Aw reet."

"Two tha' loses."

"Two ah win."

"'Eads!"

"Nay! Nay! Tails!"

"Ta—a—Nay! It's 'eads. Tha's won!"

"Ah'll bet thee threepence tha' loses!"

"A tanner on it! Ah'll go thee a tanner!"

Boys now and then lost their whole wages. Sometimes the father or mother of a boy who was tossing would appear on the scene and lead the culprit off by the ear. Once Bill Mason himself appeared and broke up the "schools." He laid about him vigorously, clearing the whole of the boys from off the croft.

After the first Saturday or so Jim—the boy who had been put on at four and six a week—went to the croft as an onlooker. But after a while he staked a penny on a toss, and soon he was going it with the best of them. He gambled on for a couple of hours, and in the end was lucky enough to come away winning over six shillings. He kept the odd coppers and gave the rest to his mother along with the four and six, his regular wages. He told her it was "settlings."

Fights used to occur on the croft. They would arise in the machine shop out of the most trivial disputes. There was one almost every night. As a rule, a dispute would be manufactured simply as an excuse for a fight. A boy would go and tell another boy that some other boy said he would hit him; or he would simply ask a boy if he would fight a certain other boy; or one boy would challenge another directly. One would have thought that after a day's work they would have had little stomach for fighting. But such was not the case.

A new boy who refused to fight was clouted and cuffed whenever there was a chance. Indeed, taking it all round, it was much safer and easier to accept a challenge and go and have it out on the croft when the work was over. If a lad made any sort of a fight of it at all, he was looked upon as being all right, even if he were beaten. He had complied with the unwritten law of the machine shop, that all new comers should prove their metal.

There were two boys in the shop who usually arranged the fights. They had what might be called a genius for provocation. They could tell to a nicety what to say and how to say it, to anyone who was showing the least disposition to shirk the ordeal. They had to be careful, however, not to let Bill Mason see them, as they were going around arranging battles.

The boy who won in a fight was at once challenged by some other boy. Winning, therefore, by no means meant peace. It often meant the meeting of a harder foe.

A boy might evade one of these challenges, however, without being thought a coward. But he did not, of course, stand so high in the public opinion of the machine shop as the boy who would fight all comers.

Jim took very much to these fights. It was more exciting even than tossing for pennies. He had had three fights, and had chanced to be successful, and was now looked upon in the machine shop as a person of some importance. Occasionally his advice was asked by the arrangers of the fights as to which two ought to fight next.

The boys always fought "fair up," which meant that when a boy fell or was knocked to the ground no advantage was taken of him. He was allowed to get up and resume the fight. Neither was "purring"—kicking—allowed. This brutal method of fighting, which was in vogue in Bolton and other Lancashire towns, was never allowed in Manchester. Kicking was considered unfair and cowardly. Even the boys of Pollard Street, which was reckoned to be one of the roughest streets in Manchester, always fought "fair up." The stamina and courage of a boy could be better proved in a "fair up" fight than in a "purring" match, for a chance kick might lame and disable the better boy. "Purring" was much more likely to develop cruelty than courage.

Jim's fourth fight was with a boy named Pat. Pat was the bigger and heavier of the two, but Jim's victories had given him confidence.

Pat was not long over from Ireland, and it was his brogue that gave the arrangers the cue as to what was the best dispute to bring on a fight. One of them said that Jim had made remarks about the way he talked. So the thing was settled.

The whole of the machine shop boys went down to the croft that night, for the fight was ex-

pected to be a good one. Scouts were put out to give notice of the approach of the police, just as they would be put out when a "tossing school" was going. The police rarely interfered with the fights on the croft, because of the fact, possibly, that there were no spoils to be picked up. But if the fight lasted too long they had a habit of turning up. And the fight between Jim and Pat promised to be a long one.

A ring was formed, and the two boys took off their coats and waistcoats, tightened their leather belts well about their waists, and rolled their shirt sleeves high up. Jim took the precaution of bending down to see if his shoes were properly tied, for the experience he had had in the three fights had shown him that in the sudden backing and rushing in, it was important that the shoes should be tight and snug on the feet.

The two seconds were the boys who had arranged the fight.

One of them gave the word, and Jim and Pat suddenly faced each other. The crowd circled in on them, but three or four of the strongest lads worked and pushed the circle back again. "Gi' 'em room!" they shouted. "Gi' 'em room to feight!"

"Jim's too much a little 'un for Pat," said a boy.

And Jim felt it himself, too. Though he was strong, he felt that Pat was much stronger, and, perhaps, quicker. And all at once it came upon him that he would be beaten. He was sorry now that he had offered to fight Pat. But it was too late to go back. He would have to fight as well as he was able.

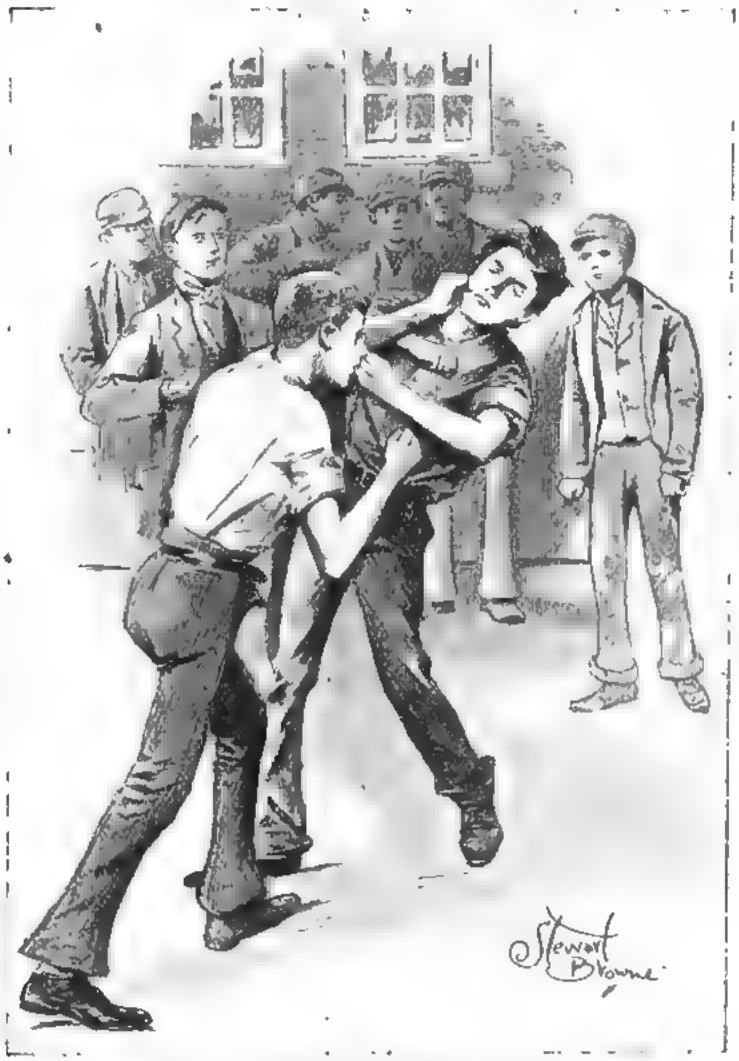
They walked round each other cautiously for a little, and then Pat suddenly sprung full at Jim, and Jim was lying on the croft on his back. He did not know how it was done. It came so quick!

He got up slowly, keeping his eye on Pat, who was looking at him gloweringly. The blow seemed to have knocked all the fear and nervousness out of him. The idea of winning or losing was gone from him altogether. He only wanted to fight. He sat for a little while on his second's knee, for a knock-down was considered to be the end of a round.

They were close in to each other now, fighting savagely. There was no science shown. It was absolute give-and-take—as all hand-to-hand fighting must be.

When everything else is equal, it is weight that determines the result of a fight. "A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un." This is an axiom of the prize-ring. Weight, to be sure, will not help a man or boy if courage is lacking. If a man or boy is afraid of punishment he will find himself beaten by one half his size.

"Go on, Jim! Go on, Jim! 'It 'im under! Gi' it 'im with left! Aye! that's it! Go on!"



CLOSE IN TO EACH OTHER, FIGHTING SAVAGELY.

Jim's second was shouting directions to him excitedly. He moved as Jim moved. And all the other boys were shouting at the top of their voices.

Hardly anyone was shouting encouragement to Pat. The general feeling was that the fight was not a fair one. Pat was too big for Jim. Even Pat's second felt this. It was only in a half-hearted sort of way that he called out directions to him.

All at once Jim began to get dizzy and confused. He had been knocked down several times, and was now fighting wildly. He was getting his breath in quick, short gasps. When he backed to avoid Pat's rushes he felt his legs giving under him. Things were looking badly for him. He might be beaten at any moment now. But an idea came to him.

The next time Pat rushed at him he turned his back completely and ran for a few steps. Then suddenly he swung round, meeting Pat's face with his fist. But the shock of his own blow staggered him, and he fell. It was a chance blow that might have won him the fight, but Pat was of as good a fighting metal as he was—and heavier.

Jim felt a little better now as he sat on his second's knee. His head was clearer, but he was weak—as his wind was almost gone. It seemed as if he could get no breath at all. He had never felt like this in a fight before. Pat had given him some hard blows in the body. If he could only get his breath, he thought, he might have a chance to win. Over there was Pat. He had blood on his face from the last blow Jim had given him. The idea of "giving in" did not enter Jim's head. He would fight on. Indeed, he enjoyed the fight. It would be all right if he could only get his breath!

Pat himself was wondering how long the fight was going to last. He could feel that he had Jim beaten, but he was a long time about "giving in." He would be careful the next time not to follow Jim too closely when he turned. The blow he had got was a great surprise to him. He knew the boys were all on Jim's side, because he was not so big as he was. This weighed on him somewhat. In a way it seemed to him as if he were fighting everybody on the croft. But he had not brought the fight on in the first place. It had been forced on him.

They were fighting again, but this time with more caution. Jim was going as easy as he could, so as to get back his wind, and Pat was more sparing of making useless rushes. Once or twice, when Jim turned his back on him and ran, he stopped dead till Jim faced him again. The blow Jim had given him in the face had made him wary. He would wait now till he got a fair chance to smash Jim down and end the fight.

He rushed in, and Jim fell down just as he got to him. Pat had barely touched him. Jim's object was to get the benefit of the rest that came at the end of every round. He wanted to get back his wind properly.

The fight now looked as if it might last for some time, and the boys on the croft stopped their shouting. Jim might win after all!

Jim was feeling more confident. The last rest on his second's knee had put him all right. He smiled into Pat's eyes as he watched him circling round him. Pat seemed to be getting a bit tired! He did not do so much rushing now!

But suddenly Pat hurled himself upon him. Jim tried to stand against the shock. But he was not strong enough. Pat crushed him down.

And Jim was lying on the ground with Pat standing over him. He tried to get up, but he fell back again. A feeling of helplessness came over him. And there was a curious numbness in his left arm.

His second helped him up, and he looked at his arm, which now hung limp by his side. It was twisted and bent curiously between the wrist and the elbow. It was broken.

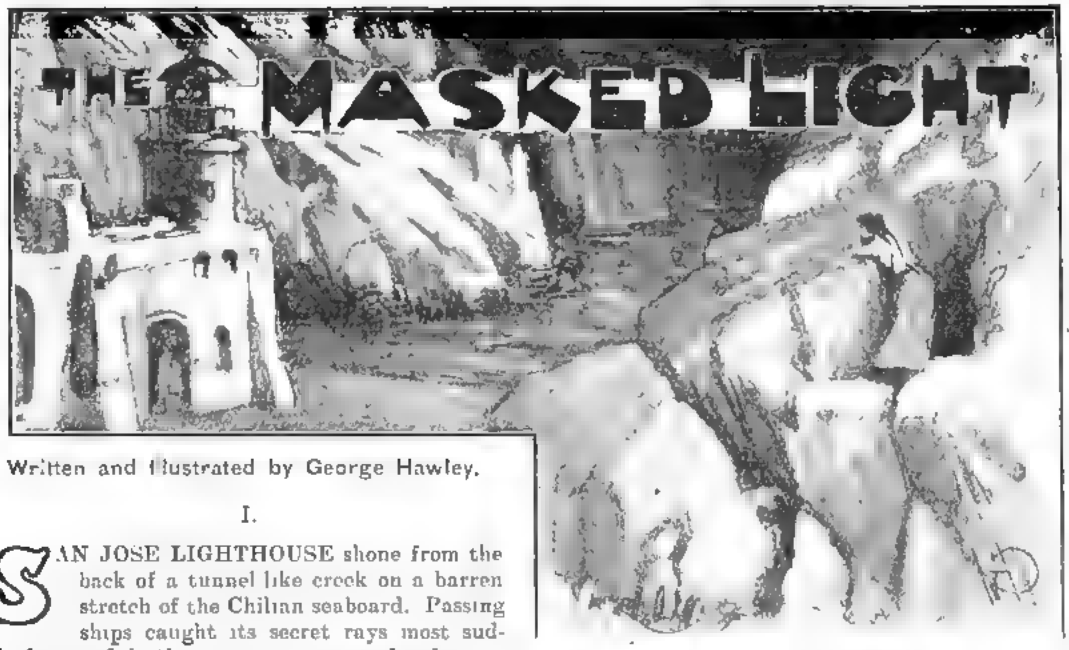
* * * * *

It was six weeks before Jim could go back again to the machine shop to work. But the boys were very good to him. On the Saturday after the accident they collected amongst themselves twenty-five shillings for him. It was the habit of the boys to make these collections when one of their number was off work through illness or through being hurt at the lathes. The fact that Jim had been hurt in a fight did not go against him. Bill Mason heard about it, of course, but he made no comment. And no one was more sorry that the accident had happened than Pat.

Jim was now quite a hero. The other boys looked up to him. And he bore himself proudly because of the fact that he had had his arm broken in a fight just like Tom Sayers had in his fight with Heenan. The first day he came back to work was a great day for him. The boys came crowding up to his lathe to ask him all sorts of questions. They were proud of him.

* * * * *

The boys of this machine shop—Bill Mason's boys! All through the long day they were boring and cutting and shaping and polishing at their lathes—working in the midst of the keen, piercing sound of the cutting of metals—fighting on the croft when the day's work was over—tossing for pennies—having their life and being in a great, smoke-darkened English town. Little workers in iron!



Written and Illustrated by George Hawley.

I.

SAN JOSE LIGHTHOUSE shone from the back of a tunnel like creek on a barren stretch of the Chilian seaboard. Passing ships caught its secret rays most suddenly; much in the same manner as a lonely wayfarer might be startled at a swift glance of a light far down a secret entrance.

The moment the light of San José fell upon a ship, that vessel at once hugged the land and crept warily along the inshore water. A false order, a mistake at the helm, and the "Devil's Teeth," the offshore reef, would grind her ribs to matchwood.

The light was built on the top of an old chapel whose ponderous walls could have carried the Eddystone itself. This building crouched in the left-hand corner of the creek, with its back built into the angle of the cliff, which, on that side, rose plumb as a wall and ran out into deep soundings. There was, however, one break in it about eighty yards in front of the lighthouse. From this opening an overhead travelling cable passed across the creek to the mid-level of "*Cassandra Mine*," which honeycombed the right bank.

This latter side, though rocky, was fairly easy of ascent by means of buttress-like masses of rock jutting out from the cliff, and the rubbish shot out from the mine.

Such was the lonely creek of San José when the revolution broke out against President Balmaceda, and left us, Gilbert and myself, stranded helplessly on a foreign shore.

Nine months before, we had departed from South Kensington School of Mines, appointed engineers to the Cassandra Copper-mining Company, Limited. Nine months before! and now our situation was worse than any Hyde Park loafer's; he, at all events, could try a casual ward when the nights grew colder.

"I knew it was too good to last," cried Gilbert, one morning as we awoke to find ourselves in a dismal plight. The mine was deserted: every man had gone to shoulder a musket on the principle of "compulsory volunteering." We transferred our worries by means of a letter to the head office, and then fell to unlimited euchre, awaiting instructions. Meanwhile, our funds melted away.

At last came one day of maddening heat that drove us to the shade of the mid-level of the mine. There we did what we ought to have done a month before: we held a council of war.

"We've just three-and-a-half pesos left—that's about twelve shillings," quoth Gilbert sourly.

"Then we've got to tramp."

"Tramp!" echoed Gilbert, "in *that*!" and he cast an exasperated glance at the landscape. It was an open oven. Below us, the lighthouse lenses flashed back the sunlight in such brightness that if we had not known that all the lights on the coast had been extinguished by order, we might have thought the lamps were still burning. The village huts seemed to shrink and huddle from the glare. Not a creature was abroad; the very air seemed to have swooned in the heat of that narrow creek.

And yet, over the hill crest where the village path cut the upland, a tiny speck rose to sight, and without a pause descended the slope towards us.

"Impossible!" gasped my chum, starting up in amazement. "He's stark, staring mad!"

It was a man running at a sling trot!

"Madman number two," cried Gilbert, and another speck breasted the crest, and hurriedly

descended on the heels of the first comer. And then, by ones and twos, more men appeared and swung downwards, hurriedly and without a halt, until we counted twenty-one of them on the slope. They came nearer and lower, and we saw sparkles of light breaking off them as they ran; then we both cried together: "Soldiers!" And at that word all the world was of interest.

By this time they were up to the first huts, and at a cry every soul rushed outside.

Some of the runners had fallen by the houses, and people began to carry water to them.

"Poor beggars," cried Gilbert, "but if they *will* run on a day like this—why on earth don't they go inside and rest peacefully?"

But that was the last thing they gave us any impression of so doing. We saw Henrico, the old sailor with the earrings and Spanish handkerchief for a cap, talking amongst a group of the soldiers. Now and again they looked back to the crest, and then towards our side of the creek. Something of great interest was meanwhile passing from hand to hand. Suddenly Henrico turned to the villagers, addressing them in no little heat. The soldiers seized their guns, and then, led by Henrico, the whole crowd, villagers and soldiers, began to ascend the talus of the mine. Half-way up, Henrico turned and called back to the women, "All you in siesta again." But one of them, Chloe, the sharp-tongued beauty of the village, broke away, and headed the whole crowd.

Striding along with her buoyant energy, she soon outstripped them all, and in a few minutes she appeared on the ledge in front of us, two hundred feet above the creek. For a moment she stood silent, a swarthy black-eyed beauty, holding the two plaits of her hair in outstretched hands: just in the same attitude and with just the same smile on her arched lips we saw her every morning when she called us to breakfast; for she was Henrico's niece and we lodged with him.

"SILENCE! NOT A BREATH; THE ENEMY!"

"Fortune, señors!" cried she. "Here are soldiers with a message; we do not read in our village; we come to you to speak it to us." And now the soldiers filed in, and Henrico proffered me a crumpled paper. I read on it: "To Capitan Barras." "Here!" cried I, "this is not for us."

"No," said a dusty, sweat-soaked soldier, "Capitan Barras is killed. I am his sergeant. Read, señor, I am the next."

I nodded and read on:

"The enemy are reinforcing by sea. Have correct information that they intend capturing the lighthouse at San José on the 12th, and light it to guide the transports which are due to pass the inshore channel of the Devil's Teeth. Detail a command to destroy the lighthouse beyond repair. I have wired to the cruisers; latter will be able to overtake and

capture transports if delayed off San José on the night of the 12th. You have six (6) hours start of the enemy.

"Rodrigue Gomez."

As I finished this terse and emphatic message the sergeant cried "Ho!" and "Is that the lighthouse?"

"Yes," sang out the villagers as one man.

"Advance!" cried the sergeant, shouldering to the front of the crowd; Chloe was already on her way out, but with a sharp, smothered cry she stopped dead in the opening, turned round, and thrust back the following men, hissing the while through her teeth:

"Silence! not a breath; the enemy!"

There came a sudden metallic rattling, a rapid snapping of rifle breeches, then dead, nervous silence.

The lighthouse was in possession of the enemy! Already a couple of soldiers leant over the balcony round the lenses, and we could hear their voices as they sang out to a mounted officer below. About this latter, and standing at ease, were some eighty men.

"And the videttes," growled the sergeant, as he pointed to the hill crest. At this an angry murmur arose about us. They were completely outnumbered by the Balmacedians; and out-manœuvred by the fatal mischance to their captain in a skirmish at daybreak. He had been shot through the throat. With a last effort he had thrust the note into the sergeant's hands and bade him haste to San José, halting neither to fight nor to rest. This we learnt afterwards.

From the first appearance of the soldiers in the mine, Gilbert had been eyeing them with undisguised irritation. He now called out in a sharp voice for their attention.

"If you stay here those other soldiers will attack you and 'gastado' the whole set of you. And this mine being English property and not a battle field, the best you can do is to clear out by the level on the far side before they discover you."

At this the sergeant looked blankly in his face.

"It's no good," quoth Gilbert, "you must clear out."

The sergeant's face changed. He slapped the breech of his rifle, swore a round oath, and cried heartily: "This place is our last stand; I shoot the first of my men that leaves!"

Gilbert dropped his eyelids in his tired way, and pulled out his watch.

"I give you five minutes," he said in a level, matter-of-fact voice.

"And we," cried the sergeant, "have to destroy that lighthouse!"

Here Chloe thrust herself into the front of the gathering storm.

"The soldier has it," she cried, "the lighthouse must be destroyed. You, señors, engineer-chiefs will show us the way; it will be done."

"I'll see you all go hang first," broke in Gilbert in terse English. Then he added in Spanish: "Clear out! only another two minutes." Chloe lifted her head in a passion, and her black eyes narrowed.

"Señors," she cried with scorn, "have we idled in the fetching of water when water—God's gift to drink—was so scarce, for the big 'tub' every morn? and you have had meat and your coffee roasted to the hour. All; and not one pesos these months. Have we cried 'clear out' to you when you could not no more than these soldiers?"

Gilbert thrust his watch back in his shirt. We

OUR EYES SOUGHT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

both flushed hotly, and we both found it disconcerting to look in one another's faces. But it had to be done.

"That's a bitter pill to swallow," growled he.

"It's true enough," I said.

Gilbert, with a short, grim laugh in his throat, growled out, "Well, let us begin to earn our grub."

Chloe read our decision in our faces. "Huzza," she cried, "the engineer-chiefs—capitanos—will show us how to destroy it. We are the legs, the arms; they are the head. The lighthouse shall not be there to-night!"

In this manner Gilbert and I became "capitanos" in the Revolutionary army. From an inert and baffling position we were lifted on a

wave, and flung into a rushing current. There was work for our hands and brains: a problem to solve, a thing to accomplish. And we were no longer weary.

II.

HENRICO and the sergeant joined us in a short council of war. And as at any moment the enemy's scouts might blunder on us and bring on a fight, we decided to retreat to a lower level, where we could hold an army corps at bay. Safe in this, Gilbert and I sat apart; the soldiers scooped out resting-places, and, with their knapsacks for pillows, fell instantly asleep.

"Confound that girl," said Gilbert, "and confound the whole place and their tin-pot armies too! But it is a fine problem, eh? I suppose the only way to do it is by—well, anything else but fighting."

I quite agreed with him. But as hour after hour passed, and scheme after scheme was rejected, we began to think a little less of our abilities. We wrestled with the problem till our heads reeled. If only we could get a side glance even at a workable scheme. But no. At last Gilbert pulled out his Waterbury. "Five o'clock!" he cried, "we are undiluted frauds if we can't do it in another hour. It will be dark by six!".

Chloe had, in the meantime, crawled out by another level to report what was doing in the creek. She had just come back. The enemy were bivouacked round the lighthouse. On the upland, and commanding every approach, sentries and videttes marked the land as far as she could see

However, she had brought one piece of comfort in the shape of a cool jar of wine. As she served us she asked for news of our scheme.

"How soon do the hands and legs begin to work, capitanos?", she asked with a complacent smile. Gilbert, with a diplomatic, Spanish-fashion wave of his hand, replied: "So! so!"

"Ah, señors," said she, "I should want to do it—how? Why, shut up that lighthouse like flinging my skirt over it: so!"

"And," cried Gilbert, "that's just what we are going to do! Serve round the wine to the men. Tell them to be ready on the instant." As she departed he turned to me with dancing eyes.

"See?" he whispered.

"No; not an atom."

"No? Well, old man, she has struck the only plan possible! Observe the overhead travelling wire. It lands on the flat just outside the other opening, doesn't it? Well, suppose we hang a curtain—even Chloe's skirt, if it were big enough—on that wire, and run it out, and cut off the light from flashing out to seaward."

"But," I objected, "we can't make a screen big enough to intercept all the light at a hundred feet distance—it is impracticable."

He laughed in my face, and cried out:

"My boy, rays of light from lighthouses are *parallel!*"

I had forgotten this elementary fact. I cried "Eureka!" and then we faced our task: a race against time.

THEY PASSED OUT IN SINGLE FILE.

The men streamed up to us, heard, and set to work immediately. We requisitioned the tarpaulin covers from the bags of cement; even emptied the bags themselves. We stripped hundreds of yards of telephone wires in the galleries. We descended to a still lower level: we were all tailors, sailmakers, anything, everything. Some patched holes, while others sewed cover to cover until a sheet, fifty feet square, grew beneath our hands, sewn together with wire, and impervious to a single ray of light.

As the last hole was stilletoed with the point of a bayonet, Gilbert and I sought the upper level. We found the night had fallen. The cold sea-breeze tasted like nectar after the candle-burnt atmosphere in the workshop below. Our eyes sought the lighthouse; a couple of men were in the lantern; one held a candle, and was clumsily striving to light the argand burners.

"Good!" cried Gilbert, "they'll smash some glasses, or I'm an idiot. Now for the launch!"

We descended to our workshop. The flushed, wet faces of the screen makers confronted us, and Gilbert spoke.

"We want a volunteer to cross to the other side and clear the wire, and to signal back when ready for us to haul out the screen. It must be one of you from the village, one who knows every stone in the darkness. And one who is not afraid. Who volunteers?"

There was a silence in which we heard the water dripping in far-deep levels. Gilbert looked from face to face; in vain, it seemed. The villagers were, however, weighing the risk of failure.

Chloe stepped quietly from the group, and as quietly said: "This is a woman's business; is it not so, Uncle Henrico? Who knows so well as I the rock paths through the lines of the sentinels? And if I meet them—well, I am a woman and I laugh. If I were a man—well, the end of me and our venture."

"'Tis true," growled Henrico, "Chloe must go."

He had hardly spoken before she had given a swift wave of her hand to us, and vanished up the adit.

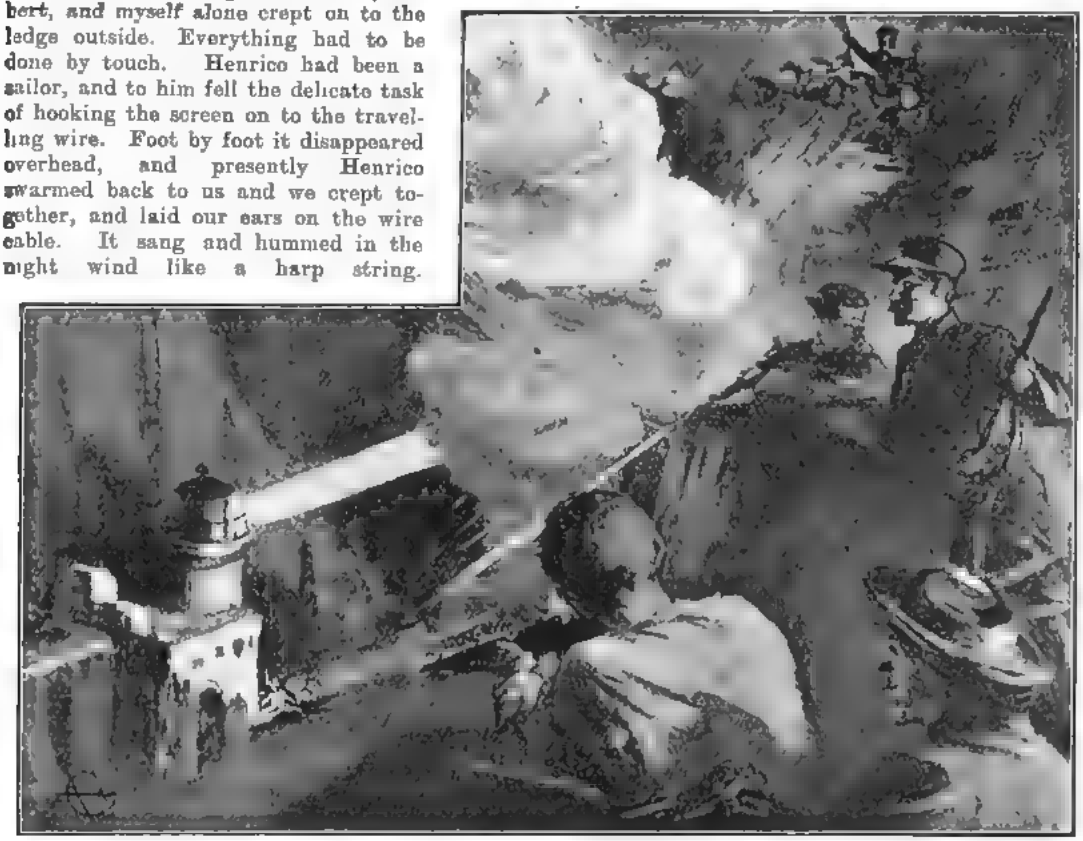
We followed, dragging our great screen, and presently we peered out into the night. In that little time they had managed to get some at least of the lamps to burn, and now we saw a glowing circle of light. Henrico, Gilbert, and myself alone crept on to the ledge outside. Everything had to be done by touch. Henrico had been a sailor, and to him fell the delicate task of hooking the screen on to the travelling wire. Foot by foot it disappeared overhead, and presently Henrico swarmed back to us and we crept together, and laid our ears on the wire cable. It sang and hummed in the night wind like a harp string. Little jars and metallic jingles broke the even rise and fall of sound. Was it Chloe? Should we hear the signal clear or confused, loud or soft? On a sudden our doubts were settled. Our ears rang as a clear sharp blow quivered on the wire.

"Safe," we cried in delight, and soon after that came the arranged three clear blows across the wire.

In another second we were all heaving hard and fast at the traveller overhead. Foot by foot it crept along, until we saw, with breathless delight, a huge blackness slicing into the circle of light. An unforetold eclipse! It intersected it completely. Not a ray escaped seaward.

So far we had won.

Dripping with sweat, and nigh breathless, we dropped to the rock and looked towards the lighthouse. The lantern seemed to be utterly deserted. Against the lower windows of the chapel we could see the silhouettes of the guard. They were playing cards. Not an eye had seen our operations. As we rejoined the sergeant, Gilbert chuckled and said: "The game is ours! Joker, right bower, and left!"



FROM EVERY STONE OF OUR AMBUSCADE, SPITTING FLASHES CONVERGED ON THE OPEN DOOR.

"Not yet," quoth Henrico grimly, "the fight is at the dawn."

"Across there," added the soldier, nodding his head towards the other landing place of the wire.

We had much yet to learn of the ups-and-downs of war; and more, too, to learn about our mine. For we now found every villager busily polishing up a rifle; and soon, too, they were dragging up half a dozen cases of ammunition from secret

places in the far levels. And we were the engineers of this same mine!

Henrico served round the ammunition. The sergeant inspected every new rifle. He handed one to each of us in such an ordinary way of routine, that we accepted them and fell immediately into line to wait the coming of events. Two hours later, the tide had fallen sufficiently to enable a crossing to be made outside the mine.

Fifteen men were to guard the other landing place of the wire.

They passed out in single file, five soldiers and ten villagers, the sergeant in command. He carried two rifles. "One for our 'advance guard,' Chloe," he said, with a laugh wrinkling his brown face as he passed us. The next instant he stepped through the opening. And so he passed from our life: a little, sinewy man, of few words, but of most prompt decision; following his trade cheerfully, and uncomplaining if in the day's march bad tools or adverse luck befell him. He died across there in the dawn; perhaps he saw the sun rise, and knew the end of the night's work; I hoped so.

It was now close upon ten o'clock, and there were about seven hours for us to keep most vigilant and secret watch upon the lighthouse. From time to time we saw a man enter the lantern and trim the lamps. Once he stepped out on the balcony, and, leaning over the rail, quietly smoked his cigarette.

Gilbert clutched my arm like a vice. "If that man moves to the other side we are done! He will see his shadow on the screen!"

But, to our infinite joy, he passed in and down to join his comrades. Below, in the chapel, they played cards, changed sentries, and slept; all in complete unconsciousness of the ill trick we had played them.

III.

NIGHT was waning. Henrico pointed to a paler shadow on the crest above the creek. The wind had dropped; the air was filled with the sound of the tide seething in the rocks and weeds below us. Save that, all was still. Everything seemed to be watching and waiting.

Presently we could see one another's hands and faces. Henrico at once mustered all the defenders and posted them amongst the serried rocks on the talus.

It was an ambuscade in an ampitheatre. Some one dropped a musket, and, at the sound, we all glanced nervously at the lighthouse; no one stirred within, and we were crouching down—when a most horrid crash and volleying of shots broke out across the creek.

"On guard!" cried Henrico; "the patrol has found our outpost."

Even while he spoke, and even above the din, we caught the ring of quick hoarse cries of command from the lighthouse. The door was flung open and a stream of soldiers sallied forth—to instant death. From every stone of our ambuscade, spitting flashes converged on the open door. It was a butchery at such a point-blank range, and with a light behind to show the mark. The crash of our volley died away as swiftly as it commenced. For a moment I thought that not a man had escaped uninjured. Nothing but a tumbled, dark heap filled the doorway and the little circle of light. But, suddenly, from the shelter of the interior, someone struck down the candle inside with the butt end of a musket, and the darkness swallowed all up, for it was as night yet down there.

Then we became aware of the hushed silence that was about us. Not a shot resounded from the direction of our outpost. Had the attack failed or had they captured our post? Involuntarily I glanced at our screen. It was still there, now just dimly outlined on the paling sky. Gilbert called softly to Henrico to know what he thought of the silence at the other side. We saw Henrico craning over his rock, and striving to pierce the blackness at the foot of the creek; his hand was up to keep us silent. At last, out of the vagueness of empty sounds, we caught a faint patter of footsteps, and, as we heard it, it came nearer and nearer: men running in desperate haste. In a trice they were below us in the shadows. Someone cried "Up here;" another called to Henrico: "They have left the post," and all in the same breath we were fighting for our lives!

It was the enemy! we were completely trapped. The tables were turned upon us; yet, even as the fight was lost, we won it. Shots crossed and recrossed about me. One flash on my left showed me a man's face and the glitter of a bayonet as he thrust at me. I struck it on one side with the muzzle of my gun, firing point-blank into him as I parried it. As he dropped back another leapt up, stamping on him to gain me. He fired from the hip, and the powder singed my hair. I clubbed my musket and struck down at him, slipped on the boulder, and down we crashed, clenched together, he, underneath, falling on his head twelve feet below. His arms relaxed and I rolled clear. By sheer instinct alone I kept flat, for men were now leaping down, while the shrill whistle of a leaden hailstorm passed over me.

For a moment I thought it was the end of us all: but out of the din I recognised a voice on our right calling shrilly: Chloe's voice. Our friends were reinforcing us from the ford. The attackers,

caught on the flank, broke and fled. I rose up at last. The foot of the lighthouse just loomed faintly visible, and I saw the last of the enemy rush over the dark heap and gain the shelter of the building.

That dark heap was now linked to our position by a chain of dead and wounded men; their retreat had cost them more than the attack.

We had not escaped scatheless. Seven men killed outright, and nine wounded. Before we had time to move a single man to a more comfortable position, we were driven to the shelter of our rocks by a withering fire which broke out from every window and loophole of the chapel. We clung like limpets to the lee of the rocks. The air was dusty with chips and splinters of stone.

As I at last recovered my wits, I found that someone else was sheltering under the same rock. It was Chloe, all breathless, dishevelled, and wringing wet.

"Take mine, capitan," she cried, on seeing me without a rifle. And she passed me a handful of cartridges from the bosom of her dress. I loaded in haste, but Henrico began to roar above the din that not a shot was to be fired. It was growing lighter every moment, and as yet the enemy could only aim by the line of the dead and wounded. But, for all that, the bombardment went on unceasingly.

Chloe, her breath recovered, was, despite her crouching position, tidying herself to something more womanlike. I asked her for the news. "Oh," she cried, "they found us, tumbled on us, but they paid!—one, two, three, four, five!"

QUICK AS LIGHT SHE WHIPPED UP THE RIFLE, BUT I KNOCKED UP THE MUZZLE.

checking them off on her fingers. "Then we heard you. The sergeant knew you had been surprised—by the sound he knew. So, back came ten of us. He was just dying."

"Ah," I said.

"Yes," continued she, braiding her hair. "We all die; but I put my crucifix round his neck. He said we were to come to you. So we left him."

Suddenly she paused and listened eagerly, as if to catch some other sound in the rattle of the firing.

"Listen also, capitan," she said, and pulled

me close to her side where we could get a sight of the sea between two huge rocks. Faintly, we heard the unmistakable moan of a steamship's syren. It was the troopship! she was calling like some blind, lost thing for guidance.

It was now between light and dark, yet to a ship in the open a shore light would show boldly out at sea. The same thought moved both Chloe and myself. She rose to her feet to peer over the shelter, but something moved in me hotly, and I pulled her down on the instant and looked over myself.

Every window of the lighthouse vomited smoke and flashes. Above, the lantern still cast level rays on the screen. But no sooner had my eye fallen on the latter, than I cried out in dismay. A man was crawling hand over hand on the wire and cutting down the sheet. Already a third was hanging loose, and a section of light streaming seaward.

Involuntarily I called out to Chloe and pointed out the sight. Quick as light she whipped up the rifle, but, as she pulled the trigger, I knocked up the muzzle. And I could have done no other thing even if it had lost all. It was a magnificent thing to see a man do; he was a dead man as soon as sighted, so near he hung to us. Chloe slipped in another cartridge. In a second we were struggling for possession of the weapon. At the first grip I cleverly thrust her back on the rock with the barrel across her chest; only for a moment, for, with a swift, sinuous movement, she flung me sideways, and down we went, I underneath. She hissed like a wild-cat, her short upper-lip held clear of her white teeth, and her eyes a depth of black and fire. I believe in her mad rage she would have worsted me, but, as we grappled, the walls of the creek fairly shivered under the boom of a startling concussion. A heavy gun had been fired to seaward. The warship had caught the trooper! Another and another explosion followed, and, at the sound, the rifle-fire dropped. A shout of triumph rang in the rocks and about us.

We dropped the gun and peered over our rock, and saw a white flag limply hanging from the lighthouse. The man on the wire was crawling painfully back to the other side. I could not help but start up and give him a cheer with the whole of my breath.

Chloe looked in my face, her black eyes big with wonder, a child again.

"That's because he is as brave a man as ever carried a gun," said I.

"Do the English always cheer an enemy?" asked she.

"If he's brave."

With that she leapt on to the rock, and, throwing back her head, sent a shrill "huzza!" to the distant man, who had now gained the firm ground. He turned and saw us, waved his hand and fled.

All our men were streaming after Henrico towards the lighthouse, where the enemy sullenly filed out and flung down their rifles. Seventeen I counted, all that remained of the strong command.

Presently the doctors arrived from the cruiser, and began their grim trade on a flat rock. But the most evil sight was to see the lighthouse, forgotten by all, unblinkingly staring into the face of the now open day.

But the night's work had not been wasted by us, for by sunset we were honoured guests on the cruiser, with a passage home before us.

Chloe had brought off in her uncle's boat the odds and ends from our lodgings. The anchor cable was rattling on the deck, and at that we shook hands with her, and said good-bye. She stood and looked at us, and we noticed she had put on her gala dress. Still she remained, till Gilbert suddenly cried: "Goodness, we've forgotten. But we'll send you our debt as soon as we get to England—never you fear, Chloe."

"No! never," she cried, "not that; no money owing." She turned, her red lips open and eyes brimming; she stooped, kissed Gilbert in her arms! swung round, kissed me full and fair, and was gone with a flutter of skirt and clicking of shoe heels on the brass ledges of the stair.

The last we saw of San José was a lonely boat and a woman waving and waving till she faded in the dusk and distance.

THE RISING OF THE SUN.

A CRICKET STORY.

By S. B. REID.

IT was Dawson's story.

He told it to me (with Dawson's usual personal adjuncts) on the top of a green 'bus which we had boarded at Vauxhall.

We were coming from the Oval, and were very much excited.

We had just witnessed a magnificent struggle between Surrey and Cambridge University, in which Rickman, the Light Blues' bright star, had outshone even himself, and won the match for his side by a narrow but glorious margin.

"Oh, yes," said Dawson. "*I* found Rickman."

"Really!" I said, with ill-concealed derision. "Where! Picked him up on the beach at Margate, perhaps!"

"Perhaps," said Dawson, with dignity. "Perhaps not."

This was a poor retort of Dawson's, and I could not resist the temptation of telling him so.

There was a pause.

. . . . "And what about Rickman!" I said.

"Nothing," said Dawson.

"Oh, Dawson, you ass!" I responded.

"Fares, please!" said the conductor.

"Well, it's all very well," Dawson continued, decidedly hurt. "It's gospel truth, but, of course, you are at liberty to believe it or not, as you like."

"You might give me a chance," I said temperately.

He was smiling a little—evidently the story, whatever it was, tended to his own aggrandisement. Dawson's stories sometimes did. He required as much playing as a salmon.

I was silent.

Dawson laughed.

"I always laugh when I think of it," he said.

"Do you?" I said, with gnawing envy.

"Well, really, you know, it was one of the funniest things you ever saw. It was my second year at Oxford—ten years or more ago, alas! You know Heatherford?"

I did. I had played cricket there often, on a sandy wicket shut in by pines, which gave the bowlers an unholy advantage about six o'clock.

"Jolly little place. Ever stopped with Stanton?"

I had not had that honour.

"Capital fellow—bachelor—kept open house, and had some splendid port. I expect it's all finished now."

I knew Stanton slightly, and imagined it was.

"Well, I was staying there when this happened.

"Stanton couldn't get his team together. You know, he managed the cricket—indifferent well—but still, he was Stanton, so nobody minded.

"He got me down from Friday to Monday to play against Borrowley. He'd got a mere eleven, and nothing more, scraped together from far and near.

"They aren't over-keen at Heatherford. The *pièce de resistance* was Carr. You remember Carr?"

I remembered Carr.

"Well, hang me if Carr didn't wire two hours before the match began—'Awfully sorry—called away on urgent business.'

"My dear chap, I give you my word, Stanton was fairly mad. The mildest thing he said was that he would scratch.

"'Rot,' I said. 'Who's Carr?'

"'Carr!' said Stanton. 'Carr's Carr.'

"Then I remembered that the great man had bowled Stanton clean in both innings of the 'Varsity match six or seven years before. I was silent.

"'It's playing fast and loose with a fellow—that's what it is,' said Stanton.

"He was getting to the pathetic stage.

"'Get a substitute,' I said feebly.

"'Get your grandmother,' replied Stanton. 'Now, look here, quietly, between you and me, half the eleven *are substitutes already!*'

"I looked at my watch.

"'I say, Stanton,' I said, 'I'll back myself to find you a substitute somehow, to fill Carr's place. He mayn't be a flyer, but he'll be something.'

"'Oh, go on, if you want to,' said Stanton, gloomily.

"I went, with no idea of what I was going to do.

"My steps turned towards the cricket field, which was well-nigh deserted.

"I leant on the gate.

"On the other side of the field two ground boys were bowling at fifteen yards to a solitary and diminutive batsman.

"I watched moodily, and then opened the gate and walked across the field. He could not have been more than eleven or twelve, but was batting manfully, with one pad strapped to one slim, stockinged leg.

"He was a gentleman's son, and a stranger to me.

"I stood outside the net and watched. I stood there a quarter-of-an-hour. Then the youthful batsman collected his traps and left the wicket.

"I went after him.

"At the pavilion gate I overtook him.

"He had laid down his bat and gloves, and was proceeding to disencumber himself of his one pad.

"'Have you come to see the match?' I said.

"'Some of it,' he said, shyly. 'I'm afraid I shan't see all.'

"'Lessons?' I said, sympathetically.

"'Yes.'

"'But this is Saturday.'

"'I know. We get whole holidays sometimes on Saturdays, but that depends on how we——'

"He paused.

"'School near here?'

"'Mrs. Fletcher's.'

"Perhaps fear suggested mockery in my eye, for he added:

"'It's a dame's school and rather beastly. I am going to Westgate next term.'

"'Play cricket much?'

"'Rather!'

"'Who taught you to cut?' I said.

"'Mr. Simpson.'

"'Who's he?'

"'A master who comes for our Latin class. He manages the cricket. I come and practise here—they let me. The groundman's awfully jolly.'

"A pause.

"'Look here,' I said, 'can you get off today?'

"Another pause.

"'I'm playing in a pick-up game,' he said slowly, 'but I——'

"I STOOD OUTSIDE THE NET AND WATCHED."

"A third pause.

"'Mr. Stanton wants an eleventh man against Borrowley,' I said; 'we can give you a place if you care to play.'

"'*Care to play!*' said the nameless knickerbockered one. '*I say!*'

"'Then you must square your pick-up game,' I said.

"'I can do that. The only thing is, Mother Fletcher must be squared. She won't smell

a rat if I'm careful. I must cut back to dinner and go in with the rest of the chaps. Tea we'll chance. Simpson's all right. He manages the games, and Mrs. Fletcher doesn't come near our ground. Simpson's a decent fellow.'

"'Then that's settled,' I said. 'I am very much obliged to you. I don't want to get you into a scrape,' I added, considerately.

"'That's all right,' with affable dignity. 'Thank you very much, sir.'

"'Twelve o'clock here,' I said. 'And, by the way, what's your name?'

"'Rickman—E. W. T. Rickman.'

"We parted.

* * * * *

"'Confound you, Dawson; this is no time for practical jokes,' said Stanton.

"It was twelve o'clock, and E. W. T. Rickman had come upon the field in his little school cap of unknown colours, and another pad unearthed from somewhere.

"'Confound you, Dawson,' said Stanton.

"I drew him aside.

"'He's all right,' I said. 'I've watched him. His cutting is quite good. The boy's a genius.'

"Stanton grunted.

"'I shall scratch,' he reiterated.

"I left him.

"Borrowley won the toss.

"We went into the field, and several Borrowley men were ill-mannered enough to laugh at E. W. T. Rickman.

"'This is a Sunday school treat,' said a great hulking man who was a bricklayer five days a week, and a wicket-keeper the sixth. 'Oh, we *will* 'ave a time!'

"They got out for 175—and rather hardly earned at that.

"I made two catches—one at cover Stanton said—oh, well, I won't trouble you with all that. You know I could hold 'em once.

"Little Rickman was quite passable. He helped to run out the bricklayer, and threw in quite tidily.

"At luncheon time he ran off very hurriedly, and got back panting at 2.30.

"'What luck?' I said softly, as we took the field again.

"'Simpson's a brick. I got in beastly out of breath, and old Fletcher was just a bit inquisitive, I thought. The fellows are all right.'

"He rolled up his little sleeves and tried to keep step with me.

"We were fairly confident when we went in to get our 176, but several terrible things happened. Five wickets went down almost for nothing.

"I went in and made a few—I and a little draper chap, who wore a frock coat and a white silk tie on Sundays, and played worse than you could possibly imagine. But he got runs, and that was all that mattered. Borrowley appealed for leg-before against him six times and got him at last.

"Stanton came in and was out fourth ball.

"We had made barely 100 for the loss of another wicket, and then they gave me run out, and I had to go. I did not go near Stanton.

"He walked round the field by himself, darkly.

"A neighbouring curate, pale, and clad in a grey flannel shirt, occupied my wicket.

"My little recruit, padded, gloved, and anxious, sat on the extreme edge of a pavilion chair—the forlorn hope of Heatherford.

"There were several ladies on the ground, and more coming.

"Stanton generally gave teas in the tent, and was considered an excellent host.

"At the present moment he was at the far end of the field, communing with the nettles and the wattle fence. I felt it incumbent on me to step into the breach, and entertain his guests.

"Before I left the pavilion I spoke a word of counsel to E. W. T. Rickman.

"'You must try and keep your wicket up, my son,' I said.

"He smiled palely.

"'This man is bowling very fast,' he said.

"'Oh, nothing, nothing!' I said. 'Perfectly plain and simple.'

"I patted him on the back, and went to join the ladies.

"As I did so, I heard a clatter, and saw the ninth wicket had gone down.

"The curate was the survivor.

"There was a little flutter of surprise in the tent when Rickman went in—taking very long steps.

"'Such a child,' they said. 'Where did he come from?'

"I felt like a fool, and held my tongue. 54 to get, and one wicket to fall.

"Oh for a single hour of Carr!

"One lady took tea without milk—another without sugar—a third with both—a fourth with one—a fifth with the other.

"I handed round the cups with my back resolutely turned to the field; and still the expected crash and cheer did not come.

"By and by I summoned up my courage, and turned to look.

"The curate was playing vilely, but he was keeping the ball out of his stumps, and we had to be grateful for that.

"My little colt was presenting the face of his bat with great solemnity to whatever came his way: it was perfect as far as it went, but it did not look quite like going the length of 54 runs.

"I sat among the ladies, and made feeble excuses for Stanton's derelictions.

"The curate and E. W. T. Rickman were as immovable as flints.

"Hope began to rise dimly, dimly in my breast.

"More ladies came—more tea, more milk, more sugar.

"Perhaps hope was rising in the breast of Stanton, too, for he moved away from the nettles, and came halfway round the field.

"They had made 20 in forty-five minutes—now 30, now 40. Actually the score was 162, and they were still in. That dear curate was still playing *so* badly! with so much tumbling about over plain balls, and so many passionate gymnastics in the playing of yorkers.

"Rickman had made twelve—all by singles.

"Stanton came right round the ground, and walked solemnly past all the ladies, bowing low.

"His lips moved as he passed me, but no sound came.

"Then something awful happened.

"In at the gate came a solitary figure—the figure of a stout elderly lady of portentous mien.

"She came straight at me.

"'Oh dear!' I said to myself. 'This is Mrs. Fletcher.'

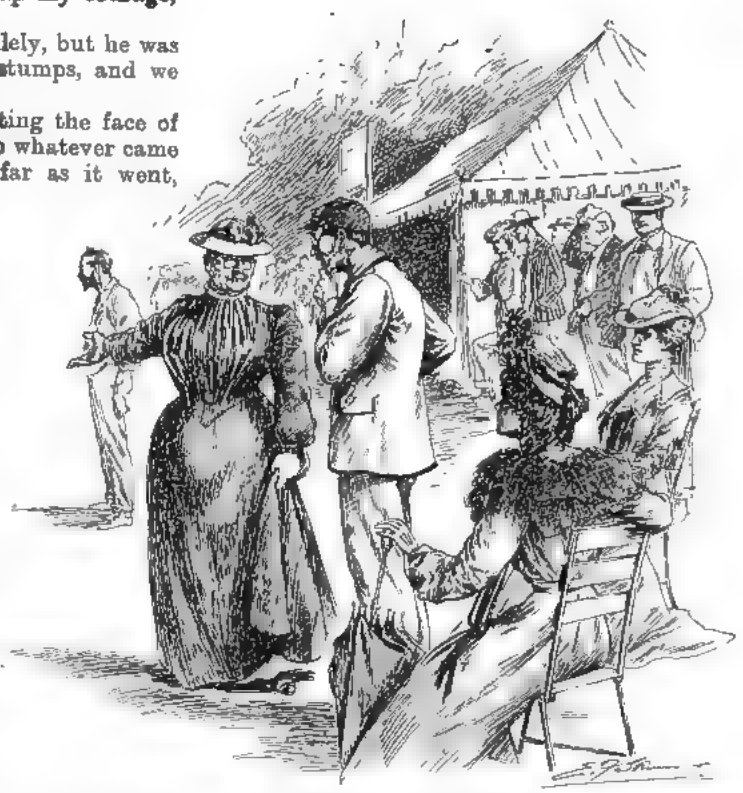
"It was. She reached me.

"'I beg your pardon,' she said, 'but will you kindly tell me the name of the young gentleman out there?'

"'Mr. Farebrother, curate at Snetherly,' I said, taking off my cap.

"She indicated the other batsman, with silent scorn.

"'I think it is Rickman,' I said, in a non-committal tone.



"YOU WILL OBLIGE ME BY FETCHING HIM HERE AT ONCE, PLEASE!"

"'Then you will oblige me by fetching him here at once, please!'

"'I am sorry,' I said, civilly, 'but I don't quite see how I can. At least, not till the over.'

"'Then I shall be compelled to go myself,' said Mrs. Fletcher, and she gathered her skirt carefully in her hand, and stepped out into the field. I went after her, expostulating. What I said I cannot clearly remember. I know I pointed out the gravity and publicity of her offence—the serious issues at stake—the excellence of the tea in the tent.

"I won.

"Mrs. Fletcher came back.

"Came back with awful dignity, and let me get her tea. Such a tea! I plied her with all I could find, and there was much that was exceedingly good. All the while I had one eye on the game, and on the scoring board.

"We won as Mrs. Fletcher finished her third cup.

"She was not the truculent Mrs. Fletcher who had entered the tent twenty minutes before.

"She got outside in time to see the curate touching a damp forelock, and E. W. T. Rickman pulling off his little cap at the pavilion gate.

"I owed little Rickman a debt, and I paid it to the best of my ability.

"It was a mollified, forgiving Mrs. Fletcher who was allowed to lead the culprit away in a halo of gentleness and peace.

"Even now I can see him standing there in his little white flannel suit, and black stockings, thanking us very prettily—thanking *us!*

"And that's ten years ago.

"The next time that I saw Rickman he was walking about at Lord's with a thundering handsome girl, in all the glory of his brand new Cambridge Blue.

"He did not know me."

The 'bus stopped, and we got down.

A LONDON SUNSET.

THE AMOUNT of reading that I do is enormous, and I have calculated that on an average there are 1·02658 sunset descriptions in every book that I have read. The decimal is obtained by there being, in some novels, more than one sunset. The descriptions make you envy the persons who have seen such sights, and I thought I should like to see one for myself.

Being quite unfamiliar with such a subject, I thought that "Old Moore" might help me to find out how, when and where to see one. The very unsatisfying facts noted in that most truthful and indispensable book were that on the twenty-fourth day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and two, the sun would set in London at 5.28 p.m.

The morning of the twenty-fourth dawned wet, sullen, and sodden. I began to have doubts of my seer's veracity. The forenoon was wet, and the afternoon, not to be outdone by its predecessor, was wetter. I was now anxious about my sunset, but an undoubting trustfulness carried me through, and I still sought.

The weather was not inspiriting when twenty-five minutes past five arrived. It still rained—a dull, hopeless, dogged rain. Of all rains it was the wettest. It was fine and fast-flowing, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in seeking unguarded spots. The trees accurately "placed" drops down the back of your neck, and those which neither sought your neck nor the trees, sternly pitted themselves against the good name of your mackintosh-maker. There was a mist very much like a fog, yellow and bad-tempered looking (probably an association in my mind with its jaundiced colour), that covered and enveloped everything. It was not impenetrable, for the rain soaked through it, and some few patches of light sky were to be observed, but nothing could be clearly seen through it. All was dull, yellow and forbidding; and the rain soaked, soaked, soaked.

The miserable whistle of an errand-boy did not jar harshly upon the "poetry of the scene"; it harmonised. The 'bus-wheels swishing through the gutters besprinkled you with water a trifle darker than the atmosphere, not muddy, because of its continual watering.

At five-twenty-eight everything remained the same, except the butcher-lad's whistle, which had pertinaciously followed me, and was yet more flat and doleful.

And I sighed. My hopes were ruthlessly shattered. "Old Moore" had failed me!

But my faith again succoured me, and I thought, and still think, the seer says that there *was* a sunset, and it must be so.

I was sorry—because I have heard of such wonderful arrangements of the spectrum—and was still more miserable than the butcher-boy appeared to be.

Such are most London sunsets. In the all-too-brief, well-earned snatches of rest I have occasionally caught glimpses of a soul-stirring wonder: a glorious, breath-taking combination of pretty reds, lovely greens, and every colour and shade; but although the memory of one unparalleled colouring may remain, the rest is lost.

FRED. RAYWARD DUCÉ.

J. O. Jones

And How He Earned His Living.

By R. S. WARREN BELL.

Author of "Tales of Greyhouse," "Love the Laggard," etc.

Illustrated by Gordon Browne, R.I.

J. O. Jones, an old Greyhouse boy of enormous strength, obtains a mastership at Adderman's, a notoriously ill-managed and unruly private school. On his first evening, whilst taking prep., he orders a boy to go to the headmaster's study. The boy—who proves to be the headmaster's son—refusing, J. O. Jones carries him to the study. Mr. Adderman is intensely vexed by the incident, and warns Jones not to use violence with the boys. Mr. Samuels, the second master, promises to inform the Head should Jones infringe these instructions. Shortly after, a parlour-boarder named Harper arrives. His self-possession and indifference to the opinions of others exasperates some of the fellows, among them Bradwell, a member of the Sixth. One night a raid is made on Harper's room by Bradwell and his gang, and Harper narrowly escapes being suffocated. Jones intervenes, and thrashes Bradwell for speaking insolently to him. Mr. Samuels enters the room while Bradwell is receiving his due, reports Jones's conduct to the Head, and urges Mr. Adderman to send the new master away at once. The Head declines to do this, though he gives Jones notice to leave at the end of the term. After this Jones becomes more popular, but suddenly falls foul of the school by giving Baron, the full-back of the XV., five hundred lines a couple of days before the School is to meet Ardenwood in the semi-final of the Ardenshire cup-tie. Baron failing to finish the lines in time, Jones plays in his stead, and, by means of a brilliant run, wins the match for Adderman's. That night he receives an ovation from the boys in Hall, and seizes the opportunity to make a short speech, in which he urges the fellows to "pull the school up a bit" in other ways than on the football field. Mr. Samuels overhears the speech, and, in consequence of the garbled report of it which he supplies to the Head, the latter orders Jones to leave the school at once. He is about to write out a cheque for Jones when he falls insensible across his desk.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME GOOD ADVICE.

ONCE, when entering the study rather suddenly after a curt introductory knock, Jones had found Mr. Adderman hastily putting a bottle into a cupboard which stood on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Although it was a cupboard in which the Head stored stationery and lesson books, the bottle he was putting away on the occasion of Jones's abrupt entrance did not contain anything that was purveyed by Mr. Melrose or those highly respectable firms in Paternoster Row from whom Mr. Adderman obtained crisp new histories, geographies, atlases, and works of a classical and mathematical nature.

The bottle, in short, as Jones's nose had told him, contained brandy, a stimulant with which the Head too often endeavoured to spur his poor tired brain on to fresh exertions.

J. O., when the Head fell forward, hurried round the table, whipped open the cupboard door, and found the bottle he was thinking of. Also a glass, which appeared to have been recently used.

Pouring some brandy into the glass, Jones, assisted by Mr. Samuels, raised the headmaster up and tipped a portion of the liquor down his throat.

But there was no result. Had Mr. Adderman been a teetotaller the brandy would probably have affected him instantaneously. But he was one of the many who wilfully close their eyes to the necessity of regarding this, the king of spirits, as a medicine rather than as a beverage.

"We must call in a doctor," said Jones, giving the bell-handle a wrench.

Then he picked the Head out of his chair.

"Open the door, will you?" he said to Samuels.

His colleague complying, he carried Mr. Adderman into the passage. At that moment Lucy Adderman came out of the drawing-room.

"Your father is in some sort of a fit," said Jones, as Lucy, her face pale with apprehension.

hurried towards him, "I am taking him to his room. Please tell Johnson to go for a doctor. Samuels, you might come with me."

The two men undressed their chief and got him into bed. Half-an-hour later the doctor arrived, and, after attending to the patient, told J. O. that Mr. Adderman must not be left by himself.

So Jones sat through the night in the Head's bedroom—by the side of the man who had but recently told him to leave the school at once.

The hours went slowly and wearily by, and the dawn came with a laggard step, bringing a drizzle with a touch of east wind at its heels.

Jones, who was in the habit of taking things rather literally, wondered whether he had better go that very day—Sunday—and at once fell to thinking of trains to London. For London, he felt, must be his destination. He would be near the scholastic agents there. Besides, he did not care about turning up at Middlebury several weeks before the end of the term. The village knew that he was a master in a school, for the village made a point of acquainting itself with what each member of the vicar's family was doing, and the village would not be expecting Master John back till Easter. If, then, Master John were to turn up several weeks before that festival, the village would jump to a correct conclusion as to the reason of his untimely arrival. And J. O. wished to save his family that humiliation, although personally he didn't care a pin what the village thought or said about him.

In addition to the village, there was his father, of the expression on whose face, during a certain conversation held in January, J. O. had a lively remembrance.

He therefore decided to go to London, take rooms, and look for another mastership. He would, of course, receive a full term's salary from Mr. Adderman, and that would keep him going, and leave a bit over even after he had paid Essie what was due to her, till the Easter holidays were ended.

It cannot be said, therefore, that J.O.'s reflections, as he kept his vigil by the Head's bedside, were at all pleasant ones. However, he was too healthy a man to give way to despondency, so presently he stole downstairs, got a novel out of the Common Room, and read that until six o'clock, when Johnson came softly in with a cup of tea and some thin bread and butter.

"Miss Lucy called me and told me to bring you this, sir," the butler whispered hoarsely in Jones's ear, "she made the tea 'orself and cut the bread and butter with 'er own 'ands."

Jones entrusted a message of thanks to Johnson, who touched his bald forehead with his forefinger as he stole out of the room. Jones consumed the bread and butter and drank the tea. Then he continued his perusal of the novel, but for an hour he did not turn a page.

Soon after seven Miss Peters and Lucy appeared together. Jones rose from his chair. His watch, he knew, was over now. He was at liberty to go below.

At first glance Miss Peters appeared to be wearing her usual grim expression, but when she drew near, and Jones looked into her face, he saw that it had altered as it altered that day when Lucy Adderman kissed young Jordan before he started for the station.

All three went to the window, well away from the bed. Jones briefly told them that Mr. Adderman had slept quietly all through the night. He was glad to see that his news perceptibly relieved their anxiety.

"You had better go to bed yourself now," said Miss Peters, "you must be very tired."

"I feel fit enough," said Jones, "so I don't think I shall go to bed. I'll have my tub and change my things, though."

"Thank you very much for your kindness, Mr. Jones," said Lucy, in a low voice, as she turned away towards the bed.

Jones had his bath, got into other clothes, and went to breakfast as usual. He thought he might excuse himself from church, and took a nap in the Common Room whilst the school attended morning prayer. There were no trains to town till the afternoon.

It cannot be said that Mr. Samuels, ordained priest though he was, paid much attention to the sermon preached by the rector of Ardenwood that morning. His chief being ill, the headmastership devolved upon him, and he anticipated trouble with Jones.

Jones had been told to go, and go he should, though he (Samuels) felt pretty certain that Jones would refuse to go until he had discussed the matter further with the headmaster.

However, he felt that this opportunity of getting quit of Jones was too good a one to be lost. He must rid the school of this truculent, overbearing medical student of a fellow while he had a right to do so. And he felt that he had a perfect right to send Jones about his business, for was he not acting for Mr. Adderman whilst Mr. Adderman was ill?

"Strike while the iron's hot." Mr. Samuels, on getting back from church, went to the Head's study, sat down in the Head's chair, and sent for Jones.

J. O. arrived in due course.

"It is my unpleasant duty, Mr. Jones," said the second master, "to remind you of what took

place at your interview with Mr. Adderman last night."

"I don't need reminding—I remember," said Jones.

"Mr. Adderman will—er—Mr. Adderman will forward your salary when he is well enough to attend to business," said Mr. Adderman's *locum tenens*.

"It occurred to me that he might do that," said Jones, quietly.

"So, if—if you will leave your address," added Mr. Samuels, a little nervously—"that is to say, the address to which you wish the remittance to be sent—there is really no reason why—er—there is really nothing to prevent your leaving the school as soon as you like. It is extremely painful to me to have to speak to you in this way, but I am simply carrying out Mr. Adderman's wishes Personally, I am sorry to part with you, and regret that our relations have not been quite so friendly as they might have been."

"You are very kind," said Jones.

"If you will accept the advice of an older and more experienced man," continued Mr. Samuels, "you will give up scholastic work. It is not your *métier*, Mr. Jones. You mean well, but your methods are all wrong. Kindness and firmness are better weapons to control boys with than brute force. You will not, I am sure, think that I am saying this in any but a kindly sense and with an earnest wish for your future welfare?"

"On the contrary," said Jones, gravely, "I think that you are saying a good deal more, under the circumstances, than any other man would."

Mr. Samuels thought over this reply for a few moments. It seemed to him a little ambiguous.

"I have said what I have said for your good, Mr. Jones," he went on, presently.

"It would do me more good if you were to say it a month hence," replied Jones.

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Samuels, rather sharply.

"I may forget all your excellent advice by the end of the term," explained Jones.

"I fancied you might be rude," said Mr. Samuels; "however, it is for the last time, fortunately. Johnson will order a cab to take you to the station."

"If I keep it waiting a month," said Jones, "it will come rather expensive."

Mr. Samuels waved him away.

"A very poor joke, Mr. Jones. I wish you good-bye, and I trust you will remember what I have said if any other headmaster is so ill-advised as to give you an appointment on his staff."

Jones smiled amicably.

"Perhaps," he said, "it is time I explained my poor joke."

"I will not put you to the trouble," replied Mr. Samuels.

"No trouble at all. There's the explanation," and he flung his colleague a little note.

Mr. Samuels read the note, and as he did so his face turned red and then white. The note was written by Lucy Adderman, but signed by Mr. Adderman. It simply requested Mr. Jones to continue in his present post until the end of the term. It was quite short, and there was no mistake at all about the Head's signature.

Mr. Samuels crumpled up the piece of paper as he rose from his chair.

"Excuse me," said Jones, "I want to keep that letter. I particularly admire Miss Adderman's handwriting."

"You have reason to feel greatly indebted to Miss Adderman," sneered Mr. Samuels.

"Very good of her, if she put in a word for me," said Jones. "I should have found it uncommonly awkward, leaving so suddenly."

Mr. Samuels walked towards the door.

"When I spoke as I did just now," he said, stopping opposite Jones, "I did not know that you had been pleaded for by a sentimental schoolgirl."

Then he went on to the door, but Jones got there before him, and put his broad back against the panels.

"Excuse me," he said, "but will you be so good as to repeat that remark?"

Mr. Samuels glared into a pair of clear, steady eyes, and did not like the look in them.

"No," he said, "I will not."

"I hardly fancied you would," said Jones, as he removed his back from the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

CERTAIN ITEMS.

MR. ADDERMAN was able to leave his bedroom on Monday morning. He held a somewhat lengthy consultation with his doctor in the study, and the upshot of the sound counsel then dealt out to him was that he decided to procure somebody to assist him with his accounts and correspondence.

His thoughts first turned to his daughter, but the doctor, who was an old acquaintance, shook his head.

"Miss Lucy would work very well while the novelty of the thing lasted, but she would soon tire of your butcher's and baker's bills. No, get one of your senior boys—one who is pretty cute, too. Between you and me and the town clerk, Adderman, these Ardenwood tradesmen are

a sharpish lot. They want watching. Get a lad to help you who has got his wits about him. Anyhow, get assistance. I warn you, you must not do so much work yourself. What occurred on Saturday night mustn't occur again—understand that!"

So the good-hearted doctor left him, and in the end, Harper, hearing through Lucy Adderman that the Head wanted help, suggested himself as *aide-de-camp*.

"I'll come for a month on trial," he said to the Head, "and I shan't want any salary."

This proposal suiting Mr. Adderman down to the ground—for he did not desire such secretarial services to cost him anything—Harper went to work to straighten out the Head's affairs.

Meanwhile, Mr. Adderman sat by the fire and watched his assistant with a sort of weak wonder. He saw the work being done much better than he ever did it himself at the best of times—and he felt almost content.

Still, he was ill; he did no teaching. He did not go into the Long Room nor into the Hall. The boys, consequently, seldom caught even a glimpse of him. Visitors to the school were referred to Mr. Samuels. Educationally, Mr. Samuels was now headmaster. Commercially, Harper was.

And so the days went quietly on, Mr. Adderman dozing by the fire, and Harper at the desk burrowing among the piles of papers with the energy of a ferret.

He did not trouble, these times, to do very much school-work. He found the work in the study more amusing. Sometimes, as he totalled up the long rows of figures, he smiled quietly. He was preparing a few bombshells, and when he smiled he was thinking of how he would one day take these shells round and tap them.

Having made himself thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Adderman's liabilities, Harper decided to call at several tradesmen's shops in order to point out to the proprietors thereof the various inaccuracies which had crept into the accounts they had rendered to the headmaster. Harper knew that such an errand would not be a particularly pleasant one, for no gentleman likes to be told by another gentleman that he has made, say, fifteen miscalculations in a bill containing, say, fifteen items; and when the gentleman whose melancholy duty it is to draw attention to such miscalculations happens to be a slim youth of barely seventeen summers, it is hardly to be wondered at that the gentleman taxed with inaccuracy—to put it politely and mildly—does not feel inclined to go out of his way to be over-civil to such a caller.

"I will begin," said Harper, "with Mr. Melrose. He will do nicely to practise on."

Mr. Melrose had just come in from the "Two Spies," one afternoon, and was gazing out of his parlour window at nothing in particular, when his shop-boy informed him that a young gentleman wished to see him on business.

"EXCUSE ME, BUT WILL YOU BE SO GOOD AS TO REPEAT THAT REMARK!"

"Go and ask him what he wants to see me about," said Mr. Melrose.

"He says chiefly copy-books," was the boy's reply, when he returned.

Mr. Melrose left the parlour window unwil-

lingly. Eight-penn'orth of gin at the "Spies" had left him in a cheerfully contemplative state—he didn't want to talk, he didn't want to think. He simply wanted to look at nothing out of the parlour window.

"Only one of Adderman's lads," he thought, catching sight of the familiar cap.

"Good-day, Mr. Melrose; I trust your wife is quite well?" said Harper.

Regarding his visitor more closely, it struck the stationer that he had seen him before. A little reflection told him when.

"Now look 'ere, young man," he said, sharply, "just tell me what you want and I'll serve you with it. You're from the school, aren't you? Well, what is it?"

"I have called," said Harper, "about the bill you recently sent Mr. Adderman."

"Come to pay it, I 'ope," returned Mr. Melrose.

"Most of it will be paid in due course," said Harper.

"Most of it, eh? I should say all of it, if I was you."

"But, unfortunately for you, I'm not you," said Harper.

"How d'you mean—'unfortunately for me'?"

"I mean," said Harper, "that unfortunately for you I do not take the same view with regard to the value of your goods that you do yourself."

"Oh, don't you?" returned the tradesman angrily, "well, let me tell you that what I've put down has got to be paid. You're Mr. Adderman's clurk, ain't you?"

"Yes—though I don't pronounce myself like that," said Harper.

"Never mind how you pronounce it," returned Mr. Melrose, "you're his clurk, and you've come to see me about my bill. Well, what about it?"

"It appears," said Harper, "that some of your charges are excessive. To begin with—the ink you have supplied——"

"What do you know about the ink I've supplied?" demanded the stationer, winking his watery eyes very rapidly.

"I know that a seven-shilling gallon jar doesn't cost eight-and-fourpence," said Harper, gently.

"That one-and-four's for the jar," explained Mr. Melrose.

"The jar was returned," said Harper.

The stationer frowned darkly.

"Anything else?" he demanded abruptly.

"I also know that twelve reams of exercise paper at three shillings the ream don't cost two pounds"

"Go on," said the stationer, who had turned so pale that his nose stood out against its white background with painful redness.

"If you want further proof of my knowledge," said Harper, "I may tell you that three gross of steel nibs at one-and-six the gross do not come to five-and-sevenpence."

Mr. Melrose pointed to the door with a sudden, dramatic gesture.

"Get out of my shop!" he exclaimed.

"Certainly," said Harper, folding up the bill and putting it into his pocket, "and may I ask the way to the police-station?"

"Eh?" faltered the stationer.

"The way to the police-station," said Harper, "where the police live, you know."

"W—what d'you want to go there for?" asked Mr Melrose.

"Merely to give you in charge for fraud," said Harper, walking to the door.

"C—come back!" almost whined Mr. Melrose.

"Oh, yes, I shall come back—with a policeman," said Harper.

Mr. Melrose stared wildly at his visitor. Harper, glancing at him, noted his ashen face and quivering lips.

He walked up to the counter.

"The police-station doesn't happen to be quite in the direction I meant to take," he said, "so suppose I leave this bill here and call again a little later? You might like to make out a new one."

So saying, he quitted Mr. Melrose's premises.

Mr. Melrose kept quite silent for a couple of minutes. Then he crept into the parlour, sat down at the table, and spread out the bill before him

"Well," he muttered, "how did he find that out! I didn't put down how much it was a jar or a ream or a gross. I just put the total amount agen each."

He gazed at the account with startled eyes.

"*I know—he looked up the old bills!*"

Perspiring and shaking, the wretched little man rushed into the shop, snatched a clean account form out of a drawer, rushed back to the parlour, and feverishly started making out a new bill.

"I thought," he whispered, as, ten minutes later, he laid down his pen, "I thought the old man 'ud be too muddled up to spot it."

With agitated carefulness Mr. Melrose blotted and folded the account and put it into a clean envelope. Then he stuck up the envelope, wrote Mr. Adderman's name and address on it, and took it into the shop.

"Give this to that—young gentleman," said the stationer to his shop-boy, "when he comes in again."

"Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Here's a shilling for you, Thomas," added the stationer.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy

Mr. Melrose put on his hat, and walked round the counter. Glancing back, he caught the boy's eye.

"Who are you looking at?" he demanded, roughly.

"Nobody, sir," said the boy.

"Well, then, don't look like that at nobody again. You didn't hear a word that—young gentleman said, did you?"

"Not a word, sir," said the boy, who had learnt to lie readily whilst he had been in the service of Mr. Melrose.

"Well, just *remember* you didn't hear a word," concluded the stationer, as he turned his steps towards the "Spies" for a little something to pull himself together with.

As for Harper, he, after leaving Mr. Melrose's shop, walked down the street to interview Mr. Moses, the grocer. He laughed softly to himself as he went.

Mr. Moses received him in his usual fulsome fashion.

"Good-day, my dear sir. Beautiful day, is it not?"

"It is the sort of day that makes one feel glad that one is alive, Mr. Moses," returned Harper, "the sort of day that fills one with pity even for the hardened scoundrels in gaol."

Mr. Moses started very slightly.

"To be sure, sir, to be sure—and what is it I can do for you?" he asked, a little less cordially.

"I have come on behalf of Mr. Adderman," said Harper.

"Ah, poor gentleman—I hear he is very ill," said the grocer, endeavouring to look sorry.

"He is," said Harper, "so it is fortunate that he has a secretary to look after his accounts. I have called to see you about yours, Mr. Moses," he added.

"Just so, sir," smiled Mr. Moses, brightening up at the idea of being paid so soon.

"What is it," said Harper, taking a document from his pocket, "that wears a uniform, a bundle of keys, and a grim look on its face, Mr. Moses?"

"I never was any good at riddles," smiled the grocer.

"Try," said Harper, coaxingly.

"A school matron," ventured the draper, with a smirk.

"Wrong," said Harper.

"I give it up," purred the grocer.

"A prison warder," said Harper.

Again Mr. Moses gave a slight start. He didn't seem to like the way Mr. Adderman's secretary talked about prisons and warders.

"Well, sir, as to the account?" he said, rather coldly.

"Another riddle. What is that on which one goes for a walk and never seems to get any further, no matter how many steps one takes?" asked Harper, pleasantly.

But the grocer's smooth expression and manner had disappeared.

"I've no time to fool away answering silly riddles," he said, roughly, "if you've come to pay my bill I'll trouble you to get to business."

"You might try and answer my little riddle," urged Harper.

Hang you and your riddles! It's a pity Mr. Adderman ain't well enough to come and pay his own bills."

"But as he isn't, I am paying them for him, you see," explained Harper.

"Pay away, then," snapped Mr. Moses.

"All in good time, my friend. Come, now, try and answer my riddle. Try, there's a good fellow."

"I won't answer no riddles. If you've come to pay my bill, pay it; if not, you can clear out."

Harper fixed his dark eyes on the grocer's shifty countenance.

"Have you ever heard of a treadmill, Mr. Moses?"

"Of course I 'ave!"

"That's the answer to my riddle."

"All right, then; that's the answer. Now pay my bill."

"Gently, gently. Before we discuss the payment of your bill, let us see whether the bill, as now made out, ought to be paid. Will you run your eye over the items marked with a cross in red ink?"

"The bill's as it should be," said Mr. Moses, "and if Mr. Adderman won't settle it, there's the county court."

"There are also," said Harper, "the assizes."

Mr. Moses glared at the slim youth standing on the other side of his counter.

"What d'you mean?" he demanded hoarsely.

"You understand perfectly what I mean," returned Harper—he was speaking quite seriously now—"and so—here is your account. Think over those items marked with red ink."

"That bill is going to be paid as it stands, or I'll know the reason why!" blustered the grocer.

Harper laid the document in question on the counter.

"Before you make a point of knowing the reason why, I advise you to examine the items I have indicated," he said, quietly, as he retired towards the door.

If looks could kill, the glance Mr Moses shot at his caller would have cut Harper's existence short then and there.

"A very beautiful day," murmured the parlour boarder, glancing up at the blue sky as he drew on his gloves, "the sort of day that fills one

with pity even for the hardened scoundrels in gaol."

Mr. Moses said never a word. The bill lay on the counter in front of him. As yet he had not touched it.

"So, my dear Mr. Moses," added Harper, as he finished buttoning up his gloves, "again reminding you—since you force me to do so—that there are such unpleasant things as assizes as well as county courts, I will leave you to study the aforesaid items marked in red ink. Good day, Mr. Moses."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ONLY "ELIGIBLE."

ON his return from the town, Harper took a short and—for the ordinary boy—unauthorised cut back to the school by way of the far end of the playing fields and the Head's garden. This route, in his progress towards the front door, led him past the Head's study, whose windows looked on to the lawn.

Harper glanced casually through the windows as he passed, and what he saw gave him much food for after-reflection. Mr. Adderman, with his chin on his chest, was dozing at his desk: that was nothing unusual, as his weakened condition often caused such relapses into half-slumber. But, peering over the Head's shoulder at something which Mr. Adderman had evidently been writing when he succumbed to drowsiness, *stood Mr. Samuels*. So intent was the second master on his perusal of the document—whatever it might be—that he did not observe Harper's proximity outside, nor even that the windows were temporarily darkened by a passing form.

After hanging up his coat, Harper sauntered down the main corridor of the school proper, and presently his attention was attracted by a crowd of boys round the Games' Board. Hereupon was pinned the team selected to meet Jesseville in the Final round of the Ardenshire Cup. A circumstance which gave great satisfaction to the mob of youthful critics was the fact that Mr. Jones was again installed as full-back, while Baron, now rejoicing in a free and impositionless state, had been moved up into the three-quarter line. The tail-end of the list—like most tail-ends of such lists—provoked a good deal of disagreement among the youthful critics aforesaid, for the common herd does not view its champions with the cold and impartial eye of captain or selection committee.

Harper moved on into the playground to find young Jordan peering down a grating near the door with a countenance most rueful. He was in the company of his sworn ally Turner—what friendships doth the flow of blood inaugurate!—and half-a-dozen other gentlemen of tender years and diminutive stature.

"What's the matter?" enquired Harper.

"Jordan's dropped sixpence through the grating," explained Turner.

The parlour-boarder surveyed the scene of the disaster.

"If you will be good enough to wait here for a few minutes," he said, "I think I can get the sixpence for you."

With this he went in search of Johnson, and presently returned with a long piece of twine and a morsel of cobbler's wax. Fixing the wax on to the string, he first softened it with a lighted match, and then, lowering it through the grating, by means of skilful angling at length succeeded in inducing the coin to stick to the wax, and to be hauled up into the light of day.

"Here you are, sir," he said, handing the sixpence to Jordan.

The latter's gratitude was boundless, and from that hour Harper held almost as high a place in Jordan's estimation as Mr. Jones did. He wrote and told the angelic Phyllis about the loss of his sixpence and its recovery, whereupon Phyllis decided to marry Harper should Mr. Jones, her first choice, be unfortunately killed by savages, or meet with some other untimely fate.

"Anyone else dropped anything down?" asked Harper.

Three or four members of the juvenile group immediately explained that various possessions of theirs lay in that grave below, so Harper spent half-an-hour fishing for a rusty assortment of pocket-knives and other small articles. These were immediately laid claim to by the alleged proprietors, concerning whose real right to them there was every reason, however, to entertain doubt. When Harper finally rolled up his twine and departed, he was followed by a chorus of "Thanks *awfully*, Harper!" in reply to which he gravely raised his cap.

In the corridor he met Mr Samuels, who was positively effervescing with affability.

"Oh, Harper," he said, laying his hand on the parlour-boarder's arm, "I want you to oblige me in a little way."

"Up to eightpence," said Harper, politely, "I am at your service, sir."

Mr. Samuels laughed.

"What a queer fellow you are! No, I don't wish to raise a loan. The fact is, we—er—we contemplate building a new pavilion next term, and I wish to apply to the parents of the boys for subscriptions. As you are acting as Mr. Adderman's secretary, you doubtless have access

to the names and addresses I require. Will you make out a complete list of them for me?"

"I shall be only too pleased," replied Harper, promptly.

"That will be very kind of you. Perhaps," continued Mr. Samuels, "it would be as well to say nothing about it, at present, to Mr. Adderman. The announcement that I have procured funds for a new pavilion will be a pleasant surprise to him next term, whereas just now he is in such a low state of health, and is so nervous and —er— and prone to be unreasonable, that he might raise some needless objection to the step I propose taking. So it will be as well not to mention the matter to him."

"Very good, sir," said Harper, "I will make out the list for you at once."

Mr. Samuels went on his way to the Common Room looking extremely pleased with himself.

In the apartment mentioned he found Atkins polishing up his dancing-pumps. There was a Hospital Ball that night in the Ardenwood Assembly Rooms, and Mr. Adderman's staff was patronising it in bulk, not so much, perhaps, because it was being held in the cause of charity, as for the reason that Miss Lucy, chaperoned by Miss Peters, was to be present.

Even J. O. was going to the ball. At first he had scouted the idea of attending such a function, but it had afterwards occurred to him that Essie might be a little disappointed to hear that he had not once had occasion, during his sojourn at Adderman's, to wear the dress suit she had so loyally assisted him to purchase. So J. O. was going, with Messrs. Samuels, Atkins, and Huntingdon, little Green, as usual, having been prevailed upon to take Atkins's duty that night.

Whilst, therefore, Green paced up and down the Long Room, Atkins, in front of his bedroom glass, was admiring the preparations he had made to take the fair heart of Ardenwood by storm. It did not occur to him that his dress coat was some two sizes too large for him—the result of buying a misfit at a low price—or that the bright red of the handkerchief in his waistcoat and of his socks was not a colour usually affected for evening wear in the best circles. In short, on reaching the Common Room, and surveying Mr. Huntingdon's prim and sober preparations for the ball, Mr. Atkins felt confident that his own get-up would attract far more attention than his colleague's: and it may be added that he was quite right in his conjecture.

Mr. Atkins, indeed, felt so proud of his appearance that, as half-an-hour had still to elapse before they would be starting for the Assembly Rooms, he made his way to the drawing-room with an easy and confident swagger, and was not even disconcerted by the broad grin which lit up the face of one of the monitors whom he met on the way.

Miss Lucy, daintily arrayed, was sitting at the piano. Atkins lounged up and came to a halt just where the light of the standard lamp was able to reveal the glorious nature of his toilet

Miss Lucy, however, did not appear to be greatly influenced by the music-master's dazzling appearance.

Atkins moved rather nearer to the piano, so that she could see him better, but Miss Lucy continued to turn over her music with provoking equanimity.

"Please sing 'The 'Oly City,'" said Atkins, gracefully resting his elbow on the corner of the piano.

"I really don't feel equal to so much exertion," pleaded Lucy.

"Shall *I* sing it?" suggested Atkins, who would have tackled such strenuous vocal efforts as Wotan's farewell in the *Walkyrie*, or Tannhäuser's apostrophe to Venus, on very little provocation.

"If you like," said Lucy, with a little smile.

"No," said Atkins, self-denyingly, "no, I won't sing it now. I prefer to 'ear you play, Miss Lucy."

"Very well," said Lucy, "I will play to you —but please go and sit down. I don't like being watched."

Atkins therefore lolled on the sofa in the most approved manner of the heavy swells he had seen in pictures, and divided his time between admiring his red socks and listening to the music. And as he listened it occurred to him that he had stolen a march on the other members of the staff, of which he would be a fool not to avail himself. *He and Miss Lucy were alone together.*

It had struck Atkins more than once that, although Miss Lucy was occasionally a little sharp with Samuels and Jones (he didn't count Huntingdon), she was always "as sweet as sugar" to *him*.

What did that mean? It was significant of one thing only!

After a time he rose from the sofa, moved languidly across the room, and took up his former graceful position at the corner of the piano.

"Miss Lucy," he said, "I shall not always be a schoolmaster."

"No?" said Lucy.

"One day I 'ope to get a good church."

"What shall you do with it?" asked Lucy.

Atkins marvelled at such a dense question.

"Why, play the organ in it, of course."

"I see," said Lucy.

"And give music-lessons to the congregation," added Atkins.

"That will be delightful for them," said Lucy; "but will you have time to give lessons to the *whole* congregation?"

Again Atkins wondered. She had always appeared to him to be an intelligent girl. Perhaps she was in a flutter, though.

"No; members of it, I meant."

"I see."

"Then," continued Atkins, "I shall be in a much better position than I'm in now!"

"Why?" asked Lucy, innocently.

"Able to afford an 'ome," returned Atkins, shortly, for he was beginning to be irritated by her seeming stupidity.

"I see," said Lucy again.

"And in that case," Atkins went on, "I shall require a wife."

"I wonder who the lucky girl will be!" exclaimed Lucy.

Atkins felt sure that she was forcing this light tone. He was making her nervous.

He moved a step nearer to her.

"If," he said, "I am ever in such a position, may I drop you a line?"

"Drop me a line!"

"Yes—you!"

"About what?"

"About looking after my 'ome!" explained Mr. Atkins, who felt that he had led up to the point very diplomatically. At the same time he surveyed her critically and without passion. When they were engaged he would ask her not to do her hair in that loose way. He would ask her to wear it flatter, and do it up in tight rolls on the top.

"ARE YOU *proposing* TO ME, MR. ATKINS?"

Lucy looked at Mr. Atkins enquiringly.

"Are you *proposing* to me, Mr. Atkins?"

"That's the society word for it," replied Atkins.

"Then kindly do not say anything else to me of that nature," returned Lucy, coldly.

"Meaning you won't 'ave me?" suggested Atkins.

"Precisely," said Lucy.

Atkins stared at her. She looked as if she meant what she said. In spite of his gorgeous apparel and taking ways—in spite of the position he would be in when he got a good church—in spite of the fact that he was the one man on the staff with any prospects—*she had refused him.*

The blood rushed angrily into his head. "I suppose, then," he said, "that I must congratulate Jones?"

It was a chance shot merely intended to annoy her. But it took more effect than he had anticipated. Lucy flushed scarlet and rose from her seat at the piano.

"Until you have learnt how to speak to me like a gentleman," she said, "I shall be obliged, Mr. Atkins, if you will not favour me with any more of your remarks."

And with that she left the room—just as Jones was entering it.

Atkins, spite of his glittering attire, gazed dejectedly on the new comer, and threw a melancholy and significant wink after Lucy's retreating form.

"Put my foot into it this time, old man," he said.

"How?" asked Jones.

"Asked her whether I was to congratulate you."

"*Me!* On what?"

"Go on—you know! *Getting 'er*, of course!"

"You said that to Miss Lucy?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Jones, arranging his tie before the glass over the mantelpiece, "you're more of a bounder than I thought you were, Atkins."

CHAPTER XXIV.

FURTHER ITEMS.

JESSEVILLE won the Final by a dropped goal, but Adderman's earned a hearty meed of praise from all who witnessed the game by their dashing attack and bull-dog defence. They went home defeated, but not dishonoured.

The match was keenly watched by thousands of people, among whom were several big men in the football world. One of these belonged to the neighbourhood; the others had travelled from a distance, having been advised to by that one who lived in the neighbourhood, he being, indeed, no less a person than the International who played three-quarters for Ardonwood town, and who was one of the Rugby Union Selection Committee.

A few days later Baron was invited to represent the county in its next engagement, and J. O. Jones was asked to play for England against Scotland.

J. O. received the telegram in the middle of morning school. He read it, and then crammed it into his pocket.

"Any answer, sir?" enquired Johnson, who, by the way, had lost a florin to the ostler at the "Two Spies" by reason of the school's defeat in the Final.

"Oh—I forgot—yes," said Jones, "get me a telegram form, will you?"

Johnson procured one from Miss Peters, and then J. O. wrote: "*Accept with pleasure.—Jones.*"

Having handed his reply to Johnson, he went on with the Latin Grammar lesson he was then giving, this consisting largely of a rendering of the genders of nouns, which, though thrown into rhyme by some poetical grammarian, did by no means commend itself to Jordan and Co.

The school did not know of the honour that had been conferred on Mr. Jones until the following day, when Oliphant, running his eye over the sporting portion of a daily paper, came to a paragraph which he read three times before he could believe his eyes. Soon the whole Hall was buzzing with the news.

J. O. felt that his rather battered footer boots wouldn't look too well at Blackheath, so on the Friday afternoon he went down into Ardenwood to purchase a new pair. And it was, perhaps, rather fortunate that he did so, as we will proceed to explain.

About half-an-hour before Jones set forth on this errand, Harper had quietly wended his way down to the town to complete his course of calls on certain tradesmen with whom Mr. Adderman had had dealings.

This time he had been entrusted by the Head with a sum of money sufficient to defray all the smaller accounts, and with cheques for the larger liabilities. Having settled Mr. Melrose's bill and enquired pleasantly after Mrs. Melrose, he journeyed on to the shop of the grocer who supplied the school with potted meats, jam, baking powder, and other dainties.

"Another beautiful day, Mr. Moses," he observed very affably, as he entered the shop.

"We'll pass over the cackle and get to the 'osses, if you please," said Mr. Moses, sullenly.

"Certainly, if you'll lend me an opener," replied Harper, looking significantly at some tins of corned beef.

"You've come to pay me, haven't you?" demanded the grocer, roughly.

"That is to a large extent the object of my visit," admitted Harper, producing the revised

account Mr. Moses had submitted, and handing it to the grocer with Mr. Adderman's cheque.

"There's your receipt," said Mr. Moses, handing back the bill without troubling to blot it.

"I thank you," said Harper, courteously, as he waved the bill to and fro in order to dry the grocer's signature, "it is a pleasure to do business with a business-like man——"

"Like yours truly," grinned Moses.

"And so," continued Harper, "Mr. Adderman will in future get what groceries he requires from Mr. *Mellins*."

With this home-thrust, Harper put the receipted bill in his pocket and departed, leaving Moses to chew the cud of the fact that Mr. Adderman—his best customer—from henceforth would deal with his gloomy but honest rival in the High Street.

"I'd like to punch that feller into a jelly!" snarled Moses, aiming a murderous blow at a blue-bottle with his cheese-cutter and smashing a bottle of gaudy mixed pickles in so doing.

Harper then paid several small accounts which had been satisfactorily rendered, and at length found himself near the Town Hall.

"Ah!" he said, "His Worship!"

The Mayor, who was the wealthiest man in the place, had an imposing office. A horsey-looking young gentleman was gazing out of the window and picking his teeth. Harper walked up the stone steps, and presented himself with some hesitation at the spacious and well-polished counter. Half-turning his head, the clerk surveyed the caller with a casual eye, and resumed his window-gazing.

Harper waited a little time, and then, drawing a coin from his pocket, timidly tapped the counter with it.

"Well?" drawled the clerk, strolling forward.

"Here's a shilling for you, my boy," said Harper, abruptly changing his manner, "run and tell your master I wish to see him, will you?"

The clerk was rather taken aback by this speech.

"I suppose you want a subscription for your cricket bats?" he returned, with a sneer.

"No," said Harper, "I want to be attended to with civility directly I enter a coal merchant's office. As you took no notice of me, I fancied a tip might hurry you up."

The horsey-looking gentleman observed the Adderman's cap, and that the wearer was but a slight-looking youth. So he jumped over the counter and took hold of Harper's ear.

"*Tip*, eh? No, I don't take tips from schoolboys, or cheek either," he said, twisting the ear round.

"Something harder, eh?" returned Harper, planting a neat blow on the other's jaw, which sent the clerk staggering backwards. However, he came on again at once, and Harper floored him with a clean drive between the eyes.

"Hullo! what's this—what's this?" enquired a deep, oily voice. It was the Mayor's.

"Teaching your lad manners," said Harper, "and now, Mr. Mayor, I wish to see you on business of an important character."

The Mayor stared at him, and from him to the clerk, who, looking very crestfallen, had risen to his feet and was brushing the dust off his clothes. Presuming it was a youthful scuffle, the Mayor said no more, but pointed to the inner room.

"I'll see you in there," he said.

Ten minutes later Harper strolled out of the inner room. When he had left the building, the Mayor came into the outer office with a heavy frown on his face and a heightened colour.

"Give me an account-form," he said very shortly to the clerk.

He was holding in his hand the bill he had recently sent Mr. Adderman.

The clerk complied with His Worship's request.

"Here's a sovereign for you, Smith," said the Mayor.

"Thank you, sir."

"And if ever you meet that cub again——"

"Yes, sir."

"Teach *him* manners—d'you see?"

"I understand, sir," said the clerk, who, however, as he pocketed the sovereign, mentally resolved that if he ever saw Harper coming down one side of the street, *he* would cross over to the other.

Now, shop-boys sometimes babble, and the town had got wind of Harper's calls on certain tradesmen. It had been a subject of conversation at the "Two Spies" among Mr. Mellins and other worthies with whom Mr. Adderman did not deal. Mellins and Co. gloried in the downfall of their rivals, and chuckled when they saw Harper's slim figure passing along the pavement.

Among others who, owing to the tales which had been spread, were expecting calls from Harper, was Mr. Harrison, the wine-merchant. Young Mr. Harrison, it will be remembered, was the "Butcher" of Ardenwood's football team, whose victim, Bradwell, was now slowly recovering from his injuries in the town infirmary.

After leaving the Mayor, Harper consulted a slip of paper, and then turned his steps in the direction of Mr. Harrison's shop.

Young Mr. Harrison saw him coming, and immediately told his father to retire to the parlour.

"I'll settle the young bantam," he said, as Harrison senior promptly complied with his son's request.

"DO YOU SEE *that?*"

Then Harrison junior busied himself with a wine order from an old invalid lady living a mile out of the town. The old lady's doctor had prescribed for her choice, tawny, and nourishing port, but the Harrisons knew two of that. What did it matter, they said to each other, what an old crow of a girl like that drank? She wouldn't know the difference. The Mayor would—he was a particular and knowing bird, was the Mayor—but their sugary No. 1 would do for the old invalid lady.

So Harrison junior had got up two dozen of No. 1 (a vile concoction, which they described on their list as "rich and fruity"), and made out a bill meanwhile for their No. 12. After all, it was a simple matter to alter the labels, and the old crow of an invalid lady wouldn't know that she wasn't drinking the best port to be had in the place.

Harper entered the shop and approached the counter.

Now Harrison junior believed in bluff. He knew he had sent Mr. Adderman a doctored-up account—but he didn't mean to admit his sins.

"I have come to pay the bill you have sent Mr. Adderman," said Harper, laying down a cheque.

Young Harrison looked at the bill and then at the cheque.

"This cheque's for eight pound, ten. Our bill's for ten guineas. Where's the balance?"

"Mr. Adderman only owes you eight pound, ten," said Harper, "in the first place, your items don't agree with those in your price-list, and, in the second, you did not send him the wine he supposed you were sending him."

Young Harrison had not a handsome face. It was the kind of face one associates with the Old Bailey. Just now it was crimson, and wore a scowl.

"I've heard of your games," he growled, "and I can tell you you're not going to play them with me. You come into our shop and as good as accuse us of cheating! Do you see *that?*" he added, producing an enormous red fist, "well, if you're not clear of this shop in two seconds, *you'll feel it!*"

"Do you, then," asked Harper, "wish Mr. Adderman to prosecute you for fraud?"

Now it happened that J. O. Jones, whilst buying his boots, got into conversation with the bootmaker—one of the honest brigade—and heard

for the first time about Harper's calls on the tradesmen. And whilst they chatted they observed Harper entering the Harrisons' shop, which was just opposite.

"There 'e goes," cackled the bootmaker, much excited, "'e's givin' the 'Arrisons a turn. Likely 'e'll get into 'ot water with that bully of a Jim 'Arrison."

"Think so?" said J. O. "All right! I'll keep an eye on him."

So he left the bootmaker boiling over with anticipation of witnessing a fine row, and crossed the street to the wine emporium. Just as he got to the door he heard Harper's firm reply, and then there was a scuffle of feet.

Young Harrison had sprung on to the counter, and, sitting there, had clutched Harper by the coat. And Harper, nimble and wiry as he was, knew that he was helpless in that giant grasp.

Then Jones came in.

"Let go," said Jones, walking up to the counter.

"Who are *you*?" demanded Harrison.

"Do you hear?—let go," said Jones.

For reply, Harrison, steadying himself, exerted all his strength and flung Harper backwards with such velocity that the parlour-boarder spun round and fell headlong to the ground. But as Harper shot across the shop, J. O. took Harrison by the nape of the neck and pitched him off the counter on to the top of the two dozen bad port which had been got out for the old crow of an invalid lady. And every bottle broke, and the rich and fruity wine ran in all directions, and the old crow, not receiving her wine that night, became an angry old crow, and sent an order to Jesseville, and never again spent a penny on the Harrisons.

The Butcher rolled among the broken glass, using the worst language he could think of. When he got up, he found Jones laughing at him.

"I'll settle *your* hash!" the Butcher shouted, spurting round the counter, "come on!"

But J. O. contented himself with putting the Butcher back over his counter.

"Won't you fight!" roared Harrison, getting to his feet again.

"I should like to," said J. O., "but I'm playing in a match to-morrow."

And, as the Butcher did not again come round the counter, J. O., accompanied by Harper—who was not particularly hurt by his fall—walked out of the shop and back to the school—still laughing.

CHAPTER XXV.

"THAT'S FOR REMEMBRANCE."

JONES, feeling a little stiff after his afternoon's battle with the Scottish forwards, reached Ardenwood Station about nine o'clock on the following night.

He found Oliphant awaiting him on the platform. The head-monitor raised his cap.

"I hope you don't mind my coming to meet you, sir?" said the big boy, "I wanted to hear about the match."

"I suppose you know the result?" said Jones, as they walked along the platform.

"Yes; it was in the evening paper."

"I can't think how we managed to scrape home," said Jones, "but we did. Those Scotchmen are terrors, but we beat 'em. Drew got over twice for us and Gregory once. Ah!" concluded J. O., with a long breath, "*there's* a man for you! That run of his was the most beautiful thing of the kind I have ever seen!"

"And what did you do, sir?"

"My best," said J. O., cheerily, "and got pretty well battered for my pains."

But Oliphant was not to be put off, and hurled question after question at Jones, until the latter had to beg off.

"My dear fellow, get the *Sportsman* or *Telegraph* on Monday. If I did anything special, they'll have it in. All I know is that we won."

Surveying J. O.'s by no means new coat and well-worn Gladstone bag, calling to mind his ways and words during the term, and observing his present demeanour, Oliphant was impressed by the entire modesty and selflessness of this man by his side. His conscience smote him when he thought of the off-hand manner in which he and his brother-monitors had treated Jones earlier in the term. Something to this effect bubbled up in his mind when he and J. O. sat at supper together a little later, the monitor, of course, at the master's invitation.

"When you came here, sir," said Oliphant, "you must have thought we were an awful set of bounders."

Jones was filling his pipe.

"I knew what it was in my day to dislike masters," he said with a smile.

"You see, sir," continued Oliphant, as J. O., after his tough day's work, puffed most contentedly at his bull-dog, "we've always been accustomed to rag masters here——"

"And habit," put in J. O., "is second nature. I expect I did some master-ragging myself when I was a youngster."

"But not when you were a big fellow, sir?"

"Well," acknowledged Jones, "I may say that I let them alone then. But they always let me

alone. At Greyhouse I was regarded as a sort of curiosity, you see, Oliphant."

The big boy surveyed Jones curiously.

"You must have been very different to what you are now, sir," he said.

"I was a sort of unlicked bear-cub," explained Jones, "because the fellows were afraid I'd *hug* them. A bear-hug, you know, isn't pleasant. Since then, of course, I've knocked about a good deal. I was at Bart's for a year, and afterwards in Ceylon, and that sort of thing sandpapers a man. Not," he added, hastily, "that I don't want a lot of sandpapering now—but you will understand what I mean?"

"I should like to have been at a place like Greyhouse," said Oliphant, musingly.

"It *would* have been rather in your line," admitted Jones, "still, you're at Adderman's instead, and you've not done badly for yourself here—getting into the county fifteen. I suppose you'll go to one of the universities afterwards?"

"I hope to," said Oliphant, "though my folks are not too well-off."

"Scholarship," said Jones.

"Ah, if I could!" sighed Oliphant.

Jones took his pipe out of his mouth.

"You can if you like—you've got brains enough."

"Do you think so, sir?"

"Try. How much longer are you going to be here?"

"A year, I believe."

"Time enough. Plenty of work will do it."

"One can't work here," objected the school captain.

"*Can't!* Why not? You've got books and brains and time. Mr. Huntingdon will help you. Don't talk about '*can't*!'"

"If—if you were staying on here, sir," said Oliphant, hesitatingly, "I'd think about it."

Jones rose from his chair.

"I'm going to finish my pipe in the playground," he said, "come, we'll finish our talk out there, too."

And so, under the clear sky and the shining stars, in the cool freshness of the early spring night, boy and master walked round and round and chatted of many things, and of some things near to their hearts.

Well would it be if boys oftener confided in their masters, and sons in their fathers. There is many a boy who yearns to live a better life and do nobler things, but falters for lack of sympathy and helping words. Jones was not twenty-three, but he had had more experience of the world than many men much older than he, and so he had learned how to size up a man and read the real nature of him, in spite of those mannerisms and actions and speeches which would have misled a less diligent student of his fellows. He knew that there was a real man inside Huntingdon's puppyish exterior; that Atkins was a kind and well-meaning fellow whose vulgarity was but skin-deep; that little Green would develop, with a little encouragement, into a strong master. Search as he would, however, he could find no good in Samuels, a man who would besmirch another's name, cry another down behind his back, and regard the priest's dress that he wore not so much as the uniform of a holy calling as that which would procure him a larger income than he could obtain as a layman!

So, Jones, having gathered some knowledge of the world he lived in, talked simply and naturally to this careless, handsome athlete of a school captain; talked in a way that went home and took root in Oliphant's being

Jones had lived long enough to know that saints do not abide in our midst nowadays; we are all spotted, and some have more spots than others. A man should make large allowances for his fellows, and set much store by what is good in them.

"Ah!" said Oliphant, with what sounded like a sigh, "I wish you were coming back next term, sir."

"And so do I," returned Jones, "but Fate decrees otherwise. The programme I would have followed, Oliphant, I leave in your hands."

"And what can I do?" asked Oliphant doubtfully.

"Use your position and influence—both very great. I tell you, Oliphant, the well-being of a school lies almost entirely in the hands of the monitors. Greyhouse became a different place when a fellow named Wardour was elected to the captaincy. Wardour was a man who was no prig, and had his faults, but he was unflinchingly honest, and however he acted, whether wrongly or rightly, he acted for the best. He became head-monitor when the school was in a very rotten state—yes, even Greyhouse has had its bad times!—and when a man such as he was urgently needed."

Jones was silent for a time, and they paced halfway round the playground ere he spoke again.

"Wardour," he said, "was one of the few friends I had at Greyhouse. He was far above me in school, very popular, a great bat, and a good scholar. But we were friends all the same. There was a little set of us—fellows rather wondered at our being friendly, we were so different. There was Sir Billy—shall I ever forget little Billy?—the dearest little chap! He was slight and small, but he had a fine heart. We chummed up over Scott—both wanted 'The Fair Maid' out of the library on the same day. Aye, and

there was Hallam, an excellent sort, and Parsnip, a pig-headed, obstinate, cantankerous fellow, but made of the right stuff inside. He was Billy's great friend. The school wondered at that, too. But it's no good wondering why certain fellows chum up. It's some unexplainable instinct that draws them together. A fellow often seeks in a chum the qualities he does not possess himself. That accounts for heaps of life-long friendships. Parsnip was a regular young brute, always fighting, and saying disagreeable things, and getting licked, but he would have laid down his life for Billy."

And again J. O. pulled silently at his pipe for a while.

"I like to hear about these Greyhouse fellows, sir," said Oliphant, quietly.

"Well," said J. O., "they were, like the fellows in every school, just a box of mixed biscuits. Wardour pulled up the place better than any other fellow in my time. He knew his power, he used it, and the other big fellows followed his lead. That is the effect of influence. That is what you can do here, Oliphant. Don't mind if the other chaps in the Sixth laugh at you. Some of them want a thrashing badly; let them have it. A fellow who'll back you up, little as you may think it, is Baron. That is only my opinion, mind. But I think so."

"Well, sir," said Oliphant, "I will try to do as you say, and get this place straight. But it would be much easier if you were staying here, sir," he added, regretfully.

"I believe you'll succeed," said Jones, "because you talk as if you meant to. My friend Wardour had just as uphill a job to perform, and he came through. It was his grit did it."

For some little time both remained silent, busy with their thoughts.

Presently Oliphant asked: "What became of Wardour, sir?"

Jones pulled hard at his pipe once or twice.

"He died," said J. O., "he was killed in South Africa."

They were approaching the door which gave access to the playground.

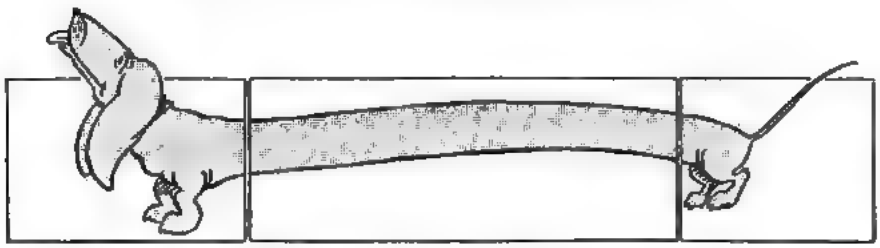
"I think," said Jones, "that we'd better be trotting off to bed now. Good-night, Oliphant."

"Good-night, sir."

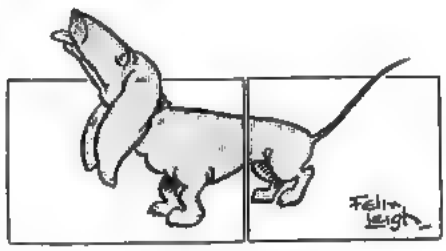
They gripped hands in the way that Englishmen do. It was not likely that they would ever have another talk like this one, for term-end was close at hand. This was the last Saturday. But they would not be likely to forget their star-lit tramp round Adderman's playground, nor would Oliphant ever forget the brave words that were said to him then by the man who had received orders to *go*.

(To be concluded.)

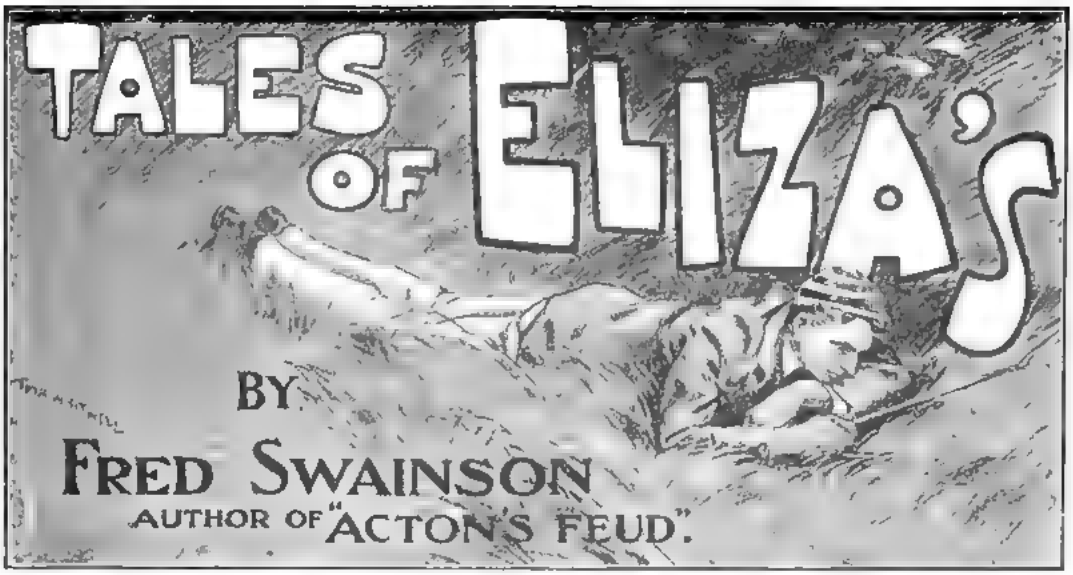
OUR OFFICE DACHSHUND.



If it wasn't for that centre section—



—he would really be an awfully neat little doggie!



No. V.—THE PAYING OF SWAIN.

I.

THE THEORY that some men are utterly, hopelessly, incurably bad—moral lepers, in fact—is one to be received with great caution.

John Drysdale, of Bultitude's house, thoroughly believes in the theory. Whether he had good and sufficient cause for his belief, this story will show. If you had known Drysdale, you would have thought him the last man in St. Elizabeth's to hold such a tenet as this. He was one who had the knack of seeing white wool in the blackest of black sheep, and of having no prejudices against any sort of fellow, who esteemed the bookman neither less nor more than the athlete, and the nondescript as good as either. His judgments on every matter were uncoloured by any prejudice, he stood aloof in his own self-detachment, and gave his verdicts to Workington—the only fellow, by the way, who ever asked for them—as matters of mere cold law. Workington rather valued his friend's opinion, too.

All this is merely another way of saying that Drysdale was no ordinary fellow. An absolute average in the schools, a fellow who never touched bat nor kicked a ball when he had passed the compulsory stage, he was a genius when he took up his pencils or mixed his colours, a dead shot when he cuddled his Lee-Metford at the eight hundred yards range, and a naturalist frenzied and unresting every day of the year.

When this story begins Drysdale was in his den at six of the clock—a rare occurrence with him. Outside, a June sun was making all things glorious, the cricket fields were alive with fellows practising at the nets, others were stringing across the meadows to the Lodden for boats or for the Pool, the latter swathed, like Arabs in their *burnous*, in their towels, and a few, a very few, were pottering about indoors. As a usual thing, Drysdale would have been tramping through the ditches, prospecting spinneys or giving a careful and experienced eye to his menagerie stabled behind a little cottage. Drysdale was supposed to pay heavy rent for the run of the cottage garden, and in any case the "corn" bill for the up-keep of his starlings, jays, magpies, hedgehogs, badger, snakes, toads and other fearful wild-fowl must have run up to a nice little round sum.

There had come to him by the morning's post a letter in a handwriting he knew very well, and a box heavy and damp, and Drysdale had been in the seventh heaven of delight ever since. Here is the letter:—

Home.
June 1st.

DEAR JACK,—

I am sending you my biggest trout. Isn't he a beauty? Four pounds, seven ounces. I got him out of the pool from which you fished me on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Jack, I had the loveliest ten minutes I've ever had in my life. He raced up and down in the black waters like a silver shuttle, and I gave up my top joint for lost. Then I coaxed him down to the little sandy spit—you know it!—and netted him in all his glory. I simply couldn't throw another line after that: could anyone? I know you

are awfully keen about this sort of thing, so if you can preserve him for me I wish you would. If you are too busy, send him to Ward's.

Ever yours sincerely,
HILDA ARLINGTON.

P.S.—I'm wrong. The jolliest ten minutes was when I heard that our picture was hung at Liverpool. I wonder what will ever beat that!

P.P.S.—I got him with the bracken fly. Is that fair?

Drysdale had opened the box, and there, stretched on the wet moss in all his spotted beauty, was a clean-run trout, deep-bellied like a jack, as all big trout are. The naturalist eyed the dead king, whose mouth was dolorously half-opened and eyes a-goggle, with delight. He heaped up more wet moss around him, shut the box and said, "I'm going to have a glorious day. This is my affair: not Rowland's."

Drysdale cleared his table after dinner, got out his knives and scissors, his tow and his putty, and commenced work. This embalming of a dead trout was Elysium to him, and the hours slipped away as they will when one's lines are cast in pleasant places. And yet getting the skin off a fish or the fish out of his skin is not the easiest of work. But Drysdale was at home in these grisly *post-mortems*, and soon the trout was a mere empty shell. When finally he had done all that could be done that day, he heaped up more wet moss around the skin, wiped his knives like a careful workman, and stowed away his board, the trout, the scissors, and the *lubrica certa*.

"Think I'll go and order those books," he said as he washed slowly and luxuriously, "and then I'll write Hilda. Jove! Spurling's little bill will make a pretty hole in my cash. The 'moor fowl' books with the Millais plates will account for thirty, and the others will run up to as much. Anyhow, I've got to have them, so it's no good grumbling." He got into his coat, unlocked his cash-box, and put a little pile of gold on the mantelpiece. As he locked up the box a knock sounded on the door. "That's Workington. *Come in!*"

Instead of Workington, there entered a fellow of Worsfold's house, Swain. Drysdale barely knew him. Had Workington ever told Drysdale of his sorrows, when he was drafted into Worsfold's to get a slack, lounging house into decency's path, he would have had to mention James Swain. Swain was the fine flower of a spoilt, idle, vicious, money-soaked life. A look at the fellow would have put most on their guard against him: his heavy, fleshy jaws almost hung pendulous, his mouth had the set, sly sneer lurking at the corners, his eyes were furtive and fleering, and too close together for the healthy outlook, and his skin had the bilious, jaundiced tint which suggested high living and low thinking. Now, I know a fellow can't help his looks, and I know that many fellows are not what they seem, but if there was anything in Swain's appearance which suggested unpleasant things, Swain in his deeds realised it to the full. No one knew of anything inside school or outside standing to his credit, but no one knew, except, perhaps, Workington, how big a cad he was.

"Hullo, Swain," said Drysdale, staring at his visitor. "What's the row? Take that chair. You look hipped."

Swain dropped into the chair Drysdale pushed towards him, and looked at the naturalist with mouth half-opened, though he said nothing. He looked fearfully ill. Horace speaks somewhere of the violet colour of his Romans in the cold weather, and Swain's unhealthy yellow had shifted to that strange tint. Not only did he look ill, but he looked scared, as though some one had been hunting him. He glanced round Drysdale's den with eyes that hardly took in anything he saw, and yet, bar none, Drysdale's four walls were the strangest in Eliza's. Pictures and drawings that made you gasp.

Swain said finally, "Drysdale, I'm in a fearful hole."

"Jove!" said the naturalist, cheerfully, though not unkindly, "so was a badger I spotted last week. But I got him out. Lusty beggar, too."

Swain glanced distractedly at a stoat, grinning with all its needle teeth, in front of him. Drysdale caught the glance, and said, with a smile: "No, that's not the beauty. He's alive and kicking still. Introduce you when you're out of your hole. What's it all about?"

"Money," said Swain in a gasp. "I want money, or . . . . ."

"That's a common disease," said Drysdale. "I'm not very flush myself. How much is it?"

"Five," said Swain despairingly.

"Five! In that case you'd better speak out. By the way, why do you come to me?"

Swain had come to Drysdale because he had heard vaguely that Drysdale had loads of money—which was untrue—and that he had in his time helped other fellows out of holes—which was very true.

"There's no one in Eliza's can lend it me," moaned Swain. "I've been begging since breakfast. You're my last hope."

"I think you'd better speak out," said

THE NATURALIST UNLOCKED HIS CASH-BOX.

Drysdale, gravely enough. "Take your time."

Swain boggled a minute or two before he could say quite what he had come to say. Then it all came out with a rush. "That cad Workington . . . . ."

"Workington's my friend," said Drysdale sharply; "he is no cad."

"Sorry, Drysdale, but he's served me a dog's trick. He's rounded on Peel because he found Hart, Bayliss, Emery and me having a little cards there on a beastly wet afternoon, and he goes instanter to Carver, and peaches."

"Don't believe it," said Drysdale confidently.

"Well, next day Peel gets put out of bounds for ever and a day, which is just as good as throwing him into the streets. So he's going to clear out. It's plain to anyone that Workington did split on us," said Swain, bitter fury and hatred swamping for the moment his deadly fear.

"He'd clear you out, of course," said Drysdale, with a plain look of disgust in his face, "but all the same he wouldn't split on you. Workington manages his little affairs himself, and doesn't believe in Carver attending to every dirty little puddle. I know him. But I can't see what you've got to be scared about, man."

"Well, Peel's got to cut from the town."

"Good biz," said Drysdale laconically. "He's an unsavoury bird. Still . . . ."

"And he's going to round on me unless I clear up on the nail what I owe him."

"For the oranges?" asked Drysdale coolly.

(Peel was a fruiterer.) "Five seems rather steep for them."

Swain, under the scrutiny of the grave, unflinching eyes of Drysdale, had not pluck enough to lie. Fear had robbed him of his chief characteristic, and he stumbled through a neat little catalogue of illegalities, in which betting seemed the mildest. And he wound up his farrago in a whine. "The brute means it, and Carver would boot me out of the place if . . ."

"Rather!" said Drysdale, "and don't you jolly well deserve it. Emery and Bayliss are kids almost. Pity to drag them into your orangeman's back parlour!"

Swain went on in his rush: "My people are abroad. I haven't a stiver, and I haven't a friend in this forsaken hole. And to-morrow Peel will split, as surely as he does not get his money. I know the animal. Then Carver will hold a drumhead court-martial, and I shall be fired out."

"I should say that would be the programme."

Swain, in the last words of Drysdale, saw his final hope go by as a sinking ship might see the trail of a steamer's smoke on the horizon: a faint hope dissipated into despair. He had not even the courage of despair. He doubled up in Drysdale's chair and wept some salt, salt tears.

Drysdale got up and looked out of the window. A senior Elizabethan ought to be above tears. The naturalist, as he looked at the figure in the chair, was reminded irresistibly of Chubb in the old days. At last he turned round and said: "Look here, Swain. Just dam that water for a minute. I'm going to help you . . ."

Swain rolled out of his chair and poured out his thanks in torrents. He looked meaner and more pitiful than ever.

"Shut up," said Drysdale, hastily, "I'm going to help you—on conditions. I'm entitled to them, I think. You're to draw a line through all your rotten affairs at once, and behave moderately decently. I can see what a pretty row old Workington had to hoe, when he took Worsfold's in hand. Hear? You're to 'quit all your choice *etcetera*."

Swain strung out a thread of frenzied "I'll never's," whilst the naturalist unlocked his cash-box. He took out his last remaining coins, and added them to the little pile on the mantelpiece. "Look here, Swain, you're taking almost my last shilling. Three of these were for some books that I badly wanted, and I shall have to forego them. This seems priggish, but I don't mean it that way, only, if you do get any cash this term, you might remember. The Millais is limited, hang it."

Swain held the sovereigns in his hand, as a drowning man would clutch a spar, and Drysdale, now that he had swallowed the loss of his beloved books, cut across the thanks hastily. "Funny thing, Swain, I never was in a hole for want of money yet, except once, and that was when I wanted to buy Jefferies' works. I'd read one and couldn't rest until I'd got the lot. Then I sold my watch—three quid." Drysdale pointed lovingly to some damaged volumes on his shelves, whilst Swain looked at him in pretty much the same way as Drysdale would have looked at some animal he'd never seen before. The fellow in his heart believed that Drysdale was an idiot. Then, with the sly, satisfied leer beginning to settle on his yellow face once more, he opened the door delicately, and slid off.

Drysdale looked abstractedly into his empty cash-box for a minute or two, and then shrugged his shoulders. He had no conviction that he had done a wise thing. He straightway dismissed Swain from his mind, and wrote to Hilda.

II.

NOTHING happened in Drysdale's beloved woods, spinneys, ditches, hedges and fields but what he knew. He had the eye of the Indian, which misses nothing and misreads nothing, and Workington has put it on record that a field-day with Drysdale out in the open was a liberal education in the art of taking note. He knew the innermost meaning of the fall of a green leaf, why the blackbirds at the corner of the spinney were always scolding, and the reason for the hurried threading of a hare through the long grass at midday. When a pair of sparrow-hawks built a nest on the foundations of an old carrion-crow's in the giant Scotch fir and began their long, sweeping, scythe-like curves in the summer sky, he prophesied the birds that would forsake the neighbourhood. It happened so, even to the magpies who forsook their half-hatched eggs. He knew where the otters lurked under the willow roots, when no one dreamed there were any in the Lodden: but Drysdale could read a meaning into the frequent dead trout on the banks and into the business-like bites behind the head. Otters are epicures in their way. And Drysdale was the man to doubt strongly that shrikes ever hang up bees and beetles in the thorns, because he'd never found a larder himself. The half-hearted

naturalist, seeing this in print, would implicitly believe it. Drysdale may one day.

Now that Ricketts had gone, the "Angler's Arms" was a rather decent little hostelry, and Drysdale had full permission to beat in and out of the spinney, which hid it from the towing path, to his heart's content. At the corner of the little wood, just where it ran down to the towing path, a few trees had been felled and carted away, and in the cleared space there had been tipped a few carts of sand, and a few rough-dressed stones for some minor building operations which had never been commenced. This was at the angle of the spinney. Shutting in the wood from the towing path on one side, and from the meadows on the other, was a tall hedge, now dense with its June luxuriance of leafage, and with the rank grass springing up at its feet. At the point where the hedge commenced to run at right angles was a gate, which swung backwards by its own weight, and prevented cattle from straying out of the meadows on to the towing path.

Drysdale was truly extraordinary. That little heap of sand beaten rather flat by wind and rain had suggested something to him, and, every hot day, for a week past, he had made a point of stealing up to it carefully and noiselessly as though he expected to find something there, if he could arrive very quietly. And one day his careful stalk had its reward. As he lifted his head out of the rank grass at the edge of the spinney he saw something whicker off the sand into the thick herbage with a speed of an arrow—a black arrow.

"Thought so," said Drysdale, with a sigh of satisfaction, "Mrs. Viper sunning herself when the sands are nicely warmed for her. She's shy and sly, of course, but I can wait her pleasure next fine day—with a stick. I know the dodge."

Thus it was that a week after Swain's visit Drysdale lay stretched full length in the long, lush, June grass, his chin resting lightly on his arm; in his right hand he clutched a short, forked hazel stick. He lay within a yard of the little patch of sand, at the corner of the spinney, which was just clear of the shadow of the trees, and caught the full flood of a burning sun. The heat wave vibrated above the patch, and Drysdale felt more than a little of the reflected warmth on his face. He was morbidly anxious to keep the sand well in view, and as anxious to keep himself out of sight. His curls barely topped the grass. For half-an-hour he had not moved a muscle, and his eyes were kept rigidly on the sunny patch. When you want to catch, alive, the British viper, you must take all the precautions and give away no points in the game.

Drysdale's visitor was taking her time. She seemed in no great hurry for her bath of sunshine, but the naturalist did not mind. When he was on the war-path he had the invincible patience of the Indian lurking in the thicket. And, somehow, Drysdale and his patience seemed to get everything all in good time. As he lay there, his eyes aching from the glare of the sun, he heard the gate behind him swing back as people passed up and down the towing path, and the splash of the sculls in the water told him that Elizabethan juniors were disporting themselves on the Lodden's breast in the usual manner. He could hear the voices of those who passed by on the other side of the hedge, and, as they eased up at the gates, he heard little snatches of conversation. "Elizabethans *don't* use their tongues to conceal thought, anyhow."

The occasional flat jar of the swinging gate moderately annoyed Drysdale. "Lucky hearing isn't my lady's strong point, or else she'd never lie up in this row.

> 'If his ear were as quick as his eye,
> No man should pass him by,'"

quoted the naturalist, to satisfy himself. "That last smash must have set each and every one of her bones on edge if she's within half a mile of here. No, it hasn't; she's here!"

A faint, almost imperceptible shiver in the grasses opposite had arrested Drysdale's eyes. The quiver wavered and ceased, and, from the point where it had ended, Drysdale saw the head of a snake move, slowly and deliberately, yet cautiously, out of the grass. He could see those black, unwinking eyes which look out upon the world as no other eyes look, and which nothing moving can escape. Drysdale stiffened as rigid as his rod: he did not move as much as an eyelid. The snake came forward into the sunshine about half its length, and then remained absolutely motionless. She seemed as though she listened. Had Drysdale moved the fraction of an inch at that moment the waiting creature would have flickered into the grass as a whip-thong through the air.

Drysdale had seen the cautious out-thrust of the head with a species of surprise: the head was not the head of a viper, the marking was not the marking of the grass snake. He stared at the motionless reptile in fascination, wonder and doubt, but when finally he could distinctly see the black spots on the

grey skin he could have cried aloud with joy, with delight. "The *coronella*, by all that's wonderful."

The snake, motionless as a dead stick, was the coronella: the smooth snake, the rarest of the British three. "Rare, oh! rare," murmured Drysdale, in ecstasy. "I thought Brusher Mills,* in the New Forest, was the only man who ever saw them, and he only every year or so." Drysdale flushed with sheer heart-dissolving joy. This was the luck which came to a man once in a lifetime.

The snake still remained motionless. It seemed for an age to the Elizabethan. Then—and Drysdale began to sweat with fear—he heard voices coming through from the meadows towards the gate. Drysdale heard every word. The speakers came to the gate and Drysdale's heart nearly stopped beating as he listened for the crash of the gate. If it did crash the tremble of the earth would send the coronella off like a streak. Drysdale gave it up for lost.

The crash did not come. Instead, an angry voice ripped through the warm air as though it were tearing silk, and Drysdale wondered, even in his anxiety, where he had heard that voice before. Somewhere, certainly, and recently.

"I'm not going one step further. Are you going to get me the money? No or yes?"

A hand, palpably trembling with passion, had seized the bar of the gate and shaken it savagely. The slight jar reached the snake, and it pulled back its head warily. The Elizabethan could still see it like a dead stick in the grass. He dare not stir, but Drysdale would, at that strained moment, have dearly liked to drop the speaker into the Lodden. The conversation still went on, and Drysdale had perforce to listen to it.

"I tell you, Swain, I've done my best. I only came out of hospital this morning, and I can't raise the coin. I'm played out."

"Played out, you snivelling puppy! that's always your infernal whine!" said the gentle Swain

"I can't do more. I'll pay you back, next term, every penny I owe you. 'Pon honour, I will."

"I can't wait till then," said the other in a fury, "I'm on the expelled list myself, as near as a toucher. With being in your blessed hospital you're behind affairs. Workington's put the beaks on Peel's tracks, and he's got to clear out. No more little diversions for you or me or anybody else at the orangeman's in the future. But now I've got to pay for the old fun. I owe Peel a cool fiver——"

"What a gorgeous liar!" thought Drysdale.

"—— and he's going to get it, or show me up."

"Show you up!"

"Don't echo me like a gaping jackdaw," said Swain, relapsing into fury. "D'you think Peel 'll listen to any cock-and-bull story, paying 'pon-honour-style, that I can pitch him? No fear. He won't expect me bleating."

"Oh! you utter beauty," thought Drysdale. "Peel's cut."

"What can I do?"

There was an interval of silence, and Drysdale wondered what was coming next. The Elizabethan was singularly free from curiosity in what did not concern him, but he thought he'd like to know who the wretch was that had fallen into Swain's clutches. "I'll find out all in good time," he thought. He could barely restrain himself from throwing away the chance of a lifetime—the coronella—by beating Swain's face into a jelly on the spot. This furious, lying, hounding Shylock was the same fellow who had come softly and fawningly to him a week ago, and had gone away laden with loot.

The voice of Swain cut into the silence, a voice of anger, sneers, and contempt. "Well, you can do what you like, but this is my programme. If you don't hand over to me tomorrow, before last school, when the crash comes you'll be booted out of Eliza's with me."

"He *can* tell 'em!" murmured Drysdale.

There came a moan. "I can't do anything. Home is impossible. Pater would be down here in a streak, and—well, it's not to be thought of. Dorothy sent me her last sovereign for that bet with you a month ago. There is no one . . ."

"There's your watch," said James Swain, "sell that."

Drysdale heard a gasp from over the hedge.

"Dorothy gave it me. I can't—I can't sell that!"

There was another long pause, and finally the voice said, "I will sell it. But, oh, you brute, I wish I'd never seen your face."

"Don't lug my face into the matter," said Swain, complacently, "but let me have the money. Going? Well, I'm off, too. Goodbye."

Drysdale breathed more freely when he heard the pair move off: he could not have stood much more. Disgust simply choked him as he lay mechanically watching the

* A famous snake hunter.

snake, but with mind remote from thoughts of coronellas. "Never mind," he said to himself at last. "Him later, her now. . . if she'll come out."

The absolute lack of movement reassured the snake, and once more the head was thrust out cautiously, and she moved slowly and luxuriously into the warm sand. Then she curled herself up precisely like a dog after its preliminary circuit, and lay, a little blackish pool, on the hot yellow sand. Drysdale waited for five minutes until the warmth had made her sluggish, then, stiffening his limbs for a spring, he launched himself upon her. The snake was off like a whip-lash at the first movement, but before she could reach the harbourage of the grass the stick had pinned her down in the soft sand. Next instant the Elizabethan had her by the neck in his hand. "Brusher himself couldn't have done it neater," said Drysdale, gurgling with delight, as he held the squirming reptile at arm's length and examined her as a miser might pearls of great price. "Coronella, every spot of her, and yet we're a hundred miles from Hampshire. I'll drop a little note to *The Field*. She's calling me all the names she can lay her double tongue to, and she smells like—like a pole-cat. Worse," said he, as the full flavour reached him—it was indeed a stench to break windows—"but I know those little games, old lady. You're coming along o' me for all your family failings. I won't be happy till you're one side of a cage and I the other."

Drysdale, happy as a sand-boy with sixpence, cut out of the spinney and swung schoolwards; he forgot Swain and the other, and his sickening disgust, in the present joy of the writhing, malodorous reptile in his hand. It was only when Mrs. Coronella was exploring her glass cage in the menagerie, and Drysdale had closed his own door behind him, that he decided what to do.

After tea he went in search of Swain. He tried Worsfold's, but drew blank, and when he went to Workington's den the owner's voice expressed the surprise he felt. "Swain? No, I couldn't say where he is. He'd hardly keep me posted in his movements."

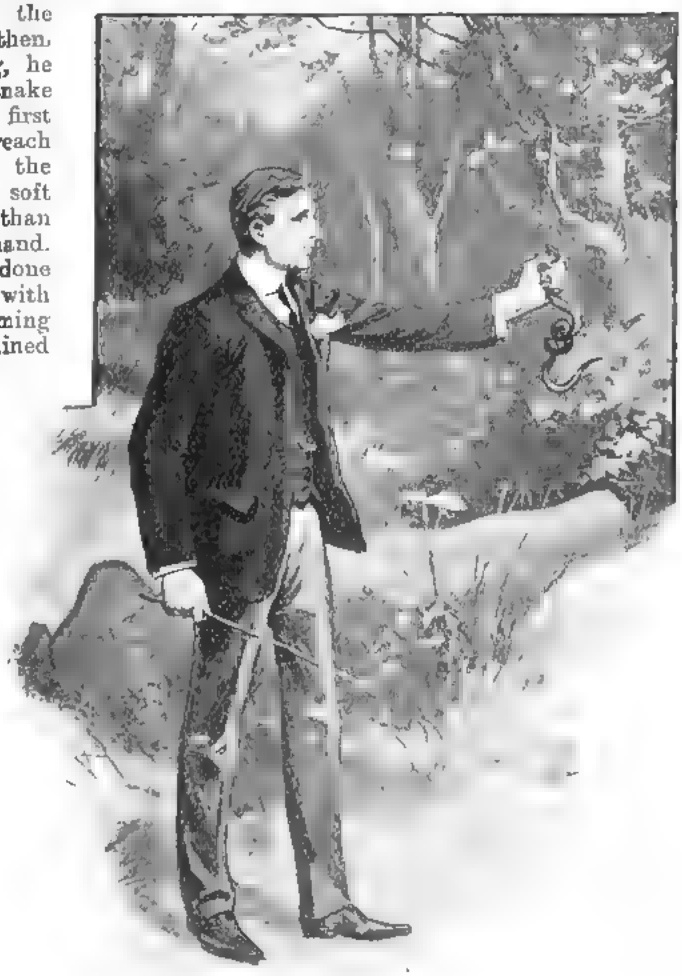
"Think he's in Peel's," said Drysdale, with a steely smile.

Worsfold's autocrat looked up quickly. "No, I shouldn't say he's there. If you want him very much—and now—I'd try Hart. Anything wrong?"

"More or less. I'd like to see him to-night."

"I rather fancy you would, by the look of you," said Workington with grim satisfaction as he looked at his friend's mouth. "Whatever it is, hit hard."

"Any of your tribe been in hospital lately?"



"BRUSHER HIMSELF COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT NEATER."

"Young Emery," said Workington, after a pause. "Just saw him an hour ago. Looked as though he'd come out too soon into the bargain. Emery's mixed up in Swain's biz, Dry, for a level penny," added Workington keenly.

"I think so," said Drysdale. "Anyhow, will you send the youngster to my room and tell him to wait. You'd oblige me awfully if you would. I'll post you in the whys and wherefores after."

"I'll send him. And be sure you hit hard," he added grimly.

Drysdale roused Hart in his scented lair—the gentleman was inserting jam-tart jewelled studs in his shirt front—and Hart advised him to try the towing path. "That's Jim's lounge, usually." Then, seeing that Drysdale seemed unusually glad to hear his news, he said, affably: "Try one of Jim's weeds. R-r-ripping."

"Thanks," said Drysdale, laughing as he ran off.

Up the towing path sped Drysdale, and, as fate would have it, he ran his quarry to earth at the place where a few hours ago Swain had kept a lad on torture-hooks. Swain was luxuriously smoking a weed, which, when he spied Drysdale, he deftly whipped into the grass with a dexterity born of long practice, and swore softly under his breath. He beamed on the Elizabethan, however, and looked unfeignedly glad to see Drysdale—as glad almost as Drysdale was to see him. "Hullo! old man," he sang out genially, "anywhere in particular?"

"Rather," said Drysdale. "This is the very spot. Jove! you are the unpainted beauty, without any error. What were you doing here with young Emery this afternoon?"

Swain paled, but he looked mystified. "Er—r—r, what do you mean?"

"Hop up on that gate, and you'll see. Whilst you were talking nicely to the kid, I was there."

Drysdale pointed to the trough he had made in the grass as he lay watching his snake, and, by the deadly pallor of his companion, he saw the shot had gone home. "Hop down, now, and get out of your coat. I want to see if you've got anything honest in you—blood, for instance."

"I'm not fighting," said Swain.

"Oh, yes, you are!"

Drysdale slipped off his own coat, and rolled up his sleeves, his eyes speaking the kind of language that changed Swain's liver to water. His knees quaked, and he backed away in terror. "I apologise. I . . . ."

Drysdale's flat hand caught him a stinger on the cheek. The pain changed his terror to hate. A rat will fight when he is in a corner, a mongrel will snarl if you tread on his tail, and we know the worm turns on the heel that crushes it. Now, Swain was meaner

"SOLD YOUR WATCH—DOROTHY'S—YET?"

than rat, mongrel, or worm, but that stinger stung him to action. Hate supplied the place of pluck, and he rushed headlong on Drysdale, who dropped him with a terrific stop in the mouth. Swain bled fluently in the grass. He had had enough. Drysdale tore the coat from off his back, and made him stand up. For five minutes he thrashed the brute. He left him then, on his stomach, face among the flowers, gurgling like a beaten hound. Drysdale then got into his own coat and stalked to Eliza's, nose in air and eyes gleaming with satisfaction.

In his den he found a pale-faced youth waiting for him. "You wanted me, Drysdale, so Workington said?"

"Yes. Sold your watch—Dorothy's—yet?"

Emery clapped his hands to his waistcoat pocket as though he had been stung.

"No—o. Not yet, Drysdale"

"Then don't. You hear? You've not to sell it. Go to Swain's room, just before 'lights out,' and tell him. Say I said so. He'll know."

"But . . ." stammered Emery.

"There's no but about it. Now, you've got to dry up all your tomfoolery in future, young squire, or you'll end as Swain has ended. When you see him you'll understand exactly what that means. You're to be as decent a youngster as you jolly well can. Tell Bayliss, too. I'm going to talk to Workington about you both. But, you understand, you don't owe Swain one penny. I've paid him for you. Are you going to go decently?"

Emery said solemnly enough, "I'll try to, honour bright."

"Then cut."

Drysdale washed his hands very carefully.

Emery went to Swain's room just before "lights out." When he saw his old bully's face, astonishment made him nearly forget what he had come to say. However, he repeated Drysdale's words as though they were the charm abracadabra.

"*I'm not going to sell my watch, Swain. Drysdale's paid you.*"

What Swain said is certainly not worth printing.

OUR LIBRARY CORNER.

We have received copies of the following:

FICTION

My Strangest Case. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

Doctor Therne, Anti-Vaccinist. By H. Rider Haggard. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Red Shoes. Fairy Tales. 1d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

At Sunwich Port. By W. W. Jacobs. With sixteen illustrations. 6s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

A Modern Mercenary. By K. and Hesketh Prichard. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Petronilla, and other stories of early Christian times. By S. N. Sedgewick. 3s. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

Bachelorland. The Story of a Foundling. By R. S. Warren Bell. 6d. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Great Awakening. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. 6s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

More Tales of the Stumps. By Horace Bleackley. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

MISCELLANEOUS

Small Dynamos and Motors: How to Make, Test, and Repair Them. By F. E. Powell. 6d. net. (Dawbarn and Ward, Ltd.)

The Great Public Schools : Westminster. By Reginald Airy, B.A. 3s. 6d. net. (George Bell and Sons.)

From Cradle to Crown. The Life of King Edward VII. In 20 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas. In 26 parts. 6d. fortnightly. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Animal Life. By B. Lindsay. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

The Story of Lost England. By Beckles Willson. 1s. (George Newnes, Ltd.)

"The Summer Playground." By C. Spencer Hayward. (Young England Library. Edited by G. A. B. Dewar.) 6s. (Geo. Allen.)

From Slave to College President. Being the life story of Booker Washington. By G. Holden Pike. 1s. 6d. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

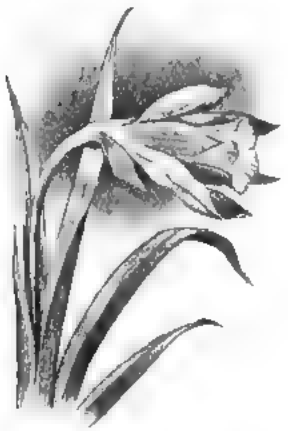
London in Shadow. By Bart Kennedy. 3s. 6d. (Treherne and Co.)

STORIES OF FLOWERS.

Told by Themselves.

THE DAFFODIL.

How dark it was! The soft moist earth pressed all around me as I lay waiting—waiting for what I knew not. Ages seemed to pass away in that secure darkness. One day I felt a change. It seemed as though some genial influence strove to draw me up, and in my terror I resisted, and sent down deep into the earth a little white root. I was growing.



My resistance availed but little, however; for one day the darkness faded away, and light, glorious sunlight, fell upon me, drawing me up above the earth into the air. The little root I had sent forth still remained in the ground, and by its aid I was able to stand upright, and look about me.

Near me were several green plants, beautiful, although they only consisted of pale green spear-like leaves. A dim consciousness told me that these were my brothers and sisters, and I greeted them affectionately.

My home was a plot of ground beside a house, and was guarded by a low hedge. Other flowers bloomed there, but I could only look at them; and they were very beautiful.

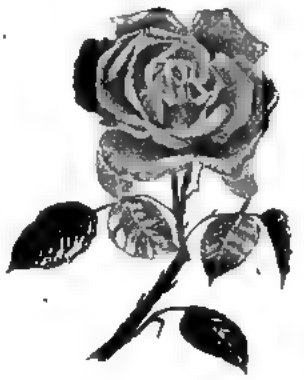
The bright sun shone overhead, and sent its glowing beams to caress us. I felt a strange yearning to rise up and reach the golden orb; but I could only do that by growing—and I grew. My slender leaves became more numerous, and one happy day a little bud lifted its fragile head from their midst, they proudly standing up around it to shield it from harm.

My single bud grew fairer and fairer, and pale yellow streaks began to show through the green. At last it threw off its soft robe, and stood revealed in all its beauty. A pink rose bent over the hedge, and murmured, "Oh, lovely flower," and the passing breeze gently fanned my silken petals. A violet from the other side of the hedge breathed sweet fragrance to my glorious blossom, and I was happy. Lifting my yellow head, I looked up, and saw the sun. "Oh, that I were as bright and beautiful!" I cried, and then drooped, murmuring, "I am only an insignificant daffodil." My green leaves bowed low in sorrow at my presumptuous discontent, and the gentle breeze sighed, "Only a daffodil—only a daffodil."

WINIFRED LYNCH.

THE ROSE.

I am one of a family of red roses! So far, my life has been one round of sweet and unalloyed enjoyment, but, alas! though still in the prime of life, my days, I am afraid, are already numbered.



Only yesterday, the lady who owns the garden in which I live, while showing a friend my family tree, took my head in her hand, and remarked, "What a sweet rose this is. I will cut it to-morrow for the drawing-room."

They say "the good die young"; how true this will prove in my case is yet to be seen!

The first thing that I can remember doing in my life was wondering who I was, where I was, and why I was there. I knew one thing—that I felt very comfortable.

As day after day passed, and the weather grew more genial, I became gradually stronger, and more accustomed to my life. My outer leaves began to open; slowly and timidly at first, as if afraid of what they might reveal to my searching gaze; but as

the sun's rays grew warmer, I waxed more bold, and before long was a lovely rose-bud. Every day I increased in size and beauty! My brothers and sisters often said that I was the most beautiful rose upon the tree, and, to tell the truth, I half believed them.

How sweet life was! All around me the lovely flowers smiled and nodded in the sunshine. Every colour was represented there. The lawn, which lay in the middle of the garden, was a sea of white and green. How I loved to gaze upon the little daisies, so charming in their sweet simplicity!

Sometimes the sunshine would give way to a gentle shower of rain, which put new life into my thirsty leaves. All this time I was growing larger and stronger, until to-day I am a fully-blown rose. I would be supremely happy save for the lady's awful words of yesterday. How they haunt me no one can ever know. "Will she carry out her threat?" This is the sentence which runs ever in my mind!

Hark! A footstep on the walk! Oh! cruel fate, she is coming! In her hand she carries a pruning knife. She bends over me, the blade descends, and I am no more.

W. H. Thomson.

THE LARKSPUR.

I am a pale blue larkspur, and, though I am tall, I am not very old, so I cannot remember a great deal, but will tell you all I can. I remember when I first saw the world I was dazzled by the colours of the flowers round me. Of course, I look down on most of them, because I am so tall, and for this reason people think I am proud, but I am not. People admire me very much; I think it is partly because there are not very many of us delphiniums, and partly because blue flowers always seem to attract people. We do not get as much attention as our relations who live in greenhouses, but we do not need it, for we are far stronger than they. I can remember one or two very dry summers, when I have felt dreadfully weak for want of water, but a shower of rain has always come before I became quite exhausted. I have a good many relations; I daresay you will be surprised to hear that I am related to Buttercup, Wild Clematis, and Peony, for we are not much alike. Well! I have not told you much about my life yet, but there is really not a great deal to tell. I live so peacefully, waking up morning after morning to find the dew cooling me, and the sun shining upon me. My home is a garden, almost filled with flowers in summer, from which we can see a cool and shady wooded hill, across green fields. One of us was taken away into the house one day, and we never saw her again until she was carried out almost dead with exhaustion. It seemed very sad, but she had given pleasure to many people and so her life had not been useless. Some people seem to really love us for ourselves, and sometimes little children come and kiss us, if they can reach, and we like that. So I suppose we shall go on living this quiet, happy life until we die of old age, and are carried away to make room for the young people.

Dorothy Hewett.

THE SWEET PEA.

I am a delicate flower, called a Sweet Pea, and, as you take so much interest in me, I will tell you the story of my life. At first, I was covered up in the garden with several of my companions by a big creature called a "gardener." I stayed buried under the ground for nearly two weeks. Then it rained, and the kind sun shone warmly on the earth, and rescued me. I was the first to escape, and grew fast. As I grew, the gardener came and gave me some sticks to climb up, and so I was caged up again. Then the sun and rain came to my assistance for the second time. As I got stronger I fought for my liberty, and grew so tall that I reached the top of the sticks. I could grow no taller, and had to resort to the hairs which wound

round the sticks for my support. I developed some lovely green leaves, and was in perfect health. As my mistress took great interest in me, visiting me every day, I took it into my mind, now I was in the prime of my life, to beautify myself with lovely pink flowers. I produced buds in great profusion, every one finer and bigger than that before. On the day I turned out my first flower, I saw my mistress coming, and beautified myself. On seeing my splendour, she almost ran to her husband, and said to him that the finest Sweet Pea she had ever seen was in flower. I felt flattered, as you may imagine, but still more so as I was the only plant whose flowers weren't to be picked. I continued flowering, and everyone who saw me was astounded at my size and colour. At last, autumn drew on, and my strength waned, but they harvested my seeds, which would grow larger and be more admired than I was. Then I died, and the gardener burnt me. But I hope you have been convinced of my one-time splendour by my biography.

A. Percy Whitehead.

THE HYACINTH.

My earliest recollections date from a time when, with a number of my friends, I was exposed for sale in a shop window. My personal appearance was not exactly attractive, for I was then what is called a "bulb," and an exceptionally large one.

One morning a lady and a small boy stopped in front of the shop. He was a jolly little chap, with blue eyes and fair, curly hair.

"Here we are!" he cried, exultantly. "Oh, look, mother! I must have that lovely big one." And he pointed to me.

"Very well, dear. We will take six of these bulbs, please"—to the shopman—"and my little boy particularly wants that large one."

So I and five of my companions were duly consigned to the care of the child, who carried us off in great glee.

I was planted in a large pot, covered with rich, damp mould, and left in solitude. A few days later I felt something move above my head, a little hand suddenly lifted me out into the daylight, and a disappointed voice exclaimed:

"Why, it hasn't even *begun* to grow!"

Then I was unceremoniously hustled back to my hiding-place, and covered up once more. After that I was left in peace, and by degrees began to push my way upwards. One never-to-be-forgotten day I, raised my head above the earth, and looked about me. Where was I? All around were earthenware pots similar to my own—some to all appearance empty, others with a tiny green shoot peeping out.

Before I had time to examine my surroundings more closely, in rushed my little master.

"Ah! the big one at last!" he exclaimed, delightedly, and, taking me in his arms, he whispered:

"You must come with me, and help make dear mother better."

Whereupon, I was carried to the sick-room, and placed on a table near the invalid's bed.

Day by day, as I grew taller and more lovely, she became weaker and more fragile-looking; and when at length the end came, I stood, a tall, purple hyacinth in full bloom, beside the death-bed. As the last breath was drawn, the sun shone out in dazzling radiance, lighting up my petals with splendour unspeakable.

A few days later I was reverently plucked by my little master, and placed between the dead woman's fingers.

My work was done.

Dorothy Owen.

COASTING: ITS PLEASURES AND PITFALLS.

TO such as are anxious to know all that there is to be known of "the joys of the open road," a word may be in season as to the matter of descending hills. I suggested long ago, when I was speaking on the subject of hill climbing, that I might at some time or other have a word to say about the best way of going downhill. The time has now come. One may travel indefinitely "by broad high road and narrow winding lane" and yet know little or nothing of the delights of mountain work. There are writers upon cycling topics who aver that all the finest things that there are to be seen must be sought for in mountainous countries. This I think an exaggeration, but I am quite in accord with the main idea which prompts the assertion. You cannot see the finest things that this delightful England of ours has in store, or, indeed, the finest things which the landscape of other countries holds locked up as its most beautiful treasures, unless you are prepared to face a bit of rough work up hill and down dale in the act of searching for them.

CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

It seems so simple and obvious a thing to say—and yet it is so true and so important that it ought to be said—that every foot you climb implies a foot of prospective descent. You are in doubt as to whether to tackle a mountain ride. An hour or two of persistent and determined ascent seems so big a deterrent as to decide you against the project. But if you should adopt the other course, and determine to undertake the climb, you will not only have the exhilaration of air breathed at high altitudes, but you will also have earned the privilege of using the stored-up energy with which the labour of climbing has endowed you, and with it you will be enabled to enjoy a glorious "coast" in reaching once more your old original level. It is worth all the labour, even if that labour takes the form of pushing up acclivities so stiff that you decide that they must be classed as unridable. All that pushing, provided it be on fairly decent roads in a mountainous country, may count as so much energy stored up and capable of being utilised to produce the unequalled pleasure of a glorious downrush later on.

GOOD BRAKES ESSENTIAL

I have dealt with the art of hill climbing, and will not again dwell upon it here. But remember that it is an art, and that only those who adhere to the principles laid down in a former article are at all likely to enjoy it, or to benefit by the resultant privileges which the gaining of the high ground gives. It is necessary to set out fit and well, and with lungs and limbs well schooled to the business of hill climbing, if all the joys and benefits of coasting are to be fully realised. From the mechanical point of view there are other necessities which must on no account be overlooked. In my article on brakes I set forth the attributes which ought to characterise the perfect brake. That instrument is not as yet forthcoming, but there are several very splendid attempts which closely approximate the ideal. Of brakes it is essential to have at least one which is highly efficient, and should the bicycle be provided with any free-wheel device it is imperative, as I said when dealing with recent free-wheel

devices, that there should be two good brakes in working order. The reason for this is, of course, that with a free-wheel you cannot back-pedal in the ordinary sense, and it is therefore advisable to have a second means of checking any tendency of the machine to run away—in short, it is advisable to have another brake. Let us assume that the tourist has had the pluck to select a mountainous country, and has had the foresight to provide himself with the brake-work necessary wherewith to tackle it successfully. He has, then, gained the exhilarating heights which he desired, and is properly equipped for the full enjoyment of the delights that are to follow.

WHEN NOT TO "FLY" A HILL.

The very thought of going downhill suggests speeds that are higher than those coming within everyday experience. All the same, I would caution all readers of THE CAPTAIN against supposing that high speed can ever be the be-all and end-all of the delights of coasting. There are places where it would be foolish to "skoot" down, however favourable the conditions. I have in mind the slope locally known as Otley Chevin. I had toiled upwards and north-westwards from Leeds, going on the way to Ilkley. When the descent presented itself it seemed more than possible that a speed of twenty miles an hour, or thereabouts, could very easily be attained. But how glorious was the view to the northward! The Vale of Wharf—that glorious vale up which the otter hounds and the picturesquely dressed huntsmen tread their way in search of their illusive quarry—lay below me like a map. The Wharf wound its way below, but was hardly anywhere visible. Yet its course could quite easily be made out by following the tortuous line of richer foliage which marked the belt of green along which the generous waters of the river had bestowed a more luxuriant foliage and a verdure more intensely emerald. As I swung down the slope of the Chevin I held the machine in to something like five miles an hour in order the better to dwell upon and enjoy the beauties of the scene; and I dawdled downwards until sunset came and blotted out the last line of the glorious woodland which clothes the farther slope of the valley and lends glamour and poetry to the distance. No tourist bent, as every tourist should be, upon drinking in all the pleasures of the road would hurry past such a scene.

FAITH IN THE BRAKE.

But when the time comes for doing a really fine rush down, it is essential that the proper equipment should be on hand. If the scene is one that is well-known, and can therefore be skimmed over, there is no harm in letting the machine go its own pace. Or, if the country lying round about offers no special charms such as the tourist bent on drinking everything in would care to dwell upon, the same remark applies. In either case it is proper, when a good descent lies ahead, to let the thing go. Of course, there is an art in doing it. The brake on the back wheel should be handled very alertly, and should be called upon to do most of the work required. But the brake applying to the front wheel ought on no account to be neglected, for it should take a considerable portion of the strain at all times when brakage is really required. The rider with two brakes who habitually only uses one of them is not getting the best work possible out of his machine. Rim brakes are essentially the best; their application to the rear wheel still leaves something to be desired, and in their place a brake actuated from the hub is possibly the best substitute. Of this class I do not know a better than the "Universal Automatic Coaster and Brake," offered by Messrs. Markt and Co. I have said before that I prefer rim brakes to hub brakes, but as a member of the latter class the one named seems to me to be a particularly fine one. There must in any case be perfect confidence on the part of the rider that the machine can be held in check, or, which is of still greater importance, that any dangerous speed which it may have developed during a descent can easily and safely be reduced within manageable limits.

THE OLD DAYS.

I remember two experiences in my very early days of touring when these principles were indelibly imprinted upon my mind. It was long ago, when there were no "safeties" and no pneumatic tyres. We all, then, rode "solids," with the "good old ordinary" for framework. It was then impossible to back pedal as we can now; for if this action was indulged in more than very gently the inevitable result was what was then commonly spoken of as a "header." The spoon brake—the mother of all modern brakes—was sometimes fitted, but its friction had to be "fed on" very carefully. as otherwise the same disastrous header was almost sure to result.

It was my first tour, and I had to learn all the things I am endeavouring to tell young riders now. I was touring without any brake at all. Further, I suffered from that peculiar ailment which almost every old rider can remember—a sort of distorted notion of perspective, so that it was not at all times easy to tell whether I was going uphill or on the level. I have known men who have laughed—once even a senior wrangler laughed at this notion. But any fellow in really decent form may test it for himself. He rides along hardly knowing that he is working up a slope. Even a sharp acclivity may seem to him to be like a gentle one. At moments when he is pressing hard upon the pedals he scarcely knows what he is doing until he looks behind. It thus arises that, having reached the zenith of the climb, he is totally unable to judge the steepness of the descent which follows. I was caught in this way many years ago in Derbyshire, just as I was passing the inn bearing the almost, but not quite, unique name of "The Cat and Fiddle."

A TERRIBLE DOWNHILL RUN.

The decline looked so easy that no precautions seemed necessary. I put my legs over the handle-bars, as was our fashion in those days in order that—should reason for a "header" arise—we might fall on our feet. In less than twenty seconds the machine was racing at a frightful pace. I tried to catch the pedals, with the object of trying to "feed" some "backing" into them. But they were whirling at an appalling rate, and there was no apparent possibility of catching them so as to be able to do anything with them. Almost any old rider can tell you stories like this. My own story ends in my seeing an escape somewhere on the right. There was a quarry, I think, and a very small entrance to the path that led to it. But the path was uphill and very steep. It seemed to me that if I could only steer between the two stone posts that barred the way to this upward path I might yet save myself. To cut a long story short, the thing was just done, by the skin of my teeth, as it may be said, and the machine, after jumping violently for ever so many yards, came to a happy standstill. There was another instance—and this happened also to be in Derbyshire—in which I had started downhill without a brake. The machine fairly ran away with me, for the reasons I have sketched above. I was foolishly letting the thing go, and was coming downhill at a speed which I should carefully estimate at anything between twenty-five and thirty-five miles an hour. I could see that at the bottom there was an abrupt turn in the road. Its outer side was bounded by a precipice, over which there was a twenty foot drop into a stream with a stoney bed. I had no brake—foolish person that I was—and I thought my last hour had come. The old, tall machine, with the very small, solid tyre which we used to ride upon, offered a better bite of the road than the modern machine can by any possibility present. I almost lay down on my left ear, got round the corner somehow, and found, fortunately, something like level ground on the other side of it.

ENGLAND ONLY A SCHOOL.

These are only examples of the action of a foolish schoolboy—for I was nothing more at the time—in recklessly taking on unseen dangers. Of course, I know better now; and

SAMPLE OF GAMAGE'S DECORATED GONGS.

what is more, I want all my readers to avoid such silly mistakes as I made in my callow days. The true secret is to provide yourself with plenty of brake power. After that you can face anything. There are places in Switzerland, if you can afford to travel so far, where you can coast for twenty miles or more. The Stelvio Pass has been named to me as offering no less than twenty-eight miles of continuous downhill. This may be true, but I cannot speak of this particular part of Switzerland as one who knows it. There are, at any rate, plenty of other famous descents that are known as splendid bits of quite practicable coasting. I know several in the Seine valley. I know the road with fourteen folds in it which makes the descent of the notorious Stalheimsklev, in Norway. English hills are a very good first school for these. You may drop down from the "Cat" into Macclesfield, you may approach Hereford from the south, or Llandudno from the west,

or you may cross breezy passes like that of Shap, or that of Sych-nant. But all the while there is the same art of dropping downhill to be kept in mind. Before you lies, perhaps, unknown country. What matters that? You are well able to tell by the mere lie of the land how the contours will present themselves when you have passed the particular zone of altitude in which you chance for the time to be. It is one of the chiefest joys of coasting, that you can not only foresee by the lie of the land how the next lower contour will be, but that you can utilise that knowledge in such manner as to know exactly when to hold the machine in check and when to let go.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Ars Longa" (HARROW).—You have been trying along the wrong line. You mustn't attempt to mend a puncture all in a minute. The solution has to be given time to get thick and "tacky." Mixtures which you have been told don't require this are no use. I've seen punctures mended in less than a minute, but the cure has rarely been permanent. A little patience is required in order to make a really good job. I like a fellow who does these things for himself, instead of rushing at once to a repairer, and deciding that such troubles are beyond him.—**F.T.** (DUMFRIES).—Let me know how you go on with the new brake. Personally I have great faith in it, and don't think you have risked anything in the experiment.—**"Patentee"** (BIRMINGHAM).—There is nothing in the umbrella idea. It has been tried before. Nor do I think much of the notion of pumping air into tyres by mechanical means as the wheels revolve. The first is too crude, and the second too complicated to be likely to attain success. But there may be something in your suggested cycle stand. I should like to see drawings. The things to aim at are strength, simplicity, and cheapness. I should think that, living where you do, you could get excellent advice on the spot. **F. W.** (HULL).—(1) I must leave you to measure the mileage between the various points. It is one of the chiefest charms of touring to look ahead a bit and do these things for yourself. I think by far the most interesting route would be formed by keeping down the east coast for a start—through Lincoln, Boston, and Cambridge. (2) Unquestionably I should return by way of Warwick, Leicester, and Nottingham. **T. R.** (GREENOCK).—Thanks for the information. The tyre is very strong, but, I fear, rather slow. That is not always a bad fault. I have recently been riding a tyre of similar qualities with the idea of making it carry me over some of the rougher passes in Wales. It has done all I asked of it, and has returned without a puncture to its discredit. **F. F.** (CREWKERNE).—There need not be the smallest question in your mind. The firm will sell nothing that is not completely and thoroughly tried. You may with equal faith rely upon the makers I have named before. There is hardly anything I take more pains about than the prolonged inquiries that forego recommendations as to what is good and trustworthy stuff. **Gertrude** (DUDLEY).—It is not good policy to ride with slack tyres. When the tyres are very big there is certainly a feeling of comfort, until such time as the rim begins occasionally to bump. But all experience goes to show that there is considerably increased liability to puncture while the tension of the outer cover is reduced. **"Header"** (NOTTINGHAM).—It is clear that you applied your brake too suddenly. You are lucky not to have been more badly hurt. The particular form of fork crown you had was about as strong as anything on the market. It is long odds against it giving if the brake friction be fed on gradually, as it ought to be. But you musn't let so small a trouble act as a deterrent. You are only on the threshold of the joys of cycling, and a little perseverance will soon show you that what I am telling you is true. **George** (HARROW).—I do not like those head locks that are absolute in their action. Some of them embody a danger of remaining done up when the re-mount is made. The band that tightens round the head is better. It holds the steerage firmly enough when the machine is at rest, and yet allows of a possible movement if the rider should chance to re-mount without undoing it. **"Sociable"** (WEYMOUTH).—The decline of clubs does not mean the decline of cycling. The clubs were well enough in their way, but they have for various reasons taken up a new position and a new set of functions. It is conceivable that there may be no club in your neighbourhood that appears to be of a kind to be of real service to you. But you should, at any rate, belong to the Cyclists' Touring Club. The subscription is five shillings, with a shilling entrance fee. Although I make a general rule of not introducing anyone who is not personally known to me, I shall be happy to send a form of introduction to anyone who forwards me a letter stating him to be a member of THE CAPTAIN Club. **A.L.**—You may rely upon anything supplied by the firm of Markt and Co. They are the purveyors of some of the best and most knacky cycle accessories that are to be bought. **L.D.** (THE OWENS COLLEGE, MANCHESTER).—It is all nonsense about cycling spoiling the eyesight. Precisely the contrary was practically proved long ago. The reason then assigned, and which holds good by experience, was that the habit of fixing the focus of the pupil on distant objects was beneficial to persons engaged in laborious reading, such that they commonly used their eyes only for very short distance work. This change in the range of focus produces a very healthful rest. **Ida N.** (BURY)—Two brakes by all means. I am going to put the Birtwistle hydraulic jointing through a test. At present all I can say is that it pleases me in theory. I think from what you tell me that the former saddle was not stretched tightly enough. The one that best provides for this kind of adjustment is the Saint Crispin.

H. P.

THE ODD TRICK.

By P. G. Wodehouse. Illustrated by T. M. R. Whitwell.

THE ATTITUDE of Philip St. H. Harrison, of Merevale's house, towards his fellow man was outwardly one of genial and even sympathetic toleration. Did his form-master intimate that his conduct was not *his* idea of what Young England's conduct should be, P. St. H. Harrison agreed cheerfully with every word he said, warmly approved his intention of laying the matter before the headmaster, and accepted his punishment with the air of a waiter booking an order for a chump chop and fried potatoes. But the next day there would be a squeaking desk in the form-room just to show the master that he had not been forgotten. Or, again, did the captain of his side at football speak rudely to him on the subject of kicking the ball through in the scrum, Harrison would smile gently, and at the earliest opportunity tread heavily on the captain's toe. In short, he was a youth who made a practice of taking very good care of himself. Yet he had his failures. The affair of Graham's mackintosh was one of them, and it affords an excellent example of the truth of the proverb that a cobbler should stick to his last. Harrison's *forte* was diplomacy. When he forsook the arts of the diplomatist for those of the brigand, he naturally went wrong. And the manner of these things was thus.

Tony Graham was a prefect in Merevale's, and part of his duties was to look after the dormitory of which Harrison was one of the ornaments. It was a dormitory that required a good deal of keeping in order. Such choice spirits as Braithwaite of the Upper Fourth, and Mace, who was rapidly driving the master of the Lower Fifth into a premature grave, needed a firm hand. Indeed, they generally needed not only a firm hand, but a firm hand grasping a serviceable walking-stick. Add to these Harrison himself, and others of a similar calibre, and it will be seen that Graham's post was no sinecure. It was Harrison's custom to throw off his mask at night with his other garments, and appear in his true character of an abandoned villain, willing to stick at nothing as long as he could do it strictly incog. In this capacity he had come into constant contact with Graham. Even in the dark it is occasionally possible for a prefect to tell where a noise comes from. And if the said prefect has been harassed six days in the week by a noise, and locates it suddenly on the seventh, it is wont to be bad for the producer and patentee of same.

And so it came about that Harrison, enjoying himself one night after the manner of his kind, was suddenly dropped upon with violence. He had constructed an ingenious machine consisting of a biscuit tin, some pebbles, and some string. He put the pebbles in the tin, tied the string to it, and placed it under a chest of drawers. Then he took the other end of the string to bed with him, and settled down to make a night of it. At first all went well. Repeated enquiries from Tony failed to produce the author of the disturbance, and when finally the questions ceased and the prefect appeared to have given the matter up as a bad job, P. St. H. Harrison began to feel that under certain circumstances life was worth living. It was while he was in this happy frame of mind that the string, with which he had just produced a triumphant rattle from beneath the chest of drawers, was seized, and the next instant its owner was enjoying the warmest minute of a chequered career. Tony, like Brer Rabbit, had lain low until he was certain of the direction from which the sound proceeded. He had then slipped out of bed, crawled across the floor in a snake-like manner which would have done credit to a red Indian, found the tin and traced the string to its owner. Harrison emerged from the encounter feeling sore and unfit for any further recreation. This deed of the night left its impression on Harrison. The account had to be squared somehow, and in a few days his chance came. Merevale's were playing a "friendly" with the School House, and in default of anybody better Harrison had been pressed into service as umpire. This in itself had annoyed him. Cricket was not in his line—he was not one of your flannelled fools—and of all things in connection with the game he loathed umpiring most.

When, however, Tony came on to bowl at his end, *vice* Charteris, who had been hit for three fours in an over by Scott, the school slogger, he recognised that even umpiring had

its advantages, and resolved to make the most of the situation.

Scott had the bowling, and he lashed out at Tony's first ball in his usual reckless style. There was an audible click, and what the sporting papers call confident appeals came simultaneously from Welch, Merevale's captain, who was keeping wicket, and Tony himself. Even Scott seemed to know that his time had come. He moved a step or two away from the wicket, but stopped before going further to look at the umpire on the off chance of a miracle happening to turn his decision in the batsman's favour.

The miracle happened.

"Not out," said Harrison.

"Awfully curious," he added genially to Tony, "how like a bat those bits of grass sound! You have to be jolly smart to know where a noise comes from, don't you!"

Tony grunted disgustedly, and walked back again to the beginning of his run.

If ever, in the whole history of cricket, a man was out leg-before wicket, Scott was so out to Tony's second ball. It was hardly worth appealing for such a certainty. Still, the formality had to be gone through.

"How was *that!*" enquired Tony.

"Not out. It's an awful pity, don't you think, that they don't bring in that new leg-before rule?"

"Seems to me," said Tony bitterly, "the old rule holds pretty good when a man's leg's bang in front."

"Rather. But you see the ball didn't pitch straight, and the rule says——"

"Oh, all right," said Tony.

The next ball Scott hit for four, and the next after that for a couple. The fifth was a yorker, and just grazed the leg stump. The sixth was a beauty. You could see it was going to beat the batsman from the moment it left Tony's hand. Harrison saw it perfectly.

"No ball," he shouted. And just as he spoke Scott's off stump ricochetted towards the wicket-keeper.

"Heavens, man," said Tony fairly roused out of his cricket manners, a very unusual thing for him, "I'll swear my foot never went over the crease. Look, there's the mark."

"Rather not. Only, you see, it seemed to me you chucked that time. Of course, I know you didn't mean to, and all that sort of thing, but still, the rules——"

Tony would probably have liked to have said something very forcible about the rules at this point, but it occurred to him that

CRAWLED ACROSS THE FLOOR IN A SNAKE-LIKE MANNER WHICH WOULD HAVE DONE CREDIT TO A RED INDIAN.

after all Harrison was only within his rights, and that it was bad form to dispute the umpire's decision. Harrison walked off towards square-leg filled with a holy joy.

But he was too much of an artist to overdo the thing. Tony's next over passed off without interference. Possibly, however, this was because it was a very bad one. After the third over he asked Welch if he could get somebody else to umpire, as he had work to do. Welch heaved a sigh of relief, and agreed readily.

"Conscientious sort of chap that umpire of yours," said Scott to Tony, after the match. Scott had made a hundred and four, and was feeling pleased. "Considering he's in your house, he was awfully fair."

"You mean that we generally swindle, I suppose?"

"Of course not, you rotter. You know what I mean. But, I say, that catch Welch and you appealed for must have been a near thing. I could have sworn I hit it."

"Of course you did. It was clean out. So was the lbw. I say, did you think that ball that bowled you was a chuck? That one in my first over, you know."

"Chuck! My dear Tony, you don't mean to say that man pulled you up for chucking? I thought your foot must have gone over the crease."

"I believe the chap's mad," said Tony.

"Perhaps he's taking it out of you this way for treading on his corns somehow. Have you been milling with this gentle youth lately?"

"By jove," said Tony, "you're right. I gave him beans only the other night for ragging in the dormitory."

Scott laughed.

"Well, he seems to have been getting a bit of his own back to-day. Lucky the game was only a friendly. Why will you let your angry passions rise, Tony? You've wrecked your analysis by it, though it's improved my average considerably. I don't know if that's any solid satisfaction to you?"

"It isn't."

"You don't say so! Well, so long. If I were you, I should keep an eye on that conscientious umpire."

"I will," said Tony. "Good night."

The process of keeping an eye on Harrison brought no results. When he wished to behave himself well, he could. On such occasions Sandford and Merton were literally not in it with him, and the hero of a Sunday school story would simply have refused to compete. But Nemesis, as the poets tell us, though no sprinter, manages, like the celebrated Maisie, to get right there in time. Give her time, and she will arrive. She arrived in the case of Harrison. One morning, about a fortnight after the house match incident, Harrison awoke with a new sensation. At first he could not tell exactly what this sensation was, and being too sleepy to discuss nice points of internal emotion with himself, was just turning over with the intention of going to sleep again, when the truth flashed upon him. The sensation he felt was loneliness, and the reason he felt lonely was because he was the only occupant of the dormitory. To right and left and all around were empty beds.

As he mused drowsily on these portents, the distant sound of a bell came to his ears and completed the cure. It was the bell for chapel. He dragged his watch from under his pillow, and looked at it with consternation. Four minutes to seven. And chapel was at seven. Now Harrison had been late for chapel before. It was not the thought of missing the service that worried him. What really was serious was that he had been late so many times before that Merevale had hinted at serious steps to be taken if he were late again, or, at any rate, until a considerable interval of punctuality had elapsed.

That threat had been uttered only yesterday, and here he was in all probability late again.

There was no time to dress. He sprang out of bed, passed a sponge over his face as a concession to the decencies, and looked round for something to cover his night-shirt, which, however suitable for dormitory use, was, he felt instinctively, scarcely the garment to wear in public.

Fate seemed to fight for him. On one of the pegs in the wall hung a mackintosh, a large, blessed mackintosh. He was inside it in a moment.

Four minutes later he rushed into his place in chapel.

The short service gave him some time for recovering himself. He left the building feeling a new man. His costume, though quaint, would not call for comment. Chapel at St. Austin's was never a full-dress ceremony. Mackintoshes covering night-shirts were the rule rather than the exception.

But between his costume and that of the rest there was this subtle distinction. They wore their own mackintoshes. He wore somebody else's.

The bulk of the school had split up into

sections, each section making for its own house, and Merevale's was already within sight, when Harrison felt himself grasped from behind. He turned, to see Graham.

"Might I ask," enquired Tony with great politeness, "who said you might wear my mackintosh?"

Harrison gasped.

"I suppose you didn't know it was mine?"

"No, no, rather not. I didn't know."

"And if you had known it was mine you wouldn't have taken it, I suppose?"

"Oh no, of course not," said Harrison. Graham seemed to be taking an unexpectedly sensible view of the situation.

"Well," said Tony, "now that you know it is mine, suppose you give it up."

"Give it up!"

"Yes; buck up. It looks like rain, and I mustn't catch cold."

"But, Graham, I've only got on——"

"Spare us these delicate details. Mack up, please. I want it."

Finally, Harrison appearing to be diffident in the matter, Tony took the garment off for him, and went on his way.

"MIGHT I ASK WHO SAID YOU MIGHT WEAR MY MACKINTOSH?"

Harrison watched him go with mixed feelings. Righteous indignation struggled with the gravest apprehensions regarding his own future. If Merevale should see him! Horrible thought. He ran. He had just reached the house, and was congratulating himself on having escaped, when the worst happened. At the private entrance stood Merevale, and with him the headmaster himself. They both eyed him with considerable interest as he shot in at the boys' entrance.

"Harrison," said Merevale after breakfast.

"Yes, sir?"

"The headmaster wishes to see you—again."

"Yes, sir," said Harrison.

And there was a curious lack of enthusiasm in his voice.

Google

THE CAPTAIN CAMERA CORNER

HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHY

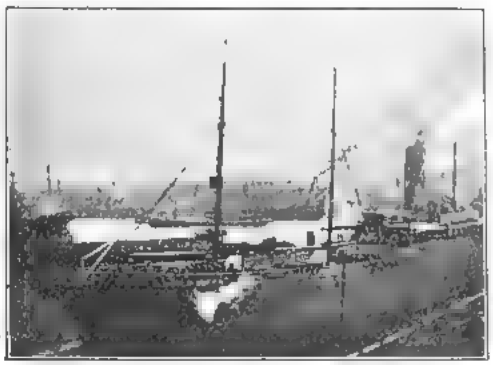
NOW that the holidays are on you will have plenty of time for following your favourite hobby and making photographic records of what, we trust, will be a very enjoyable time. As there is nothing more disappointing than finding the whole of the plates or films exposed on a holiday spoiled, we will give a few hints which we hope may be useful in securing success on the present occasion.

THE PIERROTS, WHO HELP US TO ENJOY OUR HOLIDAYS AT THE SEASIDE. A SNAPSHOT WITH MUCH DETAIL.
Photo "Frena" Camera.

First, try your camera and one of the batch of plates which you intend using before starting for your holiday, so that you may see whether the camera is light-tight and working in a satisfactory manner, and the plates clean and free from fog. The lens should be examined both inside and outside the camera, and any dust carefully removed with a soft handkerchief (dust on the lens scatters light in the camera and produces foggy pictures).

It is also well to be provided with a portable dark-room lamp for changing plates while away from home. An efficient folding one to burn hard night-lights can be purchased for a shilling, and may be used in the bedroom after dark. We much prefer this method to using a local photographer's dark-room. If it is necessary to change plates in the daytime, recourse may he had to a dark cellar, if one is available.

While you are away you should remember that there are conditions of light and atmosphere when photography, although not impossible, is undesirable. When the light is very grey, and especially at the seaside, where so much light is reflected from the water and scattered in all directions, only very flat and feeble pictures are usually obtained. For artistic effects (and we hope that our readers will attempt something more than a mere photographic record) photographing in the middle of the day should be avoided as far as possible; far nicer pictures are obtained *in the morning or evening*, when the sun is not so high overhead. You must remember, however, that at this time of the year, before eight and after six, *double the exposure will be necessary*. We would, however, warn beginners against over-exposure at the seaside, and those who are spending their holidays in wooded districts against the opposite defect—under-exposure, foliage and glades under trees requiring a considerably longer exposure than an open landscape. You should also avoid photographing with the sun or brightest part of the sky immediately behind the camera. The subject should be illuminated from either the right or left, and the more the sun or bright sky is to the one or the other side, the more will the subject be



A TYPICAL "TRAMP" STEAMER ENTERING THE DOCK GATES AT TYNE DOCK PREVIOUS TO TAKING IN BUNKER COALS.
Photo "Scout" Camera.

thrown into relief. Or, in other words, you should endeavour to photograph the subject when the shadows cast make it most effective and pleasant to look at. Choose your point of view so as to get some part of the subject in perspective; for instance, if you are taking a photograph of a farmhouse or a country cottage, it is quite obvious that it will look far more picturesque taken from an angle than if taken broadside on. Such a point of view should also be chosen as will give the lines of a road or path, or any other distinctive features leading up to the principal object. This should occupy a position in the picture a little to the right or left of the centre. Also avoid getting two very prominent objects in one picture, and be very careful not to get a number of lines appearing to cut the picture into equal portions; for example, *never* get your sky-line in the centre of the plate.

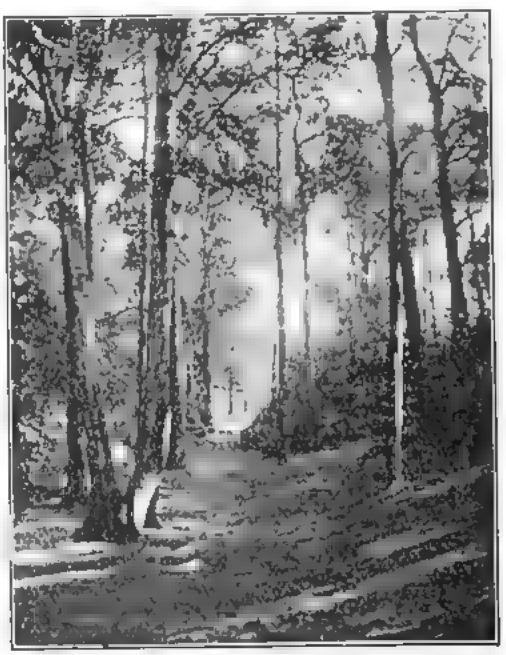
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Arnold Jowatt.—We have the greatest admiration for your commercial instincts, but we are afraid that a portrait attachment or magnifier is not supplied with the cheap cameras you mention. It is, however, quite possible that a portrait attachment or magnifier sold for another camera might be used on one of these, but the right distance at which to use it can only be found by trial.

Lorn Campbell.—We have no doubt that you would find the developing cartridges a simpler method than having to make up your own developer, as the contents of the cartridge are simply dissolved in the quantity of water directed or given in the instructions. We, however, do not advise the use of these simplicity methods, as we think that it is far better that the worker should know exactly what he is using.

R.A.P.—(1) Your method of washing negatives is decidedly ingenious, and I have no doubt is efficient, providing always that you take care not to damage the films as you did at first. Some recent investigations, however, have proved that soaking negatives in a dish of water and changing several times is quite as efficient as washing in running water. (2) An accelerator, as its name implies, hurries up the development, and with some developing agents is absolutely necessary to get the development complete in a reasonable time. In nearly every case it is an alkali, and nearly all the alkalies have been used for the purpose. Carbonate of soda, however, is by far the most generally used, and is perhaps the best for most developers. The developing formula issued with plates and films generally consists of two solutions, and the one containing the alkali is the accelerator, and should be used as directed with the plates or films under treatment. The quantity recommended should never be exceeded, but a lesser quantity may often be used with advantage. Your question *re* eikonogen is not clear. If it is a special preparation containing eikonogen, as I should infer, the accelerator would be mixed with it, but in any case you should carefully read the instructions supplied with the package and follow them out. (3) It is impossible to tell you how long a negative should remain in the developer. You must learn to judge when a negative is sufficiently developed by looking *through* it. The time varies with different developers, and with different strengths of the same developer. Mr. Watkins, of exposure meter fame, has invented a method of timing development according to the time occupied from the pouring on of the developer to the first appearance of the image, and has drawn up a table for different developers which has been published in several journals. We believe he is just issuing a little shilling book which is partly concerned with this subject. As a general rule, a developer which flashes up the image very quickly requires a considerable time to build up sufficient opacity.

S. Langlois (Valparaiso).—We are afraid we can only advise you to fit up a dark-room which you can use in the daytime if you wish to employ a more rapid bromide paper, and we refer you to an article on dark-rooms in our June number. Of course you could charge your enlarging apparatus with a rapid paper one evening, expose the next day, and wait until the evening to develop, but this would involve a severe trial of patience. You may use your small magic lantern for enlarging from small negatives providing you use an objective (the front lens of a lantern), which is corrected for photographing. An ordinary magic lantern objective would probably not give a sharp photographic image.

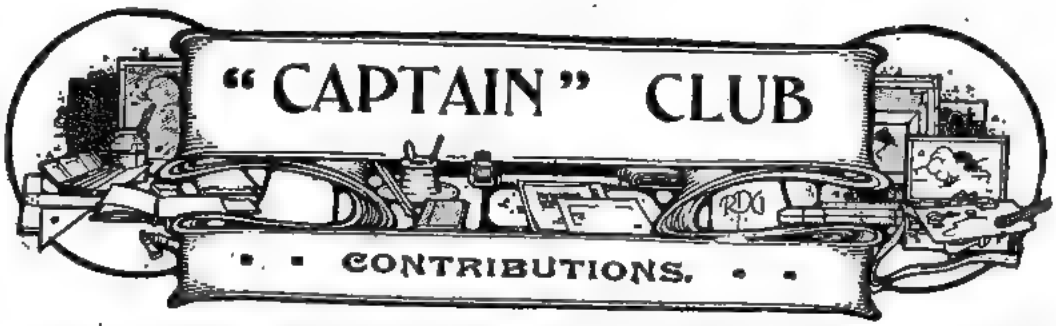


AN EFFECTIVE SNAPSHOT IN THE WOODS, SHOWING ARTISTIC LIGHT AND SHADOW.
Photo Benetfink's "Flash" Camera.

Sibyl O'Neill.—We should say you will be quite safe in buying a No. 2 Pilot. It has other advantages over the "Little Nipper," in addition to taking larger pictures.

E. A. Hughes.—Regret photo of Lewis' Endowed School, Pengam, is too dark for reproduction.

The Photographic Editor.



This part of the Magazine is set aside for Members of the Captain Club with literary and artistic aspirations. Articles, poems, etc., should be kept quite short. Drawings should be executed on stiff board in Indian ink. CAPTAIN Club Contributions are occasionally used in other parts of the Magazine.

THIS month the prize (six shillings) is divided between J. W. ANDERSON, Teithside, Callander, Perthshire ("Wanted—Cricket in Scotland"), and ROY CARMICHAEL, 68, Mill Street, Alloa, N.B. ("A Visit to Crusoe Land").

Wanted—Cricket in Scotland.

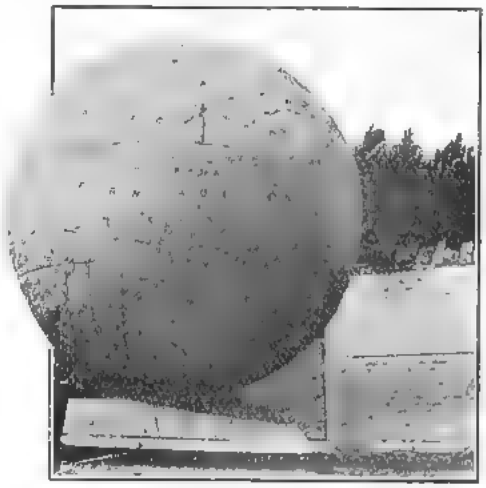
IF Scotland can bid fair to equal England in football, not only in Soccer, but also in Rugby, which is England's peculiar game, why is she so far behind in cricket? This is the inquiry of many an ardent Scottish cricketer as he watches one of the great English matches, or reads in his newspaper of brilliant innings, which, alas! are rarely to be witnessed in his own country.

This year Scottish cricket appears to be in as bad a state as ever. It is true that plans have been set on foot to arrange a combination similar to that which exists amongst the English counties, but will it succeed? Very few are the counties in Scotland which can boast of clubs in any way to be compared to the great English clubs. Somehow or other the game will not catch on as it ought to, and what the reason is none can tell. Some even go so far as to say that we are in a worse state than was the case some years ago. Certain it is that in Perthshire, Inverness-shire, and many other northern counties, there is not one first-class club. In all our schools the game is, of course, pursued with avidity, but I fear that a match between Fettes and Marlborough would be a sorry spectacle. I am not, as a rule, a pessimist, but one cannot get past the fact that, for the last twenty years, cricket has been striving to gain a footing in Scotland, and has all but failed. In my own village a club was formed two years ago, and almost thirty joined. Last year six sent in their subscription. Perhaps I am taking an exaggerated view of the whole condition of affairs, but, as an ardent cricketer, I feel most acutely for Scotland's position in what many justly regard as the prince of pastimes.

I believe that if an international contest could be arranged between the four countries of Britain, a great impulse would be given to Scottish cricket. Or a match might be arranged between England and the other countries together. Perhaps, if the M.C.C. took the matter into consideration, it might help Scotland out of a rather hopeless position from which she seems unable to extricate herself.

J. W. A.

[I believe the state of things J. W. A. describes is mainly due to the hilly nature of Scotland. Readers may have observed that cricket has made no great strides in hilly parts of England—Devon, Cornwall, Northumberland, etc.—or in Wales.—O.F.]



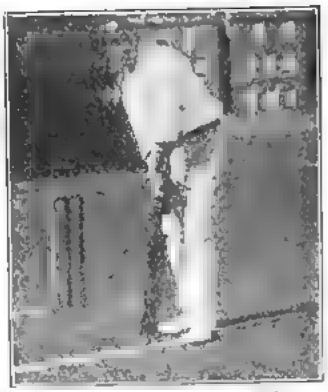
THE GLOBE, SWANAGE.
A clever snapshot of this remarkable stone sphere, taken by J. B. Stevens.

Sports of the Collier.

THE favourite sports of the collier are pigeon-flying, bowling, and dog-racing. Nearly every collier owns some pigeons, and he will spend his spare time in carrying them miles, just for the pleasure of seeing

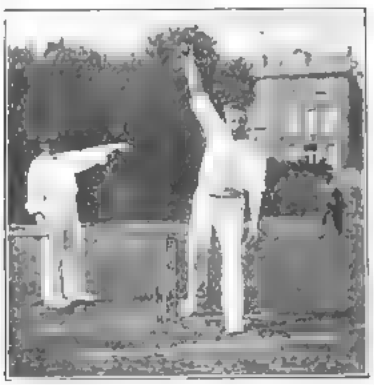
how long it will take them to fly back to their homes. Flying matches are arranged between different owners, each man putting a certain sum of money down as entrance fee, the total amount being given to the owner of the pigeon which flies the distance agreed on in the shortest time. These matches, or "sweeps," as they are called, attract large numbers of colliers, who freely back their favourites. At bowling the Lancashire collier is usually a good hand, and on a fine Saturday afternoon he will adjourn to a neighbouring "pub" and bowl his mate for "gills." At Blackpool a bowling tournament is held every year, the competitors who take part in it being mostly colliers. The dog-racing he indulges in is not the kind in which the dogs are set to chase a defenceless hare. The race is held on a straight course, two or three hundred yards long, at one end of which the competing dogs are held, whilst at the other end the owners stand with towels, which they wave about to attract the attention of their dogs. When the pistol is fired, the "starters" let the dogs loose, and away they go in a frantic desire to get the towels between their teeth. The dogs are of the class known as whippets, and the collier takes good care of them and treats them kindly.

WILLIAM BULLOUGH.



D. DENTON (YORKSHIRE).
Photo A. L. Money.

C. B. FRY AND RANJITSINHJI, THE BACKBONE OF SUSSEX, GOING TO THE WICKET ON THE BRADFORD GROUND. *Photo by E. Arthur Miller.*



W. M. BRADLEY (KENT).
Photo A. L. Money.

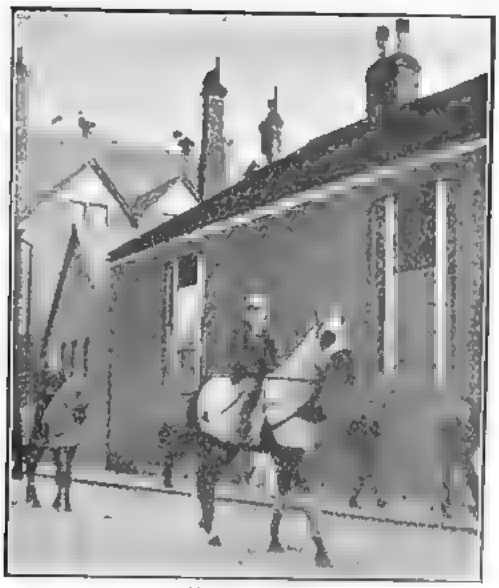
A Visit to Crusoe Land.

ON the first day of September, 1896 (I need not glance at my diary to remind me of that), the stout, old-fashioned "wind-jammer," *Salvador*, left her moorings in Valparaiso harbour, and with a fresh breeze swelling her canvas made her way clear of the crowd of shipping and stood out to sea.

The occasion was a memorable one to several on board, myself included, for it was our first trip to the South Seas, and we had just been commissioned to carry and take off the mails from the outlying islands of Mas-a-Fuera and Juan Fernandez, the latter the island on which the shipwrecked seaman, Alexander Selkirk, spent four lonely years, the adventures incident to which gave rise to the world-renowned story of "Robinson Crusoe," the first hero whose life-story really appeals to the youthful mind.

For four days after leaving harbour I was in a fever of excitement. On the fourth evening, just as the shadows were beginning to fall, I saw before me the gaunt, rocky outline of Juan Fernandez.

We made the island the same night, but owing to the lateness of the hour it was impossible to land, so, as the weather was fine, we stood off, and dropped anchor in sand at forty fathoms, about three-quarters of a mile from shore.



AND PATRICK.
The winner of the Derby passing Marlborough College on its return from Epsom. The horse behind is Pedigree
Photo by "Sportsman."

As soon as the sun was up next morning I rose and made my way on deck.

It was a glorious morning, and the rising sun, reflected from the ripples and wavelets, was simply dazzling.

Straight ahead of us lay a beautiful bay fringed with pimento and cotton trees, and well covered with long, luxuriant grasses.

After breakfast we effected a landing without difficulty.

On jumping ashore, the first thing that struck me was the profusion of beautiful wild flowers and shrubs scattered amongst the grasses; the next, the motley nature of the inhabitants, who ranged from a Portugee and an Arab to the deep-brown-coloured native who was born on the island.

The inhabitants number about seventy, and live an easy, indolent life. Their chief support evidently is the wild goats which have apparently been left as a legacy to them by the adventurous Selkirk.

The climate of the island is very temperate, the winter only lasting about six weeks, during which period there is a heavy rainfall, and sometimes a few degrees of frost.

The houses, which are built some distance from the shore, are neat little structures of wood, thatched with esparto grass.

On the island itself are no wild animals of any size with the exception of the goats, though some of the rough-haired mongrel dogs belonging to the inhabitants have a decidedly wolfish aspect.

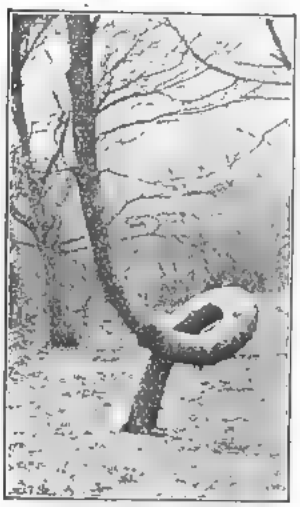
The language spoken by the inhabitants is Spanish; although nominally under the Chilian Government, the community savours of Socialism in an advanced state, each man being a law unto himself.

There is a mountain on the island over 4,000 feet high, which, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, developed into an active volcano. Happily it is now at peace once more, and likely to be so for many years to come.

The interior of the island is very rocky, and, as in Crusoe's time, there are many caves in which nest various species of sea-birds.

Fish of all kinds are very plentiful, and also a large kind of lobster, of which we took some specimens aboard the ship. Our stay being limited, we had unfortunately no time to roam over the island as I should have liked to have done, but, as it is said to be very rocky and uninteresting, perhaps we didn't miss much.

I looked in vain for any relics of the famous Robinson, but apparently he has had to be content with the Largo monument, no such effigy being erected yet on Fernandez.



A VERY CURIOUS FREAK OF NATURE PHOTOGRAPHED IN STOKE WOODS, EXETER, BY LIONEL D. SAUNDERS.

The island itself is about twenty miles long, of oval shape, with deeply indented coast line and sandy shores, the haunts of thousands of crayfish and turtles.

There is no industry on the island, and in exchange for our stores we took aboard only some woven mats, a quantity of fruit and vegetables, and some lobsters and turtles. My own portion of the spoil consisted of a basketful of small round turtle eggs, which made a very agreeable addition to our dinner-table.

About midday we returned on board, and soon I was standing on the poop, gazing across the waters as the rock-girt shore of the island abode of my boyhood's hero slowly receded and faded from my sight.

R. C.

"Captain" Club Criticisms.

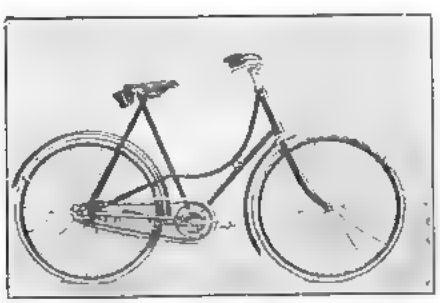
"The Advantages of Education."—I have enquired of Mr. J. Harrison why he sent in this picture, which was palpably copied from the work of an American artist. Mr. Harrison replies that he did not know that he was breaking any rule in so doing, and writes such a sincere and frank letter of apology that I have decided to accept his explanation, as well as his promise that all future work by him shall be strictly original. **H.S.S.** (Potter's Bar).—A little later on it will be easier to say whether your boy will "make an artist." **Phil. S. Bell.**—Yes, original ideas are everything. I agree with Mr. Louis Wain, but you require lots of persistent practice, drawing from the life and not from copies. Be more decided in the outline of your drawings, and the rest will follow naturally. **F. Marshall.**—You don't say what the photos. represent. Always write full instructions on the back of a photo., but not in ink. **Gildart J. Walker** is requested to send a few lines of information about the S.S. "Banrigh." **K. Glover.**—Clever, but not good enough for publication. **Benjamin Ackland.**—Um—er, yes, creditable, but I would rather criticise original sketches, however rough. **Joan Sterling.**—Snapshots too dark and foggy. When taking photos. of this kind, get nearer the object (other C.C. members might note this also). **H. Mills Whittle.**—Very smart; execution not quite good enough for printing. **A. J. J.**—Take more care over what you do. Not even Mr. Phil May would "dash off" sketches as you seem to do. Glad your mater likes the mag. so much. **L. V. Neilgan.**—Will try and find room in a future number; thanks. **"Yorkshireman."**—If room. Globe at Swanage we have in hand; a photo., I mean, not the globe. **"Grapho."**—No, sorry to say, not great. Want practice; joke good. **G. W. Ivey.**—Yes, but get more natural action into figures. **Anxious Mother.** The drawing as a copy is very clever indeed, but I would rather criticise something original **Dyke White.** Shading a little too fine for reproduction Your last never reached me, as we acknowledge all contributions of this kind. **T. Stubbs.**—Regret no room, Thomas. **"Grigalach."**—Your adapted sketches are very funny. Watch good cricket, and you will find that better than learning from a book. All the same, read Mr. C. B. Fry's articles in Vols. II. and III. **G. E. Birrell.**—Smart and bright, but not quite up to standard. **Maurice Perrott** (South Australia).—You *are* a persistent contributor. This last batch shows a great improvement in foreground figures, but your shading is still far too fine. Alter your style by studying the illustrations to "J. O. Jones."

Contributions have also been received from: Archibald Pollock, jun., H. W. Grant, W. H. Kennedy, K. Glover, D. Norman Pugh, T. Allwork Chaplin, "Ratrapp," A. Cannington, Albert G. Scott, H. Platt, H. M. Hinson, J. Cameron, D. J. B. Lloyd, E. Hartley, "Nobody Much," "One-who-doesn't-like-to-see-another-make-a-fool-of-himself" (shorter *nom-de-plume* in future, please), H. Payne, F. Collier, "Viator," Hector Frew, W. H. Thomson, "A Carpenter," F. Kipping, W. A. Oldfield, J. S. Forbes, "Penn Wright," G. L. Smith, H. F., Winifred Lynch, A. L. Snow, F. B. Morton, K. J. Wood, H. W. Shore, "Bara," S. H. S. Moxby, J. Garratt, jun., N.C.O., Frank Browne, J. K. Bruce, H. L. Dobrée, Hugh Golby, H. Scholfield G. W. Beaumont, A. J. Cameron, "Dodo," F. H. Atkins, F. E. Rose, T. Crawford, A. Albrow, "Fleur de Lys," H. MacCrie, G. B. (that anecdote has already been published).

A number of criticisms and accepted contributions are held over.

"MOHAWK" BICYCLE PRIZE COMPETITION.

See "Captain" Competitions for August.



A SIXTEEN-GUINEA "MOHAWK" MACHINE.

EITHER LADY'S OR GENTLEMAN'S.

Best registered cross frame (height of frame to suit winner), Dunlop tyres, free or fixed wheel, Crabb front rim brake, black celluloid detachable mud-guards, plated rims, red line throughout, tool-bag, etc., complete.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR AUGUST.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY COMPETITIONS.

Special Prize: Sixteen Guinea "Mohawk" Bicycle.

SIX EXTRA DAYS GIVEN. COMPETITIONS CLOSE AUGUST 18th.

NOTICE.—At the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by August 18th.

The Results will be published in October.

AGE RULE: A Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

No. 1.—"**Mohawk" Bicycle Prize** (presented by the makers).—Pictures, with full description, will be found on p. 474. What you have got to do is this: make a list of the *twelve best tips to cyclists* which Mr. Haydon Perry has given in his articles in the present volume—that is to say, from April to August, 1902. The tips are to be copied out on foolscap paper and headed with your name, address and age. No tip that you copy out is to exceed forty words; it may be anything under this you like, but not over. Competitors must not think it necessary to make each tip run to forty words; in fact, the first should be quite a short one, the second a little longer, and so on down to the twelfth. Tips must be given in Mr. Haydon Perry's own words; that is to say, the wording must not be altered by the competitor. We may mention that back numbers of THE CAPTAIN can be had for 8½d. each, post free, from the Publisher, "THE CAPTAIN," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

One Age limit: Twenty-one.

No. 2.—"**Hidden Towns**" (SECOND SERIES).—On one of our advertisement pages you will find twelve pictures. Each picture is intended to describe a town or city in the United Kingdom. Write the name of each town under each picture, fill in your name, age, class, and address, tear the page out, and post to us. In the event of a number of competitors sending correct titles, the prizes will go to the senders of the most neatly written competitions. There will be THREE PRIZES of 10s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 3.—"**John Smith's Menu.**"—When John Smith came up to London, he occupied the top attic in his aunt's house and had to get all his food "out," as she did not want him to bring food into the house. He was allowed a shilling a day to buy it with. Send on a postcard John Smith's menu. Show how he spent his shilling in the various restaurants he resorted to. Give only one day's menu; say Monday. Two PRIZES of 5s

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—"**The 'As You Please' Office.**"—A merchant in the City with free-and-easy ideas about the way his office should be conducted, told his clerks that they could do their work whenever they liked as long as they put in eight hours a day at the office. Write a short essay, not exceeding 300 words, explaining how you would spend your day if you were a clerk in this office. State the hours during which you would work in the office. Two PRIZES of goods from our advertisement pages to the value of 7s.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 5.—"**Missing Landscape Competition.**"—On one of our advertisement pages will be found a picture from which parts of the landscape have been omitted. All the competitor has to do is to put in the missing parts so as to make the whole thing complete. Use pencil only. No shading. The complete picture will be given in our October number. THREE PRIZES of 7s.

Class I. ... .. Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. .. ... Age limit: Twelve.

No. 6.—"**Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition.**"—We award three prizes of 5s. every month to the foreign or colonial readers forwarding the best (*a*) Essay not exceeding 400 words, or (*b*) Photograph, or (*c*) Drawing in pen, pencil, or water-colours. All competitions must be absolutely original. Time limit for this month's competitions: December 12th, 1902, and thereafter the 12th of every month. Only one prize will be given in each class for the best essay, photo, or drawing, as the case may be. Readers living anywhere in Europe are not eligible.

Class I .. .. Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

12, BURLEIGH STREET, STRAND, LONDON.

I hope you will all read "The Honour of a Transgressor." In addition to being a good, robust yarn, it contains some homely philosophy which we may all take to heart. Uncle Mac is a most delightful central figure. He put barbed wire round his vineyard to keep the boys out. A week later he took the wire down, and explains thus:

"There was a feller tol' me yeste'dy how the women-folks hereabout ain't done much else all week but lam their kids for comin' home with their clothes tore pretty near plum off of 'em. That made me hot! I never did see the good o' lickin' a boy, nohow. Pore little fellers!"

In his heart of hearts Uncle Mac rather sympathised with the youthful marauders, remembering his own boyish escapades.

"Most boys is that kind; don't you know it? I never had no use for the sneakin' little spindly chaps that's got no bad in 'em. Decent folks ain't made that way. Decent, healthy folks is some good an' some bad, mixed up together. I reckon the good Lord made 'em that way, an' He surely knowed what He was about when He was doin' it. Sometimes the good end 'll be up, an' sometimes the other end. I like it that way; that's what makes the whole game worth playin'."

And then Uncle Mac launches forth into a story, which he tells with the object of backing up his assertion that he had never come across a man who was altogether bad.

"There ain't one man in ten thousan' but 'll do the square, honour'ble thing when it comes down to a pinch. Now that's God's truth! Why, look here!" he cried, his manner expanding with the warmth of his enthusiasm; "look here: there's men—lots of 'em, that's just as honest as sunlight, but that tries to hide it an' not let folks know it, because they're afraid o' bein' took for fools. That's the trouble: a good many folks seem to make it a part o' their religion to say that plain, honest men an' fools can't be told apart. They know it ain't so; everybody knows it ain't so. Everybody knows that honest men is the wisest men we got, an' that the only real fool is him that's a liar."

I mustn't say anything about the plot of Uncle Mac's story; that might spoil your enjoyment of a literary treat. It is a story of a kind that I am particularly partial to myself; I daresay you have noticed that I often choose for your worships open-air tales told in a natural manner. You remember the tale of the Colorado postman and the outlaw! If you don't, look up your February number of this year.

Well, I want you all to like tales of this kind. Whilst reading them, one is not merely "killing time": one is learning lessons of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. Some people say that novel-reading is not good for young people. Well, it depends on the novel, of course. There are novels which have changed the current of men's lives; which have inspired readers to "do noble deeds, not dream them all day long." The reading of such books is a most pleasant and profitable way of spending part of one's leisure hours.

Thackeray—whose fame will be ever-enduring, and who becomes greater as each year rolls by—is a novelist whose books I would see you save up your money to *buy*. Give him an honoured place on your bookshelves, and keep him free from dust and damp. This man was a giant, physically and intellectually, and inside his big body there beat a most tender heart. Rough in his manner he may sometimes have been, but his nature was true gold. Let me repeat an anecdote or two about him. Evidently aware that money, when properly used, is a wonderful health restorer, Thackeray (according to one of his biographers) was found by a friend who had entered his bedroom in Paris gravely placing some Napoleons in a pill-box, on the lid of which was written: "*One to be taken occasionally.*" When asked to explain, it came out that these pills were

for an old person who said she was very ill and in distress; and so he had concluded that this was the medicine wanted. "Dr. Thackeray," he remarked, "intends to leave it with her himself. Let us walk out together." And he could be very polite as well as kind. "My friend," he once said to a waiter, holding out a gold piece, "will you do me the favour to accept a sovereign?" How much more gentlemanly was this method than that of throwing a big tip on the table, after the manner of your flashy gentleman who wishes to air his generosity!

A good many people would be generous if they could afford it, but their desire to be free with their money is greater than their ability. But there are other ways of being generous, besides that of money-giving. One may be generous with one's time and one's help: one may sacrifice one's pleasure to assist a neighbour. Bear these little hints in mind, you fellows, during these long summer holidays. I am asking it of you as a little favour.

"Bill Mason's Boys."—In "M. A. P." I find the following information concerning the author of the interesting study of factory life which we publish this month:

"Mr. Bart Kennedy is an entirely new temperament in literature. His imagination is of the finest

BART KENNEDY. AUTHOR OF "BILL MASON'S BOYS," "LONDON IN SHADOW," &c.
Photo by George Newnes, Ltd.

order, whilst his style is intensely individual—short sentences, close-packed with meaning in strong, simple Saxon words. Mr. Kennedy is a man of fine development and immensely strong physique, who infinitely prefers discussing prize-fighting to philosophy, although in the discussion you would probably get some original side-light on the philosophy of prize-fighting. Few living writers have had a life as romantic, or so full of strange changes and curious adventures. He comes from and is of the working class, knowing from personal experience the poverty of the poor. As a little lad he was a half-timer in Manchester, at work in a great factory at five in the morning at wages of eighteenpence a week. As a raw youth of seventeen, longing for an ampler life, he threw up the mechanic's shop and shipped before the mast for America. He has been everything, from sailor to opera singer, until he became a writer. He has dug and delved and pulled ropes, and starved and feasted in many parts of the world. In the eighties he was in British Columbia prospecting for gold, and knew Klondyke long before it was famous. He knows the American Indian as intimately as Fenimore Cooper. Once, armed to the teeth, he and four other sailors braved it into the country of the murderous Chilcats. Of the five only two got back alive—Kennedy and a half-dead man. The others had gone down under the Indians' knives. For a year he lived the life of the Indians in a Siwash settlement on the Pacific slope. He helped as a navvy on the building of the Canadian Pacific line, and then, tramping across the Rockies, took a coal ship from Vancouver to 'Frisco, where he threw up sailoring and navvying for singing in the chorus at the Tivoli Opera House. Had he not discovered his literary gift, music would probably have claimed him. As a factory lad his musical talent brought him into Hallé's choir, and through his rough life he would spend his scanty earnings on buying and studying the scores of the great operas and oratorios. From 'Frisco he crossed the continent with a travelling dramatic company to New York, where he first wrote—and starved—but went on writing till his original stories found acceptance. Since then literature has been his one object."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[As we receive a great number of letters, our correspondents are requested to bear in mind that we can only comment on communications that we consider to be of general interest. Readers requiring information quickly should enclose stamped envelopes or post-cards, according to the length of the answer they desire.]

"Assistant Master" writes:—"I have just been reading 'J. O. Jones.' In many ways I have been exactly in his position. I was educated at a public school, and afterwards failed to get into the Civil Service, so to 'pass time' I took up teaching. When I left school I should never have believed that boys could have been such cads as to revenge themselves on a master who justly punished them. If a fellow did wrong at my old school we always took it for granted that he would not even grumble, much less play mean tricks in revenge, when punished. Yet when I began teaching at —— I found out very differently. My head-master was as weak as he well could be, because he was afraid the boys would leave if he punished them. The incident of young Adderman keeping his slight wound open was a very common occurrence at ——, one of my colleagues (or, rather, my colleague, for I only had one), leaving through an incident of that sort. *He struck a boy who was shaking pepper on his head.* Another time I punished a boy (too heavily, I will

own) for continually cheating, and being cheeky; the next morning Mr. —— called me in and told me it would be better for me to let him (practically) off; that is, let him down with a punishment fit for a slight breach of discipline, *because the boy would write home, and his mother would take him away.* That was how all the bigger boys were treated. I should like to know whether Mr. Warren Bell has had experience in teaching in private schools, as I feel sure he must have had." The above letter is particularly interesting, as it shows that the kind of thing described in this story is not so unusual as some readers might suppose. As regards the concluding query, I may say that the author of "J. O. Jones" was for some years a master in various private schools, and is therefore writing about what he well understands.

Miss R. B., who has read THE CAPTAIN from No. 1, tells me she has got to put her hair up at Christmas, and that her people tell her she will then be too old to take in THE CAPTAIN. Well, upon my word, what a very old person Miss R. B. will be then! Yet there are a great many people who don't take the same view of THE CAPTAIN as Miss R. B.'s people seem to take. For instance, there are ladies who read THE CAPTAIN regularly who put their hair up thirty, forty and fifty years ago; they either read it, or have it read to them, which comes to the same thing. In our early days I received a letter from Mr. George W. E. Russell, the well-known M.P. and writer, who told me that he took THE CAPTAIN in regularly for his own reading. I observe in *Who's Who* that Mr. Russell was born in 1852. Now, Miss R. B., if she is going to put her hair up at Christmas, was probably born about 1884, and yet her people think she will be too old to read THE CAPTAIN, although a gentleman thirty-two years her senior, who was once Under-Secretary of State for India, doesn't consider *himself* too old to read THE CAPTAIN. I will leave Miss R. B.'s people to digest my remarks, and if they like to write and tell me exactly why a magazine which is suitable for Miss R. B. with her hair *down*, becomes unsuitable for her when her hair is *up*, I shall be very pleased to hear from them.

H. E. J.—The Cambridge medical degree—M.B. and B.C., and afterwards the M.D. or M.C.—certainly now ranks as high as, if not higher than, any in England. For many years the medical school at Cambridge has increased enormously, and there is no medical school in England that has such fine or well-equipped laboratories, etc. There are such large numbers of medical students at Cambridge, at all the colleges, that it really does not make much difference what college you go to, so long as you go to a good one. But Caius has always had a reputation for medicine, which it still keeps up. The cost is much the same at all the colleges, except at Selwyn, which is run on cheaper lines, and is an excellent college. An ideal medical and university course is to go up to Cambridge and take your degree in arts in some branch of natural science, stay at Cambridge perhaps one year after taking the Arts degree, by which time the 2nd M.B. (both parts) should have been passed, and then go to one of the large London hospitals for two or three years. The training thus taken is longer and certainly more expensive than the ordinary course, but in my opinion is well worth the time and money. The "Tutors" of the various Cambridge colleges will oblige you with any particulars as to fees, etc.

Militia.—You can obtain a form of Application for a Commission in the Auxiliary Forces from the Adjutant-General, War Office, Pall Mall, S.W. This form has to be filled up and sent to the officer commanding the regiment you wish to join. If the Commanding Officer does not care to nominate you, you should send the form, duly filled up and signed, with a letter, to the Lord Lieutenant of the county to which the Militia battalion belongs, for a nomination. Before actually settling on a regiment, you should obtain a copy of the regulations under which Militia officers can take up commissions in the Regular Army. This can be had gratis from the War Office, as above. Obtain the Army List, which will show the regiments. As to cost, the uniform runs into at least £70, and an officer of Militia cannot live on his pay; an allowance of at least £50 per annum is required, or some employment when not on military duty.

Sclene wishes to point out an inaccuracy in the correspondence columns of the June CAPTAIN, where it is stated that an accepted candidate for the Royal Marines has to go to Sandhurst for a year. He says: "A candidate for the Royal Marines enters for the same entrance examination as the Woolwich and Sandhurst candidates, but if he passes high enough in the list to be eligible for the Royal Marine Light Infantry, and passes the medical examination, he goes to Greenwich for one year divided into two terms, and gets his commission as second-lieutenant on joining, and as lieutenant on leaving."

Over-worked Student.—I do not know anything at all about snakes. You had better read "The Vivarium," price 8s., post-free, from L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C. Or, better than reading a book, consult a naturalist friend who understands the habits of these pets. Anyhow, I cannot see what good comes from keeping snakes. Certainly a friend of mine in Australia found his collection useful, for, when inebriated gentlemen used to call on him with the distinct object of "making a night of it," he used to let his snakes loose—and—well, they *got!* Still, you are an English boy, and don't need snakes for that purpose. All this pet-keeping appears to me rather a heartless business, as it serves to coop up a lot of creatures which would have a very good time if they were living their proper free life.

Big Ben, commenting on the laments which sometimes reach me from fellows who have reached a great height, and look upon it as rather a nuisance, takes an opposite view. He himself, although he has not reached the age at which a man may be said to have stopped growing, is six feet four skywards, thirty-eight inches round the chest, and thirteen stone in weight. He adds that he finds his weight and size a huge advantage at football and at cricket; in the latter game he is a swift bowler and a slogging batsman. He is very fond of taking exercise, and feels as fit as a fiddle. I am very pleased to find Big Ben acknowledging the usefulness of his stature. Let those who have Big Ben's height, but not his bulk, just bide their time: weight comes in due course if you live a healthy life.

Tredegar.—The London Rifle Brigade, Bunhill-row, E.C., is one of the best in London. It has a cyclist battalion, but it is not advisable to join this until you have finished your recruit drills. Write to or see Corporal Scaines, "N" Company, on Tuesdays or Thursdays, after 6.30 p.m. He will give you all particulars, and will be able to introduce you. It will be best for you to wait until the first week in November before you join, as otherwise you will have to pay the Capitation grant of 35s., which sum is lost to the Corps if you are not efficient by

then, which you cannot possibly be if you join now. The subscription is 25s. per annum, and you have to buy your uniform, which costs about £5, but this can be paid in monthly instalments. Spectacles are not allowed, but you may wear folders. Look in Monday's *Standard*, in which will be found the Weekly Orders, and by them you will be able to tell if there are any drills that week; if there are not, do not go up that week.

Frater Balbi.—Judging from your letter, there are several appointments in the Civil Service which, I think, would suit you, viz., Junior Supply (Admiralty), India Police, or Irish Constabulary, all of them open-air jobs. The first two are open competitions, but for the third a nomination is required from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Further information can be obtained from Clark's College, Chancery-lane, E.C.

Red Injun.—If you want a good portrait of Mr. Fry to hang up in your study, write to E. Hawkins and Co., Preston-street, Brighton. They have made several excellent studies of him. They have also all the captains of counties, I think, and a great number of prominent players. I think it would be a good idea if Messrs. Hawkins got out a nice little catalogue with all their portraits of cricketers reduced down to about two inches, so that customers could make a choice from them

Navy Lists.—With reference to my answer on this subject in the June number, J. C. W writes: "There is no Navy List published at 1s The price varies, the quarterly issue costing 3s., and the monthly 1s. 6d. Quarterly Lists contain full information as to the clothing and pay of officers and men, also a list of war medals and decorations, together with the names of retired officers, etc."

Long Jump.—M. Bradanovich, at the Sports held this year in connection with Calday Grange Grammar School, West Kirkby, Cheshire, jumped 21 ft. 1¼ in. This jump was measured and judged by Dr. Speirs, of Liverpool, an old Edinburgh University and Scotch International Long Jump Champion.

Secretary.—If you write to the City Sale and Exchange, Athletic Outfitters, 91—95, Fleet Street, London, E.C., and mention that I told you to do so, the very pick of the goods will be placed at your disposal at exceedingly moderate prices. This firm is certainly a young one, but it is a very sound one. Try it.

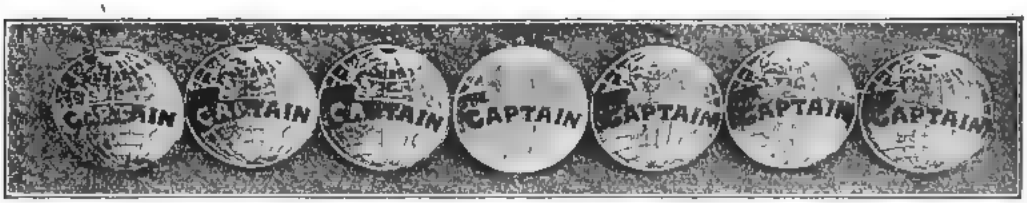
Hooker.—We have not had an article on "How to Become a Clergyman," but you will find all the information you want in an answer to "Theology," published in THE CAPTAIN for December, 1901.

Hawkeye (LUTON) **and Others.**—A re-issue of CAPTAIN stamps is being printed, and will be ready shortly. **Saxon.**—Clubbed. Write on lined paper, and your handwriting will improve. Also, always give yourself *plenty* of room. **Manchester.**—Why not try "Tatcho"? It may be that the falling off of your hair is due to some deficiency in your general health. If it goes on, you might find it advisable to consult a doctor. **Rudolf Rassendyll.**—Mr. J. O. Jones's compliments, and he is very pleased to hear that you like him so much. **I. S. Clarke.**—Mr. Fry has replied by post to your first questions. Try Benetfink's "Flash" hand-camera, price 16s. 6d. This camera carries twelve quarter-plates in sheaths. **J. M. Stanley.**—Clubbed. A fellow who is 5 ft. 7 ins. at fifteen has a good chance of reaching six feet before he's done. **Chingachghook.**—Correspondents should send their names and addresses. Questions for Mr. Fry and the Editor should be put in separate envelopes. **H. D. A.**—Some day we hope to have an article on model yacht building and sailing. I am keeping your suggestion before me. **C. F. Knowles.**—Clubbed. The letters "R. P. G." are the initials of Mr. R. P. Gossop, a CAPTAIN decorative artist. **"Captain Lifeboat."**—A number of letters have reached me in support of this idea. I will go into the matter further next month. **Erratum** (JULY).—Edward IV. came to the throne in 1461—not 1431. **Wops.**—You can obtain all the information you require in "The Official Guide to the University of Cambridge," price 7s. 11d., post-free, from A. and F. Denny, 147, Strand, W.C. **M. M. C. Z.**—See notice *re* Club below.

Official Representatives appointed: R. Hargreaves (Westcliff-on-Sea); Ursula Snowden (Ripon), Edgar H. Cross (Sidcup).

Letters, etc., have also been received from: "Highlander," Hugh Bell, Geo. Arrowsmith (Clubbed), "Tarantelle" (Clubbed), E. C. N. (Thanks; see above), "A Would-Be Ranji" (Clubbed; Mr. Fry will reply to your queries), "An Old Boy," "Tim" (yes, it is quite customary for old boys to wear their school colours), F. Rushbrooke, and others whose communications will be acknowledged next month.

THE OLD FAG.



"CAPTAIN" CLUB AND "CAPTAIN" BADGE.

Readers of "The Captain" are invited to apply for membership of THE CAPTAIN CLUB, which was established with the object of supplying expert information on athletics, stamp-collecting, cycling, photography, &c. Applicants for membership must be regular purchasers of the magazine. "The Captain" Badge may be obtained from "The Captain" Office, price Sixpence. The Badge is made (1) with a pin attached, for wearing on hat or cap, or as a brooch; (2) with a stud, to be worn on the lapel of the coat; and (3) with a small ring, as a watch-chain pendant. When applying, please state which kind you require, and address all letters to Badge Department, "The Captain," 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London. The Badge may also be had in silver for two shillings. There is no charge for postage.

Results of June Competitions.

No. I.—"Hidden Books." (Fifth Series.)

£1 10s. Divided Between: Leonard A. Watson, Dennis Park, Stourbridge, and C. M. Le Mesurier, 25, Clarendon-road, St. Helier's, Jersey.

Winner of 5s.: G. Williams, Sydenham House, Harrogate.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: C. H. Probert, Trentham-road, Longton, Staffs; Lilian H. Shelton, 16, Archibald-road, Tufnell park, N.; R. N. Davis, 6, Thurlby-road, West Norwood, S.E.; Ernest B. Holmes, Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs; W. C. Lee, 160, Shaw Heath, Stockport; H. Platt, Wirral Hey, Wilmslow, Cheshire; E. B. Watson, Maison Haute, St. Aubin, Jersey, C.I.; A. B. Newcomen, Sunny Bank, Coleford, Glos.; Jack Loutet, Brankham Villa, Dalkeith-road, Dundee, Winifred D. Ernaut, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey, C.I., W. Thomson, 3, Salisbury-street, Liverpool William A. Whitehead, Fir Bank, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs., W. Turton, Arnewood Towers, Lymington, Hants., Morton Jewell, 66, Clapham road, London, S.W.; Edward Parry, Hazlewell, Ilminster, Somerset, Arthur Edwards, 99, Victoria buildings, Clerkenwell-road, E.C., R. A. H. Goodyear, Tune-street, Barnsley, Yorks.; C. Crossley, 62, Moorcliffe, Savile park, Halifax; George Stone, High-street, Ewell, Surrey, Enid Phillips, High Elms, Hitchin, Herts.

No. II.—"Eleven Best All-round Cricketers."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of 7s.: W. White, Fairlea, Abergavenny.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Roy Collard, 2, Westcombe Park-road, Blackheath, S.E.; and W. Pollock, Stanley House, Margate

Honourable Mention: Lucy Massey, G. W. Berry, R. Harold Royle, Jas J. Nevin, William Turnbull, R. Hastings, A. Cross, Charles Morris, Ernest King, T. Millard, C. Coust, Hilda Gilling.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of 7s.: George H. Hampton, 95, Darncombe-street, Moss Side, Manchester

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Sydney J. Butterfield, 30, Kilmorie road, Forest Hill, S.E., and Matthew W. Bell, 36, Bridge road, Stockton-on-Tees.

Honourable Mention: R. W. Cox, Edgar R. Smith, W. Cook, Allan Hymers, Walter E. Moore, Maurice P. French, W. A. Oldfield, M. F. O'Grady, T. F. Burley, Ernest Adams, E. O. Pinto, Alfred G. Upham.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of 7s.: R. Samson, 1, Norfolk street, Globe-road, Mile End, E.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: G. S. Porter, 2, Kersal Towers, Kersal, Manchester, and S. J. Wilde, 124, Duke-street, Southport, Lancs.

Honourable Mention: G. Wernham, R. Robertson, Leslie Ray, G. E. Webster, F. C. Nawton, Thomas Gair, N. D. Quirk, W. J. Wilson, Stanley Heatson, E. Hodgson, Norman House, Stanley W. Hall

No. III.—"Drawing of a Head."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

Winner of Prize: Tillie Shephard, The Oaks, King Edward's road, Barnet, Herts

Honourable Mention: M. Trinder, Walter A. Mitton, T. Allwork Chaplin.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

Winner of Prize: H. Lawrence Oakley, Shirland, Upper Poppleton, York

A Consolation Prize has been awarded to: Dorothy C. Hudson, 57, Tisbury-road, Hove, Sussex.

Honourable Mention: C. Crossley, Agnes M. Parsons, Sydney J. Bond, Charles Smith, W. B. Huntly, G. F. Hayeroft, Frank H. Timmings.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Sixteen.)

Winner of Prize: John Gauld, 12, Balmoral-terrace, Heaton, Newcastle on Tyne.

Honourable Mention: Leonard J. Smith, Bessie A. Fry, May Mackay, Constance H. Greaves, Hilda J. H. Hasson, E. M. Thompson, H. M. Bateman.

No. IV.—"For Competitors who have Never Won a Prize."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

Winner of Swan Fountain Pen: R. B. Ewbank, Grammar School, Carlisle.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill street, Alloa; Wm. Bullough, 454, St. Helen's-road, Daubhill, Bolton; and George L. Clue, 3, Milton-road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Honourable Mention: Isabel Pickthall, Edith O. Walford, Claude A. Smythe, Herbert J. Wallis, Marguerite Avril, Sibyl Owsley.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

Winner of Swan Fountain Pen: George W. Plummer, Pevenhill, Eastbourne.

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Frank V. Edwards, 196, Kentish Town-road, N.W.; G. A. Taylor, Kilmington, near Axminster, Devon, and George Birrell, 13, Alexandra Mount, Litherland, near Liverpool.

Honourable Mention: Walter O. Steuart, Walter English, Frank A. Mackay, P. A. Ford, P. Higham, O. Lawford.

CLASS III. (Age limit Twelve.)

Winner of Swan Fountain Pen: Dorothea Jacobs, 149, Edgware-road, W

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Evelyn Haines, Mayura, Meads, Eastbourne; R. G. White, Fairlea, Abergavenny.

Honourable Mention: G. L. Johnston.

No. V.—"Photographs of Games."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty three.)

Winner of 7s.: Roy Carmichael, 68, Mill street, Alloa.

Honourable Mention: Ernest A. Taylor, Kathleen Cartland, Alice M. Archer, W. J. White.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Eighteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Ernest B. Holmes, Rossall School, Fleetwood.

Honourable Mention: Jerardine Byron, Philip Nutt, J. A. Humphreys, Stella Bedford, W. J. Riley.

CLASS III. (Age limit, Fourteen.)

Winner of 7s.: Frank Garratt, Drayton Villa, Oxford-road, Putney, S.W.

Honourable Mention: R. V. Southwell

No. VI.—"John Gilpin was a Motorist."

Winner of 10s. 6d.: J. F. A. Barnard, Hillcrest, Spa-road, Weymouth

Consolation Prizes have been awarded to: Edgar J. Ernaut, Belleville, St. Saviour's, Jersey; and R. Bruce Beveridge, 5, Queen's-crescent, Hampstead, N.W

Honourable Mention: Helen Eccles, Claire E. Mamelsdorf, Albert E. Ernaut, Winifred M. Raby, Winifred Lynch, Ethel M. Sheppard, Mabel A. Thornton, Samuel K. Donaldson, Alfred J. Judd, Edwin H. Rhodes, Marian R. P. Irvine

Winners of Consolation Prizes are requested to inform the Editor which they would prefer—a volume of the "Captain," "Strand," "Sunday Strand," "Wide World," or one of the books by "Captain" authors advertised in this number.

COMMENTS ON THE JUNE COMPETITIONS.

No. I.—The correct list of books will be found on an advertisement page. No one had the list quite right, the winners of the first two prizes having two wrong. Only one competitor had "The Fatal Gift" for Picture No 2.

No. II.—The voted list of all round cricketers is as follows 1, Hirst; 2, Jackson; 3, Braund; 4, Mason; 5, Lockwood; 6, Jessop; 7, Trott; 8, Grace; 9, Hayward; 10, Llewellyn; 11, Fry.

J. Gunn, A. O. Jones, and S. M. J. Woods were the next three.

No. III.—Some very good sketches in pen, pencil and colours were submitted. The prize in Class I was awarded to the sender of a well-modelled figure in oils. In Classes II and III the prize-winning pictures were in pencil.

No. IV.—It was very gratifying to receive a large number of "unsolicited testimonials" as to the fairness with which the Competitions have always been conducted, from those who had never won a prize Some excellent suggestions for new Comps. were among these essays.

No. V.—This competition was very keenly contested, the chief fault, however, being that, in the majority of photos, the figures were far too small

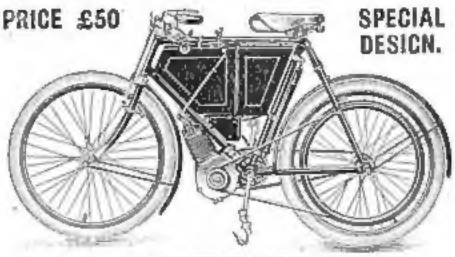
No. VI No very high standard was reached, and there was rather a lack of originality. Most of the competitors, however, showed considerable skill in preserving the metre, and the Prize Parody was really amusing.

The Competition Editor.

BRADBURY

MOTOR CYCLE.

PRICE £50 SPECIAL DESIGN.



SPECIFICATION.

Frame—Specially strengthened, built with Tandem Hubs, back stays, chain stays, and specially designed bridge.
Tyres—Clincher A-Won motor cycle tyres, 2 in.
Cranks—7 in. toughened steel.
Gear—67 1-5th in., 24 by 10, or to order.
Chain—Appleby or Renolds' ½ in. roller.
Pedals—Full size, fitted with best rubber blocks.
Mudguards—Extra width, strongly fitted, free from rattle.
Free-Wheel—Bradbury.
Motor—New Minerva, 1902 pattern.
Brakes—Bradbury front rim and Bowden inverted lever back rim.

SIMPLICITY, STRENGTH, SPEED.

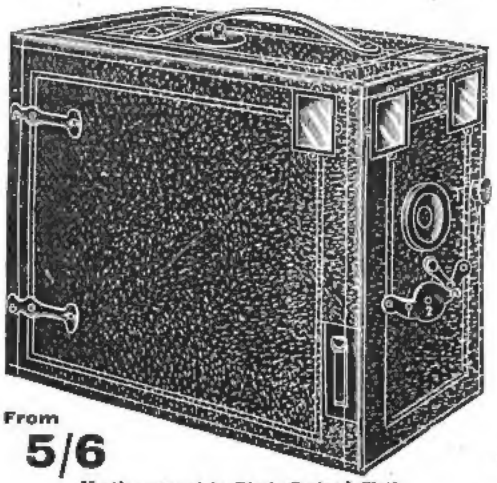
SPECIAL FRAME, NEW EXHAUST LIFTER, OTHER IMPROVEMENTS.

BRADBURY & CO., LTD., OLDHAM.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.
PRICE LISTS FREE. AGENCIES IN MOST TOWNS.

RICHFORD'S

UP-TO-DATE HAND CAMERAS
- LATEST IMPROVEMENTS -
TIME OR INSTANTANEOUS



From **5/6**

Neatly covered in Black Grained Cloth.
Two Brilliant View Finders Specially selected Lens with 3 Stops, Automatic Plate Changer.

No. 1, Takes Six, 3¼×2½ Plates	Price	5/6
No. 2, Takes Six, ¼ size Plates	,,	9/6
No. 3, Takes Twelve, ¼ size Plates	,,	12/6

EVERY CAMERA GUARANTEED. *Send for Lists.*

RICHFORD & CO., 153, Fleet St., London, E.C.

TRADE MARK.

"FRAME FOOD" JELLY

like "Frame-Food" itself, contains the organic Phosphates, Albuminoids, &c., which are so vitally necessary for the development of the Human Frame, and which strengthen and invigorate at every period of life.

The Jelly is especially suitable for older children and adults. Children eat it readily on bread and butter, and grow stout and strong from using it. It builds up the strength of the Invalid, and Adults find it invigorating and vitalising to all the functions of the body.

Nourishing as Malt Extract.
Delicious as Jam.

SOLD IN JARS, 1lb. for 9d.

5oz. Sample Sent free on receipt of 3d. to pay postage.
Mention THE CAPTAIN.

FRAME-FOOD CO., Ltd., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Digitized by Google

Continued from June issue.

WILEMAN, H. F., 25 Victoria Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.

WILKES, Herbert, 64 Skiers Street, Stratford, E.

WILKINSON, C. H., Stubbings Vicarage, Maidenhead, Berks.

WILKINSON, M., 12 Bandtoal Terrace, Blyth, Northumberland.

WILKINSON, S., Sunnyside, Oldham.

WILKINSON, Walter, Seymour Road, Crumpsall, Manchester.

WILL, Robert R., 132 Perth Road, Dundee, N.B.

WILLCOCK, S. G., c/o Miss Hector, Currie Street, East London, South Africa.

WILLIAMS, A. C., "Shirley," 3 Anchor Bay, Cape Town.

WILLIAMS, Arthur B., 31 Cranmore Road, Wolverhampton.

WILLIAMS, Alfred Ernest, 31 Cranmore Road, Wolverhampton.

WILLIAMS, Ernest B., 25 Dalmore Road, West Dulwich, S.E.

WILLIAMS, F. B., Berrington, near Shrewsbury.

WILLIAMS, Gilbert, 1 Russel Street, Tavistock.

WILLIAMS, Graeme D., 42 Oxford Road, Ealing, W.

WILLIAMS, Gwen, Sydenham House, Harrogate.

WILLIAMS, H., 8 Upper Belmont Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

WILLIAMS, H. A., Belmont, St. Stephen's Road, Hounslow.

WILLIAMS, Harry, "Lyndhurst," Brook Lane, Ormskirk, Lancs.

WILLIAMS, Herbert, Littleworth, Hednesford, Staffs.

WILLIAMS, Herbert John, Brook Cottage, Buckley, near Chester.

WILLIAMS, J. H., 56 Devonshire Street, Hr. Broughton, Manchester.

WILLIAMS, James, 10 Bolton Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WILLIAMS, L. A., Sefton House, East Molesey.

WILLIAMS, O. St. M., Monkton Combe School, near Bath.

WILLIAMS, P., 71 Finsbury Park Road, N.

WILLIAMS, Sydney, Pelican Hotel, Beach Street, Deal.

WILLIAMS, William Ewart, Porth yr Aur, Carnarvon.

WILLIAMS, William Frederick, "Highfield," Hallcybury, Hertford.

WILLIAMSON, R. D., 17 Crossgate, Cupar, Fife.

WILLICOMBE, W. H., 5 Bute Street, Crookes, Sheffield.

WILLMOT, W. G., L. and P. Bank, Chatham.

WILLIS, Francis, Leaf Lodge, Cottage Grove, Southsea.

WILLIS, Annye N., 97 Highbury Hill, Highbury, N.

WILLS, P., 6 New York Street, Pendleton, Manchester.

WILLSON, F. J., Far View, Tavistock.

WILSON, A., 14 Oddfellow Street, Morley near Leeds.

WILSON, Gerald G., Brook House, Apperley Bridge, Bradford.

WILSON, Godfrey S., 134 Smithdown Lane, Liverpool.

WILSON, H., 7 Goot Row, Enfield Lock, N.

WILSON, James, Ladylaw, Hawick, N.B.

WILSON, Joe, Stoneham, 6 Howard Street, Kilmarnock, N.B.

WILSON, J. F., 76 Grant Street, Glasgow.

WILSON, N., 42 Holly Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

WILSON, Stanley, 3 Oakhurst Grove, East Dulwich, S.E.

WILSON, Thomas, 14 Prince Street, Ardwick, Manchester.

WILSON, Thomas James, 47 Queen's Road, Aberdeen.

WIMPRESS, Gordon Duncan, Clarence College, Gravesend.

WINDSOR, Everest, 40 Weston Street, Great Lever, Bolton, Lancs.

WING, H. F., Grove Street, Beeston, Notts.

WING, J., Jun., Tremayne House, St. George's Road, Hull

WINGROVE, G. C., c/o Rev. H. W. McKenzie, The School, Durham.

WINNING, James, Jun., 118 Main Street, Rutherglen, near Glasgow.

WINTERBURN, George Herbert, 47 Church Street, Bolton.

WIPPELL, A. C., Dungarvan, Powderham Crescent, Exeter.

WOLFERSTAN, Dora, Townsend House, Plymouth.

WOLFF, Harry, "Hazeldene," 23 Icen Way, Dorchester.

WOOD, Arthur Reginald, "Oakside," Flixton Road, Urmston, Manchester.

WOOD, Harry E., 34 Abingdon Street, Blackpool.

WOOD, R., 150 Lancaster Road, Notting Hill, W.

WOOD, Reggie, "Brooklands," Brighouse, Yorks.

WOOD, W. J., 2 Brook street, S.E.

WOOD, Walter B., 12 Mayfield Avenue, Bedford Park, Chiswick, W.

WOODD, Basil A. C., 6 Arthur Place, Summer Hill, Birmingham.

WOODFORD, C. H., Inland Revenue, Somerset House.

WOODHOUSE, A. H. D., 20 St. John's Road, Westcliff, Essex.

WOODHOUSE, J. J., Jun., 62 Greenwood Mount, Green Road, Meanwood, Leeds.

WOODMAN, Jack, Grindon, Beech Grove Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WOODS, Alec, York City and County Bank, Holderness Road, Witham, Hull.

WOOD, Arthur G., 15 Finchley Road, Kennington, S.E.

WOODS, John Henry, The Farm House, Southlea, Datchet.

WOODS, W. H., 4 Florence Villas, Chislehurst, Kent.

WOODWARD, E. Emberlin, 77 Great Brook Street, Birmingham.

WOODWARD, Henry, Ladycross, Bournemouth.

WOODYATT, Nigel, Landroyd, Cobham, Surrey.

WOOLHOUSE, C. W., Spring Villa, Abbey Walk, Grimsby.

WOOLLEN, Wilfrid H., "May House," Woodbridge Road, St. John's, Ipswich.

WOOLLEY, Ernest L., 16 Arlington Street, Glasgow, W.

WOOLLEY, Ernest W., "Northdene," Starbeck, near Harrogate.

WOOLLEY, H. E., The Bungalow, Kenilworth.

WOOSTER, H. D., Farringford, 5 Keynsham Bank, Cheltenham

WOOTTON, F. S., Rotherfield, 120 Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.

WOOTTON, Sydney, Lawn House, Hazellville Road, Hornsey Lane, N.

WRAGG, Leslie J., Little Boys' Press, South Darenth, Kent.

WRIGHT, C. T., 57 Gladstone Avenue, Wood Green, N.

WRIGHT, F. H., Beechwood, Slough.

WRIGHT, Gregory John, Horne Place, Appledore, Kent.

WRIGHT, H., 40 South Street, Dorchester, Dorset.

WRIGHT, John Herbert, 18 Chorley Old Road, Bolton.

WRIGHT, P. J., 15 Ritter Street, Woolwich Common, Kent.

WRIGHT, S., Merlewood, Lea Road, Heaton Moor, near Stockport.

WYNN, Roderick, "Croslands Villa," Abbey Road, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.

Y

YATES, Alfred, Park House, Park Avenue, Slade Lane, Levenshulme near Manchester.

YEADON, N. R. M., Swiss House, Pool in Wharfedale, near Leeds.

YEOMANS, Robert R., 26 East Street, Long Eaton, R.S.O.

YOUNG, Agatha, 9 Selden Road, Worthing.

YOUNG, Alfred Ashton, 13 Bernard Street, Dundee.

YOUNG, Douglas, 248 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

YOUNG, Freda, Swineshead Abbey, Boston, Lincs.

YOUNG, Nigel Bellairs, Tremant, Epsom.

YOUNG, Percy Newman, Parkhurst, 25 Stanthorpe Road, Streatham, S.W.

YOUNGER, Duncan, Jun., 69 Montgomery Street, Edinburgh.

YOUNGER, Henry, 69 Montgomery Street, Edinburgh.

YOUNGER, J. E. T., Laugshaw Bush, Moffat, N.B.

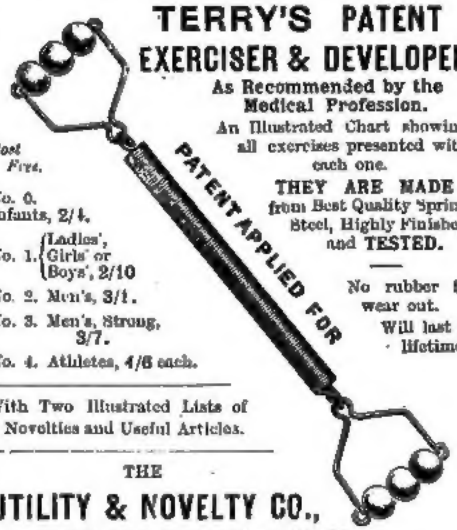
Z

ZELINSKY, Nathan, 7 Nicholas Street, St. Peter's Road, Mile End, E.

The Supplementary List will commence next month.

Digitized by Google

TERRY'S PATENT EXERCISER & DEVELOPER



As Recommended by the Medical Profession.

An Illustrated Chart showing all exercises presented with each one.

THEY ARE MADE from Best Quality Spring Steel, Highly Finished and TESTED.

No rubber to wear out. Will last a lifetime.

Post Free.

No. 0. Infants, 2/4.

No. 1. Ladies', Girls' or Boys', 2/10

No. 2. Men's, 3/1.

No. 3. Men's, Strong, 3/7.

No. 4. Athletes, 4/6 each.

With Two Illustrated Lists of Novelties and Useful Articles.

THE

UTILITY & NOVELTY CO.,

16 Turville Road, BIRMINGHAM.

Half actual size.

THE "MARVEL" MONOGRAM BOX.

Any 2-letter Monogram, mounted in enamelled metal pocket box, self-inking, style as shown. Agents wanted for this and other novelties. Dept. O, 89, **Aldersgate St., London.**

6D. *Post Free.*

HOLIDAY STORIES

By AUNT AUDREY,

AND

THE SULTAN'S STORY-TELLERS,

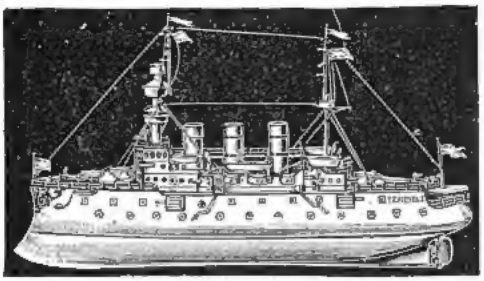
64 pages, large type, are the new

TIT-BITS MONSTER - - PENNY BOOKS - -

Sold by all Newsagents, or post free **2d.** each, from

GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd., LONDON, W.C.

MODEL BATTLESHIPS.

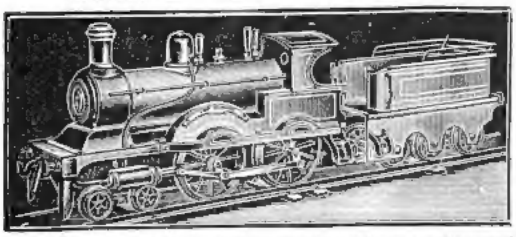


Magnificent Model of H.M. Battleship **Terrible.** Built from original dockyard designs, beautifully finished, enamelled, and all fittings nickel plated. Sent out complete with 6 Life Boats, 2 fore and aft Barbette Guns, 14 Cannons, 8 Guns in casements, 4 Quick-firing Guns, 4 model Searchlights, Entire length nearly 3 ft.; driven by special Marine Engine and strong Brass Boiler. Price, carriage paid, **65/-**; with strong Boiler, double Marine Engines, and Twin-screw Propeller, **75/-**, carriage paid. Guaranteed.

All models are guaranteed to be made of best brass, iron, and steel, and all are tested before being sent out.

"DEAR SIRS,—Battleship intended for birthday gift was duly received, and has given most extreme satisfaction to recipient.—Yours truly, J. S. B."

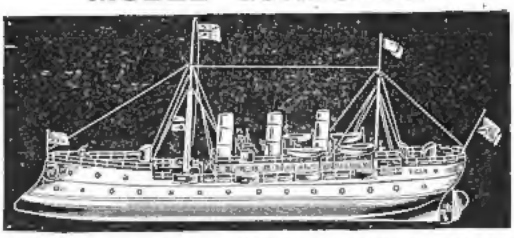
MODEL LOCOMOTIVES



Splendid Model of L. & N.W. Railway Locomotive and Tender, 25ins. long, beautifully finished and fitted, 2 S.V. Cylinders, Piston Valves, Water Gauge, reversing gear. Strongly made. Guaranteed in every way. Complete with Railway, **£4 10s.**; with extra Carriages, **£5.**

A Customer writes: "I received Model Loco. all safe; it runs splendid, works quietly and sweetly, and is finely fitted and finished. Send on the following extra Carriages and Rails" (here follows order).

MODEL GUNBOATS.

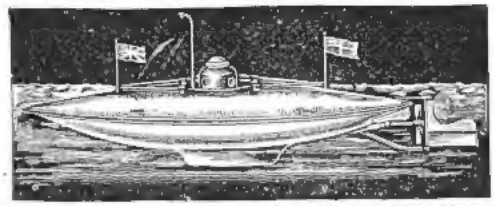


Fitted up in first-class manner, with Cannons, Quick-firing Guns, Life Boats strong Brass Boiler, and all fittings as shown, **over 2½ ft. long.** Beautifully finished. Price **37/6.** Smaller sizes—25 ins. long, **25/6**; 20 ins. long, **20/-**, carriage paid.

Division Boats, over 2 ft. long, with strong Steam Engine and Boiler, **15/6**, carriage paid.

Torpedo Boats, 2 ft. long, with Steam Engine and Boiler complete, **8/6** and **10/6.**

MODEL SUBMARINE BOATS.



Submarine Boats, 14 and 18 ins. long, with powerful machinery for driving them through the water, and under the surface at a high speed, **8/6** and **14/6**; better quality, **10/6** and **15/6.** Larger size, 28½ in. long, **25/6.**

A purchaser writes: "Your Model Submarines are a great success; they travel very fast, and dive very deep. I am greatly delighted."

Send for our **Splendid New Enlarged Illustrated Catalogue, Coronation Edition.** Latest Designs of powerful and magnificent Locomotives, Vertical, Horizontal, Launch, Compound and Triple-expansion Engines, all sizes up to 4 H.P. Steam Engines and Castings all kinds; Finished Parts Steam Turbines, and finished parts Engine and Boiler Fittings; Brass, Copper, and Steel Boilers, Oil and Gas Engines, Oil Motors for Launches, Bicycles and Motors Cars, Dynamos, Electro Motors, Castings, and all Requisites, etc. New Designs in Vertical, Horizontal, Locomotive, and Launch Engines; Battleships, Gunboats, Torpedo, Division, and Submarine Boats; Engine and Boiler Fittings, etc., etc., post free, **6d.** Mention this paper when writing.

W. MACMILLAN & CO., Engineers and Modellers, **Mar Street, Alloa, N.B.**

Digitized by Google

GIVE YOUR BOYS A COMFORTABLE HOLIDAY.

DRESS THEM IN SUITABLE GARMENTS.

There is no house that can approach us for HOLIDAY CLOTHING.

BOYS' FLANNEL JACKETS and KNICKERS, Grey, Fancy Stripes, 7/9 and 12/11.

YOUTHS' FLANNEL JACKETS and KNICKERS, Grey, Fancy Stripes, 9/6, 16/6, 20/6.

BOYS' STRIPED FLANNELETTE BLAZERS, Red and Black, Blue and Black, Navy and White, 2/11 each.

FLANNEL do. in all Colours, 4/11 each.

Plain Blue, trimmed Cord Edge, Jackets, 3/6 each.

SUMMER SHOE.

For Boating, Tennis, Cricket, and Seaside wear.

Buckskin, 7/11, 8/11, 10/6.

White Canvas, 4/3, 4/11, 6/6.

Postage, 3d.

BATHING COSTUMES. 1/6, 2/4. Postage, 3d.

MATT SHIRTS 2/6. Postage, 3d.

GYMNASTIC BELTS. 1/- & 1/5. Postage, 2d.

CRICKET BELTS. 6d. & 10d. Postage, 2d.

OXFORD SHIRTS. Polo Collar attached. 2/6, 3/6, 4/11 Postage, 3d.

CLUB TIES. 6½d., 1/-. Postage, 1d.

GREY STRIPED FLANNEL SUITS (Jackets and Trousers only.) 9/6, 13/6, 16/6.

WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS. 5/6, 6/-, 6/6.

GREY Ditto, 4/6-5/11, 7/11 Postage, 4d.

SWIMMING COSTUMES. Navy, Cardinal, & Black 1/6, 2/4, 2/6. Postage, 3d.

RING CRICKET CAPS. 1/-, 1/6. Plain Coloured Caps. 9d., 1/-, 1/3.

Quarter Caps Any Colours. 9d., 1/-, 1/6.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNELETTE TROUSERS, 3/6 per pair.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, 5/3 and 6/11.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNELETTE KNICKERS, 1/11 per pair.

BOYS' WHITE FLANNEL KNICKERS, 3/2 and 4/6.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' WHITE FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, 1/11 each.

BOYS' and YOUTHS' FLANNEL SHIRTS, 3/2, 4/6, 5/2.

BOYS' JACKETS, Navy Trimmed Cord, 3/6.

THE "IVY" STRAW.

Fine and Medium Straws for Cycling, Boating, and General Wear, fitted with the "Ivy" Patent Band. Cannot blow off. 2/6. Postage, 2d.

Please send for Illustrated Price List. POST FREE.

JOHN PIGGOTT, Ltd., 117 and 118, CHEAPSIDE, and MILK STREET, E.C.

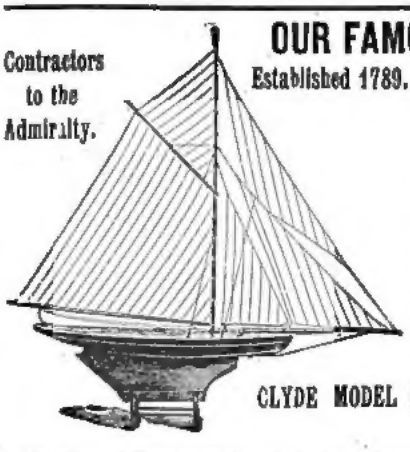
"THE STANDARD OF HIGHEST PURITY."—The "Lancet."

Cadbury's Cocoa

CADBURY'S COCOA is the typical English Cocoa. It is world-renowned for its absolute purity and its great invigorating properties. Gives energy and staying power, and firmness to the muscles and nerves. CADBURY'S is Cocoa and the best Cocoa only. Athletes should take care to avoid risky concoctions containing drugs or chemicals. CADBURY'S COCOA is a Perfect Food, for all ages and all seasons.

Contractors to the Admiralty.

Established 1789.



OUR FAMOUS CLYDE BUILT MODEL RACING YACHTS.

These Yachts are now too well known to need any recommendation. They are beautifully modelled and well finished, carved from model Lines ("Columbia," "Britannia," "Ailsa," &c., Models), complete-ly rigged with Brass Fittings, &c. Sails made from our beautiful blue-striped Sailcloth. For Model Yacht Racing, none can compare with them. Tested and guaranteed.

No.	Length.	Price.	No.	Length.	Price.
1	18 in.	6/9 carriage free.	5	32 in.	15/6 carriage free.
2	18 "	8/9 "	6	28 "	17/6 "
3	30 "	10/9 "	7	34 "	21/- "
4	21 "	12/6 "			

No. 1 size is Bermuda Rigged, the others are Cutter Rigged as per engraving, Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 having beautiful polished Spars and Flying Jib extra.

New Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 500 splendid Engravings of above Yacht Fitting Sailcloth, Patent Steering Gear, Ingoldsby Lever stoves; Launch, Horizontal, Gas, Hot Air, &c., Engines, separate parts of Engines and Castings; Dynamos, Motors, and Castings of ditto; Electric Search-lights, Accumulators, Bells, Batteries, Coils, Scientific Toys, &c., &c., **post free, 4d.**

Special Illustrated Yacht List of above Model Ships' Fittings, Gun-Metal Cannons, containing over 150 Illustrations, free on receipt of postage, one stamp.

We have a highly skilled staff of competent and experienced workmen for any class of Engines, Yachts, or Fittings to order or specification, and shall be pleased to receive your enquiries.

CLYDE MODEL DOCKYARD & ENGINE DEPOT, Model Yacht Builders, Engineers, and Electricians, ARGYLL ARCADE, GLASGOW, N.B.

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR 'THE CAPTAIN" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 7-12 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Richard Clay and Sons, Ltd., London and Bungay.

Digitized by Google